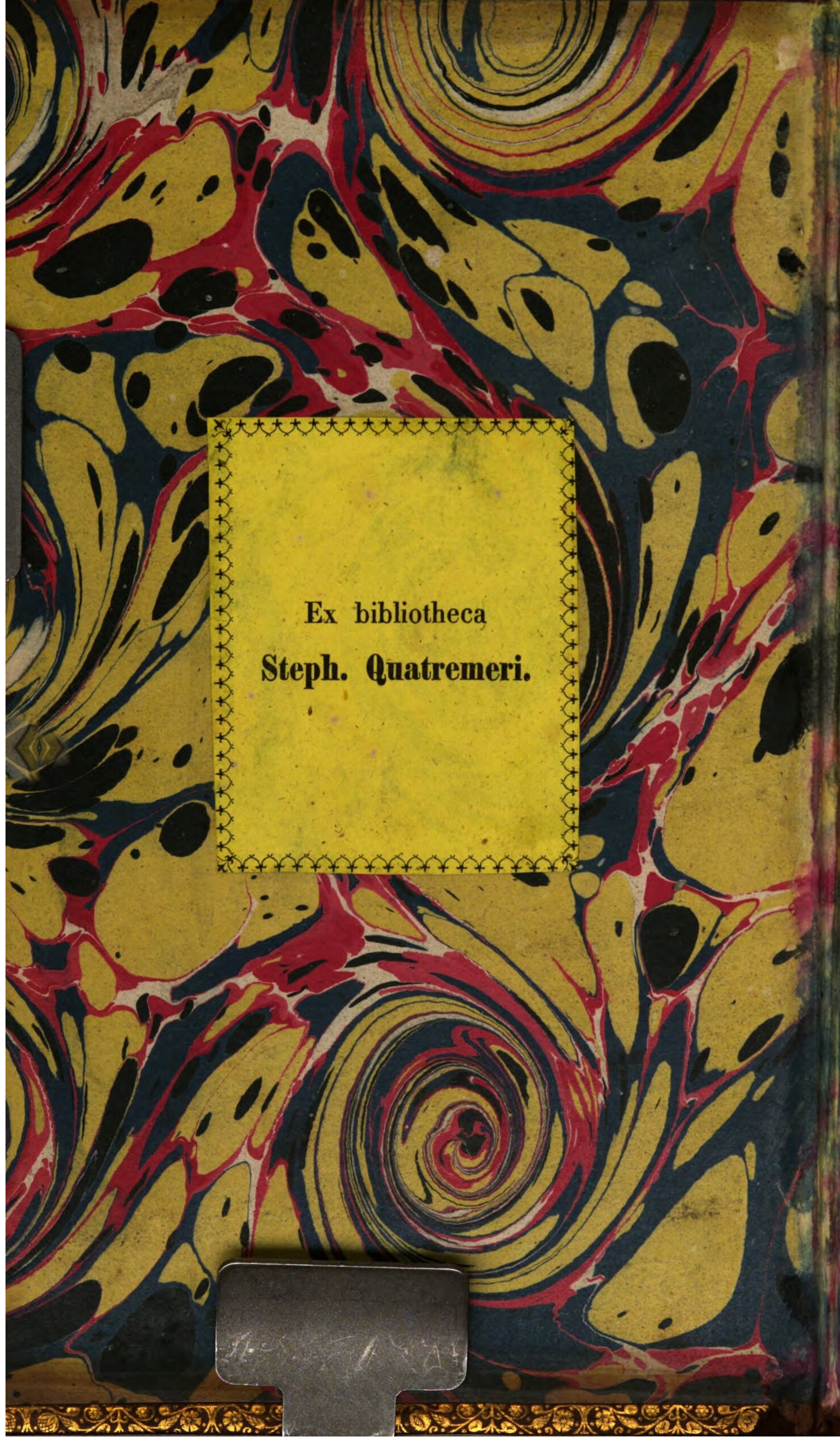




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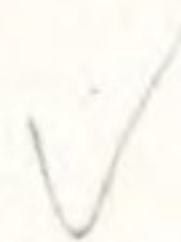


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THE
S A T I R E S
OF
DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS,
AND OF
AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS,
TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

BY
WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.
WITH
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

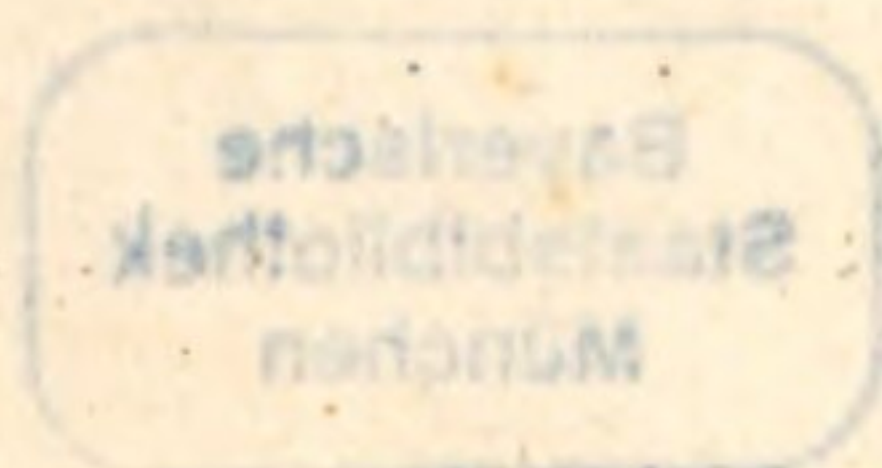
IN TWO VOLUMES.

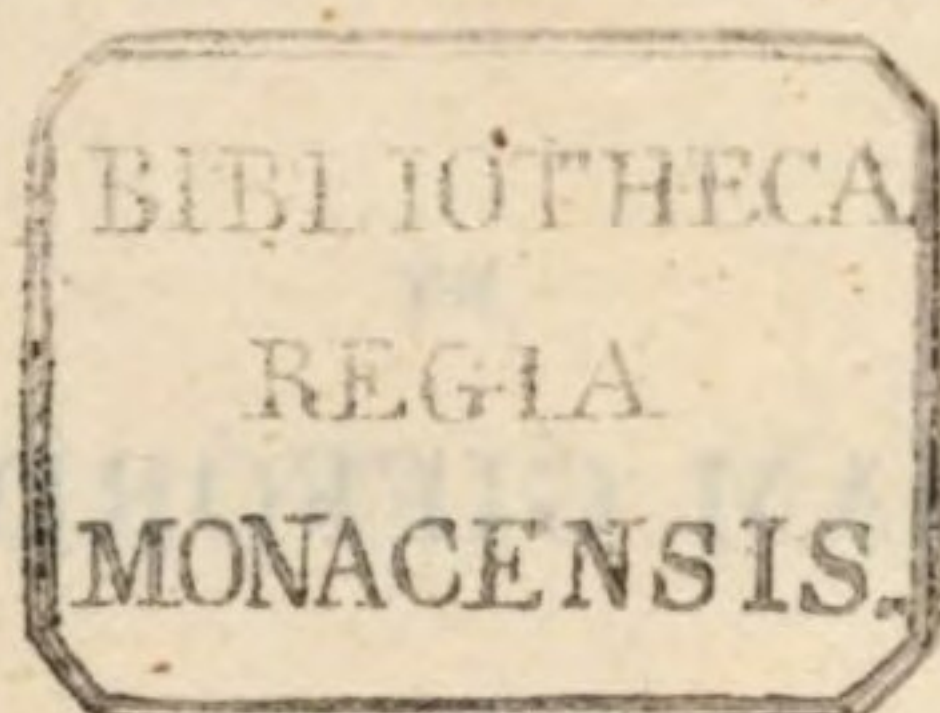
VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. NICOL; CADELL AND DAVIES;
AND R. H. EVANS, NO. 26, PALL-MALL;
BY W. BULMER AND CO. CLEVELAND-ROW, ST. JAMES'S.

1817.





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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

THIRD EDITION.

THE unprecedented kindness of the publick has agreeably disappointed the expectations with which the Advertisement to the Second Edition of the SATIRES OF JUVENAL was closed, and enabled me to appear before them again, in a Third Edition.

I please myself with hoping that such favour has not been wholly lost upon me. The translation has been assiduously revised, some additions have been made to the notes, and not a few lines, which the approbation of friends has taught me to think better of, than I once did, restored from the quarto edition.

A complete translation of the SATIRES OF PERSIUS is now subjoined, for the first time: an account of this will be found in its place.

Nov. 22, 1817.

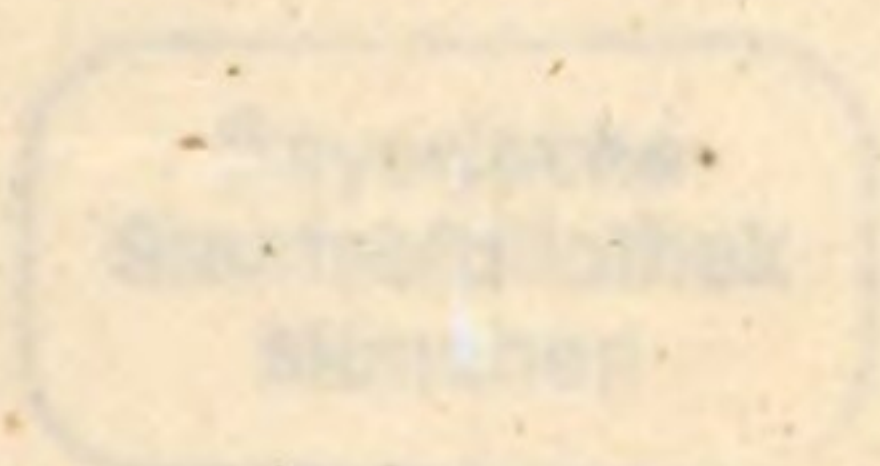
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TO
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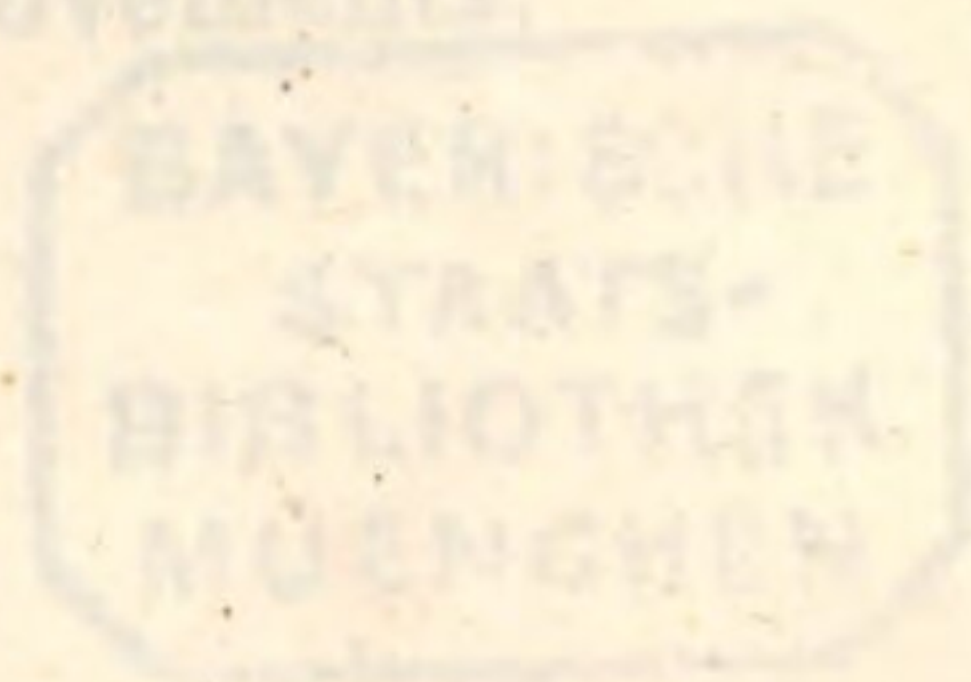
VISCOUNT BELGRAVE, BARON GROSVENOR,

THIS
TRANSLATION OF JUVENAL
IS INSCRIBED,

AS
AN HUMBLE, BUT SINCERE TESTIMONY,

OF THE
GRATITUDE AND RESPECT OF
THE TRANSLATOR.

May 1st, 1802.



TO

RICHARD EARL GROSVENOR,

VISCOUNT BRIDGE, BARON GROSVENOR,

THIS

TRANSLATION OF JUVENAL

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AS

AN HUMBLE, BUT SINCERE TESTIMONY,

OF THE

GRATITUDE AND RESPECT OF

THE TRANSLATOR.

Nov 14, 1802.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

A NEW Edition of the Translation of Juvenal being called for, I have yielded to the wishes of my friends, who have persuaded themselves that it would be more acceptable to the publick in this form, than in any other.

I cannot, however, permit the present edition to go forth, without expressing my grateful sense of the kindness with which the former was received; and for which I have here made the only return in my power, by carefully revising the text and notes, and introducing such alterations as appeared requisite. On a comparative view, few variations of the sense will be discovered; for such was the patient industry exercised, in the first instance to present the genuine meaning of the original, that subsequent examinations have either led to the same results, or left a doubt on my mind whether the changes now introduced, will be considered as real improvements.

VOL. I.

b



But, although the sense of the author might not be often perverted, more than sufficient remained to justify the severest scrutiny. Many passages were diffusely rendered, and not a small number of lines feebly, or inharmoniously constructed: I have endeavoured to strengthen the one, and to compress the other. I have also, though not equally convinced of the evil, nor equally solicitous to remedy it, removed a few rhymes, which were said to give offence to nicer ears.

The notes, to which a variety of additions have been made, are rendered somewhat more accessible to the English reader, by occasional translations: a version of the sixteenth Satire is given; and the whole is closed by an Index of Names, as a slight help to the memory.

I dare not flatter myself with the expectation of future opportunities of revision; nor am I, indeed, persuaded that, if such should occur, they could be used to much advantage. The business of improvement must somewhere cease, and perhaps enough has been already sacrificed to minute accuracy. However this may be, I have now done every thing in my power—

σμικρα μεν ταδ', αλλ' ομως
'Α'χω.

Versions of more spirit and beauty may be readily found; but the reader must indulge me in thinking that one constructed with more anxious attention to render him fully acquainted with the author, as

well as with the manners and customs of the age in which he wrote, will not be discovered with equal facility. What other times may produce, they must appreciate : but, to adopt the language of an approved scholar,

“Ultimus hic ego sum, sed quam bene, quam male, nolo

“Dicere, qui de me judicet, alter erit.”

June 5th, 1806.

INTRODUCTION.

I AM about to enter on a very uninteresting subject: but all my friends tell me that it is necessary to account for the long delay of the following Work; and I can only do it by adverting to the circumstances of my life. Will this be accepted as an apology?

I know but little of my family, and that little is not very precise: My great-grandfather (the most remote of it, that I ever recollect to have heard mentioned) possessed considerable property at Halsbury, a parish in the neighbourhood of Ashburton; but whether acquired or inherited, I never thought of asking, and do not know.

He was probably a native of Devonshire, for there he spent the last years of his life; spent them too, in some sort of consideration, for Mr. T. (a very respectable surgeon of Ashburton) loved to repeat to me, when I first grew into notice, that he had frequently hunted with his hounds.*

* The matter is of no consequence—no, not even to myself. From my family I derived nothing but a name, which is more perhaps, than I shall leave: but (to check the sneer of rude vulgarity,) that family was among the most ancient and respectable of this part of the country, and, not more than three generations from the present, was counted among the wealthiest.—Συνας οραρ!

My grandfather was on ill terms with him: I believe, not without sufficient reason, for he was extravagant and dissipated. My father never mentioned his name, but my mother would sometimes tell me that he had ruined the family. That he spent much, I know; but I am inclined to think, that his undutiful conduct occasioned my great-grandfather to bequeath a considerable part of his property from him.

My father, I fear, revenged in some measure the cause of my great-grandfather. He was, as I have heard my mother say, "a very wild young man, who could be kept to nothing." He was sent to the grammar-school at Exeter; from which he made his escape, and entered on board a man of war. He was reclaimed from this situation by my grandfather, and left his school a second time, to wander in some vagabond society.* He was now probably given up; for he was, on his return from this notable adventure, reduced to article himself to a plumber and glazier, with whom he luckily staid long enough to learn the business. I suppose his father was now dead, for he became possessed of two small estates, married my mother,† (the daughter of a carpenter at Ashburton,) and thought himself rich enough to set up for himself; which he did, with some credit, at South Molton. Why he chose to fix there, I never inquired; but I

* He had gone with Bamfylde Moor Carew, then an old man.

† Her maiden name was Elizabeth Cain. My father's christian name was Edward.

learned from my mother, that after a residence of four or five years, he thoughtlessly engaged in a dangerous frolick, which drove him once more to sea: this was an attempt to excite a riot in a Methodist chapel; for which his companions were prosecuted, and he fled.

My father was a good seaman, and was soon made second in command in the *Lyon*, a large armed transport in the service of government: while my mother (then with child of me) returned to her native place, Ashburton, where I was born, in April, 1756.

The resources of my mother were very scanty. They arose from the rent of three or four small fields, which yet remained unsold. With these, however, she did what she could for me; and as soon as I was old enough to be trusted out of her sight, sent me to a schoolmistress of the name of Parret, from whom I learned in due time to read. I cannot boast much of my acquisitions at this school; they consisted merely of the contents of the "Child's Spelling Book:" but from my mother, who had stored up the literature of a country town, which, about half a century ago, amounted to little more than what was disseminated by itinerant ballad-singers, or rather, readers, I had acquired much curious knowledge of *Catskin*, and the *Golden Bull*, and the *Bloody Gardener*, and many other histories equally instructive and amusing.

My father returned from sea in 1764. He had been at the siege of the *Havannah*; and though he

received more than a hundred pounds for prize money, and his wages were considerable ; yet, as he had not acquired any strict habits of economy, he brought home but a trifling sum. The little property yet left was therefore turned into money ; a trifle more was got by agreeing to renounce all future pretensions to an estate at Totness ;* and with this my father set up a second time as a glazier and house painter. I was now about eight years old, and was put to the freeschool, (kept by Hugh Smerdon,) to learn to read, and write and cipher. Here I continued about three years, making a most wretched progress, when my father fell sick and died. He had not acquired wisdom from his misfortunes, but continued wasting his time in unprofitable pursuits, to the great detriment of his business. He loved drink for the sake of society, and to this he fell a martyr ; dying of a decayed and ruined constitution before he was forty. The town's-people thought him a shrewd and sensible man, and regretted his death. As for me, I never greatly loved him ; I had not grown up with him ; and he was too prone to repulse my little advances to familiarity, with coldness, or anger. He had certainly some reason to be displeased with me, for I learned little at school, and nothing at home, though he would now and then

* This consisted of several houses, which had been thoughtlessly suffered to fall into decay, and of which the rents had been so long unclaimed, that they could not now be recovered, unless by an expensive litigation.

attempt to give me some insight into his business. As impressions of any kind are not very strong at the age of eleven or twelve, I did not long feel his loss; nor was it a subject of much sorrow to me, that my mother was doubtful of her ability to continue me at school, though I had by this time acquired a love for reading.

I never knew in what circumstances my mother was left: most probably they were inadequate to her support, without some kind of exertion, especially as she was now burthened with a second child about six or eight months old. Unfortunately she determined to prosecute my father's business; for which purpose she engaged a couple of journeymen, who, finding her ignorant of every part of it, wasted her property, and embezzled her money. What the consequence of this double fraud would have been, there was no opportunity of knowing, as, in somewhat less than a twelve-month, my poor mother followed my father to the grave. She was an excellent woman, bore my father's infirmities with patience and good humour, loved her children dearly, and died at last, exhausted with anxiety and grief more on their account than her own.

I was not quite thirteen when this happened; my little brother was hardly two; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world. Every thing that was left, was seized by a person of the name of Carlile, for money advanced to my mother. It may be supposed that I could not dispute the justice

of his claims ; and as no one else interfered, he was suffered to do as he liked. My little brother was sent to the alms-house, whither his nurse followed him out of pure affection ; and I was taken to the house of the person I have just mentioned, who was also my godfather. Respect for the opinion of the town (which, whether correct or not, was, that he had amply repaid himself by the sale of my mother's effects) induced him to send me again to school, where I was more diligent than before, and more successful. I grew fond of arithmetick, and my master began to distinguish me : but these golden days were over in less than three months. Carlile sickened at the expense ; and, as the people were now indifferent to my fate, he looked round for an opportunity of ridding himself of a useless charge. He had previously attempted to engage me in the drudgery of husbandry. I drove the plough for one day to gratify him ; but I left it with a firm resolution to do so no more, and in despite of his threats and promises, adhered to my determination. In this, I was guided no less by necessity than will. During my father's life, in attempting to clamber up a table, I had fallen backward, and drawn it after me : its edge fell upon my breast, and I never recovered the effects of the blow ; of which I was made extremely sensible on any extraordinary exertion. Ploughing, therefore, was out of the question, and, as I have already said, I utterly refused to follow it.

As I could write and cipher, (as the phrase is,)

Carlile next thought of sending me to Newfoundland, to assist in a store-house. For this purpose he negotiated with a Mr. Holdsworthy of Dartmouth, who agreed to fit me out. I left Ashburton with little expectation of seeing it again, and indeed with little care, and rode with my godfather to the dwelling of Mr. Holdsworthy. On seeing me, this great man observed with a look of pity and contempt, that I was "too small," and sent me away sufficiently mortified. I expected to be very ill received by my godfather, but he said nothing. He did not however choose to take me back himself, but sent me in the passage-boat to Totness, from whence I was to walk home. On the passage, the boat was driven by a midnight storm on the rocks, and I escaped almost by miracle.

My godfather had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist any thing. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing boats; I ventured, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went when little more than thirteen.

My master, whose name was Full, though a gross and ignorant, was not an ill-natured, man; at least, not to me: and my mistress used me with unvarying kindness; moved perhaps by my weakness and tender years. In return, I did what I could to requite her, and my good will was not overlooked.

Our vessel was not very large, nor our crew very

numerous. On ordinary occasions, such as short trips to Dartmouth, Plymouth, &c. it consisted only of my master, an apprentice nearly out of his time, and myself: when we had to go further, to Portsmouth for example, an additional hand was hired for the voyage.

In this vessel (the Two Brothers) I continued nearly a twelvemonth; and here I got acquainted with nautical terms, and contracted a love for the sea, which a lapse of thirty years has but little diminished.

It will be easily conceived that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only a "shipboy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot: yet if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say, it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the Coasting Pilot.

As my lot seemed to be cast, however, I was not negligent in seeking such information as promised to be useful; and I therefore frequented, at my leisure hours, such vessels as dropt into Torbay. On attempting to get on board one of these, which I did at midnight, I missed my footing, and fell into the sea. The floating away of the boat alarmed the man on deck, who came to the ship's side just in time to see me sink. He immediately threw out several ropes, one of which providentially (for I

was unconscious of it) intangled itself about me, and I was drawn up to the surface, till a boat could be got round. The usual methods were taken to recover me, and I awoke in bed the next morning, remembering nothing but the horror I felt, when I first found myself unable to cry out for assistance.

This was not my only escape, but I forbear to speak of them. An escape of another kind was now preparing for me, which deserves all my notice, as it was decisive of my future fate.

On Christmas day (1770) I was surprised by a message from my godfather, saying that he had sent a man and horse to bring me to Ashburton; and desiring me to set out without delay. My master, as well as myself, supposed it was to spend the holidays there; and he therefore made no objection to my going. We were, however, both mistaken.

Since I had lived at Brixham, I had broken off all connexion with Ashburton. I had no relation there but my poor brother,* who was yet too young

* Of my brother here introduced for the last time, I must yet say a few words. He was literally,

The child of misery baptized in tears;

and the short passage of his life did not belie the melancholy pre-sage of his infancy. When he was seven years old, the parish bound him out to a husbandman of the name of Leman, with whom he endured incredible hardships, which I had it not in my power to alleviate. At nine years of age he broke his thigh, and I took that opportunity to teach him to read and write. When my own situation was improved, I persuaded him to try the sea;

for any kind of correspondence ; and the conduct of my godfather towards me, did not intitle him to any portion of my gratitude, or kind remembrance. I lived therefore in a sort of sullen independence on all I had formerly known, and thought without regret of being abandoned by every one to my fate. But I had not been overlooked. The women of Brixham, who travelled to Ashburton twice a week with fish, and who had known my parents, did not see me without kind concern, running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trousers. They mentioned this to the people of Ashburton, and never without commiserating my change of condition. This tale often repeated, awakened at length the pity of their auditors, and, as the next step, their resentment against the man who had reduced me to such a state of wretchedness. In a large town, this would have had little effect ; but in a place like Ashburton, where every report speedily becomes the common property of all the inhabitants, it raised a murmur which my godfather found himself either unable or unwilling to encounter : he therefore determined to recall me ; which he could easily do, as I wanted some months of fourteen, and was not yet bound.

All this, I learned on my arrival ; and my heart, he did so, and was taken on board the Egmont, on condition that his master should receive his wages. The time was now fast approaching when I could serve him, but he was doomed to know no favourable change of fortune : he fell sick, and died at Cork.

which had been cruelly shut up, now opened to kinder sentiments, and fairer views.

After the holidays I returned to my darling pursuit, arithmetick : my progress was now so rapid, that in a few months I was at the head of the school, and qualified to assist my master (Mr. E. Furlong) on any extraordinary emergency. As he usually gave me a trifle on those occasions, it raised a thought in me, that by engaging with him as a regular assistant, and undertaking the instruction of a few evening scholars, I might, with a little additional aid, be enabled to support myself. God knows, my ideas of support at this time were of no very extravagant nature. I had, besides, another object in view. Mr. Hugh Smerdon (my first master) was now grown old and infirm ; it seemed unlikely that he should hold out above three or four years ; and I fondly flattered myself that, notwithstanding my youth, I might possibly be appointed to succeed him. I was in my fifteenth year, when I built these castles : a storm, however, was collecting, which unexpectedly burst upon me, and swept them all away.

On mentioning my little plan to Carlile, he treated it with the utmost contempt ; and told me, in his turn, that as I had learned enough, and more than enough, at school, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty ; (so, indeed, he had ;) he added, that he had been negotiating with his cousin, a shoemaker of some respectability, who had liberally agreed to take

me without a fee, as an apprentice. I was so shocked at this intelligence, that I did not remonstrate; but went in sullenness and silence to my new master, to whom I was soon after bound,* till I should attain the age of twenty-one.

The family consisted of four journeymen, two sons about my own age, and an apprentice somewhat older. In these there was nothing remarkable; but my master himself was the strangest creature!—He was a Presbyterian, whose reading was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter Controversy. As these (at least his portion of them) were all on one side, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility, and being noisy and disputacious, was sure to silence his opponents; and became, in consequence of it, intolerably arrogant and conceited. He was not, however, indebted solely to his knowledge of the subject for his triumph: he was possessed of Fenning's Dictionary, and he made a most singular use of it. His custom was to fix on any word in common use, and then to get by heart the synonym, or periphrasis by which it was explained in the book; this he constantly substituted for the simple term, and as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete.

With such a man I was not likely to add much to my stock of knowledge, small as it was; and,

* My indenture, which now lies before me, is dated the 1st of January, 1772.

indeed, nothing could well be smaller. At this period, I had read nothing but a black letter romance called *Parismus* and *Parismenus*, and a few loose magazines which my mother had brought from South Molton. With the Bible, indeed, I was well acquainted; it was the favourite study of my grandmother, and reading it frequently with her, had impressed it strongly on my mind; these then, with the *Imitation of Thomas à Kempis*, which I used to read to my mother on her death-bed, constituted the whole of my literary acquisitions.

As I hated my new profession with a perfect hatred, I made no progress in it; and was consequently little regarded in the family, of which I sunk by degrees into the common drudge: this did not much disquiet me, for my spirits were now humbled. I did not however quite resign the hope of one day succeeding to Mr. Hugh Smerdon, and therefore secretly prosecuted my favourite study, at every interval of leisure.

These intervals were not very frequent; and when the use I made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so. I could not guess the motives for this at first; but at length I discovered that my master destined his youngest son for the situation to which I aspired.

I possessed at this time but one book in the world: it was a treatise on Algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure; but it was a

treasure locked up ; for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased Fenning's Introduction : this was precisely what I wanted ; but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own ; and that carried me pretty far into the science.

This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one : pen, ink, and paper, therefore, (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford,) were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach, as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource ; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl : for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it, to a great extent.

Hitherto I had not so much as dreamed of poetry : indeed I scarcely knew it by name ; and, whatever may be said of the force of nature, I certainly never "lisp'd in numbers." I recollect the occasion of my first attempt : it is, like all the rest of my non-adventures, of so unimportant a nature, that I should blush to call the attention of

the idlest reader to it, but for the reason alleged in the introductory paragraph. A person, whose name escapes me, had undertaken to paint a sign for an ale-house: it was to have been a lion, but the unfortunate artist produced a dog. On this awkward affair, one of my acquaintance wrote a copy of what we called verse: I liked it; but fancied that I could compose something more to the purpose: I made the experiment, and by the unanimous suffrage of my shopmates was allowed to have succeeded. Notwithstanding this encouragement, I thought no more of verse, till another occurrence, as trifling as the former, furnished me with a fresh subject: and thus I went on, till I had got together about a dozen of them. Certainly, nothing on earth was ever so deplorable: such as they were, however, they were talked of in my little circle, and I was sometimes invited to repeat them, even out of it. I never committed a line to paper for two reasons; first, because I had no paper; and secondly—perhaps I might be excused from going further; but in truth I was afraid, as my master had already threatened me, for inadvertently hitching the name of one of his customers into a rhyme.

The repetitions of which I speak were always attended with applause, and sometimes with favours more substantial: little collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed

a Peruvian mine : I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c. and what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry, even at this time, was no amusement of mine : it was subservient to other purposes ; and I only had recourse to it, when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits.

But the clouds were gathering fast. My master's anger was raised to a terrible pitch by my indifference to his concerns, and still more by the reports which were daily brought to him of my presumptuous attempts at versification. I was required to give up my papers, and when I refused, my garret was searched, my little hoard of books discovered and removed, and all future repetitions prohibited in the strictest manner.

This was a very severe stroke, and I felt it most sensibly ; it was followed by another severer still ; a stroke which crushed the hopes I had so long and so fondly cherished, and resigned me at once to despair. Mr. Hugh Smerdon, on whose succession I had calculated, died, and was succeeded by a person not much older than myself, and certainly not so well qualified for the situation.

I look back on that part of my life which immediately followed this event, with little satisfaction ; it was a period of gloom, and savage unsociability : by degrees I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor ; or, if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in sple-

netick and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances whom compassion had yet left me. So I crept on in silent discontent ; unfriended and unpitied ; indignant at the present, careless of the future, an object at once of apprehension and dislike.

From this state of abjectness I was raised by a young woman of my own class. She was a neighbour ; and whenever I took my solitary walk, with my Wolfius in my pocket, she usually came to the door, and by a smile, or a short question put in the friendliest manner, endeavoured to solicit my attention. My heart had been long shut to kindness, but the sentiment was not dead in me : it revived at the first encouraging word ; and the gratitude I felt for it, was the first pleasing sensation which I had ventured to entertain for many dreary months.

Together with gratitude, hope, and other passions still more enlivening, took place of that uncomfortable gloominess which so lately possessed me : I returned to my companions, and by every winning art in my power, strove to make them forget my former repulsive ways. In this, I was not unsuccessful ; I recovered their good will, and by degrees grew to be somewhat of a favourite.

My master still murmured ; for the business of the shop went on no better than before : I comforted myself, however, with the reflection that my apprenticeship was drawing to a conclusion, when

I determined to renounce the employment for ever, and to open a private school.

In this humble and obscure state, poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day-dreams which, perhaps, would never have been realized, I was found in the twentieth year of my age by Mr. William Cookesley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamentable doggerel which I have already mentioned, and which had passed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had by some accident or other reached his ear, and given him a curiosity to inquire after the author.

It was my good fortune to interest his benevolence. My little history was not untinged with melancholy, and I laid it fairly before him: his first care was to console; his second, which he cherished to the last moment of his existence, was to relieve and support me.

Mr. Cookesley was not rich: his eminence in his profession, which was that of a surgeon, procured him, indeed, much employment; but in a country town, men of science are not the most liberally rewarded: he had besides, a very numerous family, which left him little for the purposes of general benevolence: that little, however, was cheerfully bestowed, and his activity and zeal were always at hand to supply the deficiencies of his fortune.

On examining into the nature of my literary attainments, he found them absolutely nothing:

he heard, however, with equal surprise and pleasure, that amidst the grossest ignorance of books, I had made a very considerable progress in the mathematicks. He engaged me to enter into the details of this affair; and when he learned that I had made it in circumstances of peculiar discouragement, he became more warmly interested in my favour, as he now saw a possibility of serving me.

The plan that occurred to him was naturally that which had so often suggested itself to me. There were indeed several obstacles to be overcome; I had eighteen months yet to serve; my handwriting was bad, and my language very incorrect; but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man; he procured a few of my poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them amongst his friends and acquaintance, and when my name was become somewhat familiar to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart: it ran thus, "A Subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in Writing and English Grammar." Few contributed more than five shillings, and none went beyond ten-and-sixpence: enough, however, was collected to free me from my apprenticeship,* and to maintain me for a few

* The sum my master received was six pounds.

months, during which I assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon.

At the expiration of this period, it was found that my progress (for I will speak the truth in modesty) had been more considerable than my patrons expected: I had also written in the interim several little pieces of poetry, less rugged, I suppose, than my former ones, and certainly with fewer anomalies of language. My preceptor, too, spoke favourably of me; and my benefactor, who was now become my father and my friend, had little difficulty in persuading my patrons to renew their donations, and continue me at school for another year. Such liberality was not lost upon me; I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now, that I am sunk into indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period.

In two years and two months from the day of my emancipation, I was pronounced by Mr. Smerdon, fit for the University. The plan of opening a writing school had been abandoned almost from the first; and Mr. Cookesley looked round for some one who had interest enough to procure me some little office at Oxford. This person, who was soon found, was Thomas Taylor, Esq. of Denbury, a gentleman to whom I had already been indebted for much liberal and friendly support. He procured me the place of Bib. Lect. at Exeter College; and this, with such

occasional assistance from the country as Mr. Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable me to live, at least, till I had taken a degree.

During my attendance on Mr. Smerdon I had written, as I observed before, several tuneful trifles, some as exercises, others voluntarily, (for poetry was now become my delight,) and not a few at the desire of my friends.* When I became capable, however, of reading Latin and Greek with some degree of facility, that gentleman employed all my leisure hours in translations from the classicks; and indeed I scarcely know a single school-book, of which I did not render some portion into English verse. Among others, JUVENAL engaged my attention, or rather my master's, and I translated the tenth Satire for a holiday task. Mr. Smerdon was much pleased with this, (I was not undelighted with it myself,) and as I was now become fond of

* As I have republished one of our old poets, it may be allowable to mention that my predilection for the drama began at an early period. Before I left school, I had written two tragedies, the Oracle and the Italian.

My qualifications for this branch of the art may be easily appreciated; and, indeed, I cannot think of them without a smile.—These rhapsodies were placed by my indulgent friend, who thought well of them, in the hands of two respectable gentlemen, who undertook to convey them to the manager of ———: I am ignorant of their fate. The death of Mr. Cookesley broke every link of my connexion with the majority of my subscribers, and when subsequent events enable me to renew them, I was ashamed to inquire after what was most probably unworthy of concern.

the author, he easily persuaded me to proceed with him ; and I translated in succession, the third, the fourth, the twelfth, and, I think, the eighth Satires. As I had no end in view but that of giving a temporary satisfaction to my benefactors, I thought little more of these, than of many other things of the same nature, which I wrote from time to time, and of which I never copied a single line.

On my removing to Exeter College, however, my friend, ever attentive to my concerns, advised me to copy my translation of the tenth Satire, and present it, on my arrival, to the Rev. Dr. Stinton, (afterwards Rector,) to whom Mr. Taylor had given me an introductory letter : I did so, and it was kindly received. Thus encouraged, I took up the first and second Satires, (I mention them in the order they were translated,) when my friend, who had sedulously watched my progress, first started the idea of going through the whole, and publishing it by subscription, as a scheme for increasing my means of subsistence. To this I readily acceded, and finished the thirteenth, eleventh, and fifteenth Satires : the remainder were the work of a much later period.

When I had got thus far, we thought it a fit time to mention our design ; it was very generally approved of by my friends ; and on the first of January, 1781, the subscription was opened by Mr. Cookesley at Ashburton, and by myself at Exeter College.

So bold an undertaking so precipitately an-

nounced, will give the reader, I fear, a higher opinion of my conceit than of my talents ; neither the one nor the other, however, had the smallest concern with the business, which originated solely in ignorance : I wrote verses with great facility, and I was simple enough to imagine that little more was necessary for a translator of Juvenal ! I was not, indeed, unconscious of my inaccuracies : I knew that they were numerous, and that I had need of some friendly eye to point them out, and some judicious hand to rectify or remove them : but for these, as well as for every thing else, I looked to Mr. Cookesley, and that worthy man, with his usual alacrity of kindness, undertook the laborious task of revising the whole translation. My friend was no great Latinist, perhaps I was the better of the two ; but he had taste and judgment, which I wanted. What advantages might have been ultimately derived from them, there was unhappily no opportunity of ascertaining, as it pleased the Almighty to call him to himself by a sudden death, before we had quite finished the first Satire. He died with a letter of mine, unopened, in his hands.

This event, which took place on the 15th of January, 1781, afflicted me beyond measure.* I

* I began this unadorned narrative on the 15th of January, 1801: twenty years have therefore elapsed since I lost my benefactor and my friend. In the interval I have wept a thousand times at the recollection of his goodness : I yet cherish his memory with filial respect ; and at this distant period, my heart sinks within me at every repetition of his name.

was not only deprived of a most faithful and affectionate friend, but of a zealous and ever active protector, on whom I confidently relied for support: the sums that were still necessary for me, he always collected; and it was to be feared that the assistance which was not solicited with warmth, would insensibly cease to be afforded.

In many instances this was actually the case: the desertion, however, was not general; and I was encouraged to hope, by the unexpected friendship of Servington Savery, a gentleman who voluntarily stood forth as my patron, and watched over my interests with kindness and attention.

Some time before Mr. Cookesley's death, we had agreed that it would be proper to deliver out, with the terms of subscription, a specimen of the manner in which the translation was executed.* to obviate any idea of selection, a sheet was accordingly taken from the beginning of the first Satire. My friend died while it was in the press.

After a few melancholy weeks, I resumed the translation; but found myself utterly incapable of proceeding. I had been so accustomed to connect the name of Mr. Cookesley with every part of it,

* Many of these papers were distributed; the terms, which I extract from one of them, were these: "The work shall be printed in quarto, (without notes,) and be delivered to the Subscribers in the month of December next.

"The price will be sixteen shillings in boards, half to be paid at the time of subscribing, the remainder on delivery of the book."

and I laboured with such delight in the hope of giving him pleasure, that now, when he appeared to have left me in the midst of my enterprize, and I was abandoned to my own efforts, I seemed to be engaged in a hopeless struggle, without motive or end: and his idea, which was perpetually recurring to me, brought such bitter anguish with it, that I shut up the work with feelings bordering on distraction.

To relieve my mind, I had recourse to other pursuits. I endeavoured to become more intimately acquainted with the classicks, and to acquire some of the modern languages: by permission too, or rather recommendation, of the Rector and Fellows, I also undertook the care of a few pupils: this removed much of my anxiety respecting my future means of support. I have a heartfelt pleasure in mentioning this indulgence of my college: it could arise from nothing but the liberal desire inherent, I think, in the members of both our Universities, to encourage every thing that bears even the most distant resemblance to talents; for I had no claims on them from any particular exertions.

The lapse of many months had now soothed, and tranquillized my mind, and I once more returned to the translation, to which a wish to serve a young man surrounded with difficulties, had induced a number of respectable characters to set their names; but alas, what a mortification! I now discovered, for the first time, that my own

inexperience, and the advice of my too, too partial friend, had engaged me in a work, for the due execution of which, my literary attainments were by no means sufficient. Errors and misconceptions appeared in every page. I had, perhaps, caught something of the spirit of Juvenal, but his meaning had frequently escaped me, and I saw the necessity of a long and painful revision, which would carry me far beyond the period fixed for the appearance of the volume. Alarmed at the prospect, I instantly resolved (if not wisely, yet I trust honestly) to renounce the publication for the present.

In pursuance of this resolution, I wrote to my friend in the country, (the Rev. Servington Savery,) requesting him to return the subscription money in his hands, to the subscribers. He did not approve of my plan; nevertheless he promised, in a letter, which now lies before me, to comply with it; and, in a subsequent one, added that he had already begun to do so.

For myself, I also made several repayments; and trusted a sum of money to make others, with a fellow collegian, who, not long after, fell by his own hands in the presence of his father. But there were still some whose abode could not be discovered, and others, on whom to press the taking back of eight shillings would neither be decent nor respectful: even from these I ventured to flatter myself that I should find pardon, when on some future day I should present them with the

Work, (which I was still secretly determined to complete,) rendered more worthy of their patronage, and increased by notes, which I now perceived to be absolutely necessary, to more than double its proposed size.

In the leisure of a country residence, I imagined that this might be done in two years: perhaps I was not too sanguine: the experiment, however, was not made, for about this time a circumstance happened, which changed my views, and indeed my whole system of life.

I had contracted an acquaintance with a person of the name of ———, recommended to my particular notice by a gentleman of Devonshire, whom I was proud of an opportunity to oblige. This person's residence at Oxford was not long, and when he returned to town, I maintained a correspondence with him by letters. At his particular request, these were enclosed in covers, and sent to Lord GROSVENOR: one day I inadvertently omitted the direction, and his Lordship, necessarily supposing the letter to be meant for himself, opened and read it. There was something in it which attracted his notice; and when he gave it to my friend, he had the curiosity to inquire about his correspondent at Oxford; and, upon the answer he received, the kindness to desire that he might be brought to see him upon his coming to town: to this circumstance, purely accidental on all sides, and to this alone, I owe my introduction to that nobleman.

On my first visit, he asked me what friends I had, and what were my prospects in life ; and I told him that I had no friends, and no prospects of any kind. He said no more ; but when I called to take leave, previous to returning to college, I found that this simple exposure of my circumstances had sunk deep into his mind. At parting, he informed me that he charged himself with my present support, and future establishment ; and that till this last could be effected to my wish, I should come and reside with him. These were not words, of course : they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go, and reside with him ; and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption, from that hour to this, a period of twenty years !*

In his Lordship's house I proceeded with Juvenal, till I was called upon to accompany his son (one of the most amiable and accomplished young noblemen that this country, fertile in such charac-

* I have a melancholy satisfaction in recording that this revered friend and patron lived to witness my grateful acknowledgment of his kindness. He survived the appearance of the translation but a very few days, and I paid the last sad duty to his memory, by attending his remains to the grave. To me—this laborious work has not been happy : the same disastrous event that marked its commencement, has embittered its conclusion ; and frequently forced upon my recollection the calamity of the rebuilder of Jericho, “ He laid the foundation thereof in Abiram, his first born, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son, Segub.” 1806.

ters, could ever boast) to the continent. With him, in two successive tours, I spent many years; years of which the remembrance will always be dear to me, from the recollection that a friendship was then contracted, which time and a more intimate knowledge of each other, have mellowed into a regard that forms at once the pride and happiness of my life.

It is long since I have been returned and settled in the bosom of competence and peace: my translation frequently engaged my thoughts, but I had lost the ardour and the confidence of youth, and was seriously doubtful of my abilities to do it justice. I have wished a thousand times that I could decline it altogether; but the ever-recurring idea that there were people of the description already mentioned, who had just and forcible claims on me for the due performance of my engagement, forbade the thought; and I slowly proceeded towards the completion of a work in which I should never have engaged, had my friend's inexperience, or my own, suffered us to suspect for a moment the labour, and the talents of more than one kind, absolutely necessary to its success in any tolerable degree. Such as I could make it, it is now before the Publick.

———— *majora canamus.*

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 it is now before the Publick.

MAJOR CANINUS.

MAJOR CANINUS was born at
 the castle of Caninus, in the
 county of Caninus, in the
 year of our Lord 1700, and
 in his youngest son, aged 1800.

THE
LIFE OF JUVENAL.

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS,* the author of the following Satires, was born at Aquinum, an inconsiderable town of the Volsci, about the year of Christ 38.† He was either the son, or the

* *Junius Juvenalis liberti locupletis incertum filius an alumnus, ad mediam ætatem declamavit, animi magis causa, quam quod scholæ aut foro se præpararet.* The learned reader knows that this is taken from the brief account of Juvenal, commonly attributed to Suetonius; but which is probably posterior to his time; as it bears very few marks of being written by a contemporary author: it is, however, the earliest extant. The old criticks, struck with its deficiencies, have attempted to render it more complete by variations, which take from its authenticity, without adding to its probability.

† I have adopted Dodwell's chronology. *Sic autem* (he says) *se rem illam totam habuisse censeo. Exul erat Juv. cum Satiram scriberet xv. Hoc confirmat etiam in v. 27, scholiastes. "De se Juv. dicit, quia in Ægypto militem tenuit, et ea promittit se relatuum quæ ipse vidit."* Had not Dodwell been predisposed to believe this, he would have seen that the scholium "confirmed" nothing: for Juvenal makes no such promise. *Proinde rixæ illi ipse adfuit quam describit.* So error is built up! How does it appear that Juvenal was present at the quarrel which he describes? He was in Egypt, we know; he had passed through the Ombite nome, and he speaks of the face of the country, as falling under

fosterson, of a wealthy freedman, who gave him a liberal education. From the period of his birth,

his own inspection: but this is all; and he might have heard of the quarrel, at Rome, or elsewhere. *Tempus autem ipse designavit rixæ illius cum et "nuper"† illam contigisse dicit, et quidem "Consule Junio." Jun. duplicem habent fasti, alium Domit. in x. Consulatu collegam App. Junium Sabinum A. D. lxxxiv.; alium Hadriani in suo itidem consulatu III collegam Q. Junium Rusticum. Quo minus prior intelligi possit, obstant illa omnia quæ in his ipsis Satiris occurrunt Domitiani temporibus recentiora.* Yet, such is the capricious nature of criticism! Dodwell's chief argument to prove the late period at which Juvenal was banished, is a passage confessedly written under Domitian, and foisted into a satire published, as he himself maintains, many years after that emperor's death! *Posteriorem ergo intellexerit oportet. Hoc ergo anno (cxix.) erat in exilio. Sed vero Roma illum ejicere non potuit Trajanus, qui ab anno usque cxii. Romæ ipse non adfuit; nec etiam ante cxviii. quo Romam venit imperator Hadrianus. Sic ante anni cxviii. finem, aut cxix. initium, mitti vix potuit in exilium Juvenalis: erat autem cum relegaretur, octogenarius. Proinde natus fuerit vel anni xxxviii. fine, vel xxxix. initio. Annal. 157—159.*

I have made this copious extract from Dodwell, because it contains a summary of the chief arguments which induced Pithæus, Henninius, Lipsius, Salmasius, &c. to attribute the banishment of the author to Hadrian. To me they appear any thing but conclusive; for, to omit other objections for the present, why may not the Junius of the fifteenth Satire be the one who was Consul with Domitian in 84, when Juvenal, by Dodwell's own calculation, was in his 47th, instead of his 80th, year.

† This *nuper* is a very convenient word. Here, we see, it signifies lately; but when it is necessary to bring the works of our author down to a late period, it means, as Britannicus explains it, *de longo tempore*, long ago.

till he had attained the age of forty, nothing more is known of him than that he continued to perfect himself in the study of eloquence, by declaiming, according to the practice of those days: yet more for his own amusement, than from any intention to prepare himself, either for the schools or the courts of law. About this time, he seems to have discovered his true bent, and betaken himself to poetry. Domitian was now at the head of the government, and showed symptoms of reviving that system of favouritism which had nearly ruined the empire under Claudius, by his unbounded partiality for a young pantomime dancer of the name of Paris. Against this minion, Juvenal seems to have directed the first shafts of that satire which was destined to make the most powerful vices tremble, and shake the masters of the world on their thrones. He composed a few lines* on the influence of Paris, with considerable success, which encouraged him to cultivate this kind of poetry: he had the prudence, however, not to trust himself to an auditory, in a reign which swarmed with informers; and his compositions were, therefore, secretly handed about amongst his friends.† By

* *Deinde paucorum versuum satira non absurde composita in Paridem pantomimum, poetamque Claudii Neronis, (the writer seems, in this and the following clause, to have referred to Juvenal's words; it is therefore probable that we should read Calvi Neronis, i. e. Domitian; otherwise the phrase must be given up as an absurd interpolation,) ejus semestribus militiolis tumentem: genus scripturæ industriose excoluit.* Suet.

† *Et tamen diu, ne modico quidem auditorio quicquam commit-*

degrees, he grew bolder; and, having made many large additions to his first sketch, or perhaps recast

tere ausus est. Suet. On this Dodwell observes: *Tam longe aberrant illa a Paridis ira concitanda, si vel superstite Paride fuissent scripta, eum irritare non possent, cum nondum emanassent in publicum*, 161. He then adds that "Martial knew nothing of his poetical studies,* who boasted that he was as familiar with Juvenal as Pylades with Orestes!" It appears indeed that they were acquainted; but I suspect, notwithstanding the vehemence of Martial's assertions, that there was no great cordiality between minds so very dissimilar. Some one, it seems, had accused the epigrammatist to the satirist, not improbably, of making too free with his thoughts and expressions. He was seriously offended; and Martial, instead of justifying himself, (whatever the charge might be,) imprecates shame on his accuser in a strain of idle rant not much above the level of a schoolboy. Lib. vii. 24.

But if he had been acquainted with his friend's poetry, he would certainly have spoken of it. Not quite so certainly.

* But how is this ascertained? Very easily; he calls him *facundus Juvenalis*. Here the question is finally left; for none of the commentators suppose it possible that the epithet can be applied to any but a rhetorician. Yet it is applied by the same writer, to a poet of no ordinary kind;

Accipe *facundi* Culicem, studiose, Maronis
Ne, nugis positus, arma virumque canas.

Lib. xiv. 185.

And, by the author himself, to one who had grown old in the art:

"_____ tunc seque suamque

"Terpsichoren odit *facunda* et nuda senectus."

Let it be remembered too, that Martial, as is evident from the frequent allusions to Domitian's expedition against the Catti, wrote this epigram (lib. vii. 91) in the commencement of that prince's reign, when it is acknowledged that Juvenal had produced but one or two of his Satires.

it, produced what is now called his Seventh Satire, which he recited to a numerous assemblage. The consequences were such as he had probably anticipated: Paris, informed of the part which he bore in it, was seriously offended, and complained to the Emperour, who, as the old account has it,*

These learned criticks seem to think that Juvenal, like the poets he ridicules, wrote nothing but trite fooleries on the Argonauts and the Lapithæ. Were the Satires of Juvenal to be mentioned with approbation? and if they were, was Martial the person to do it? Martial, the most devoted sycophant of the age, who was always begging, and sometimes receiving, favours from the man whose castigation was, in general, the express object of them. Is it not more consonant to his character, to suppose that he would conceal his knowledge of them with the most scrupulous care?

But when Domitian was dead, and Martial removed from Rome; when, in short, there was no danger of speaking out, he still appears, continue they, to be ignorant of his friend's poetick talents. I am almost ashamed to repeat what the criticks so constantly forget—that Juvenal was not only a satirist, but a republican, who looked upon Trajan as an usurper, no less than Domitian. And how was it “safe to speak out,” when they all assert that he was driven into banishment by a milder prince than Trajan, for a passage “suspected of bearing a figurative allusion to the times?” What inconsistencies are these!

* *Mox magna frequentia, magnoque successu bis ac ter auditus est; ut ea quoque quæ prima fecerat, inferciret novis scriptis,*

“*Quod non dant procures dabit histrio, &c.*”

Sat. VII. 90—92.

Erat tum in delitiis aulæ histrio, multique fautorum ejus quotidie provehebantur. Venit ergo in suspicionem quasi tempora figurate notasset: ac statim per honorem militiolæ, quanquam octogenarius, urbe summotus, missusque ad præfecturam cohortis in extrema parte

sent the author, by an easy kind of punishment, into Egypt with a military command. To remove

tendentis Ægypti. Id supplicii genus placuit, ut levi atque joculari delicto par esset. Verum intra brevissimum tempus angore et tædio periit. Suet. Passing by the interpolations of the old grammarians, I shall, as before, have recourse to Dodwell. *Recitavit ni fallor, omnia, emisitque in publicum CXVIII.* (Juvenal was now fourscore!) *postquam Romam venisset Hadrianus quem ille principem à benevolo ejus in hæc studia animo, in hac ipsa satira in qua occurrunt verba illa de Paride commendat. 161.* Salmasius supposed that the last of his Satires only were published under Hadrian; Dodwell goes further, and maintains that the whole, with the exception of the 15th and 16th† (*si tamen vere et illa Juvenalis fuerit*) were then first produced! *Illa in Paridem dicta histrionem, in suum (cujus nomen non prodidit auctor) histrionem dicta interpretabatur Hadrianus. Inde exilii causa. Scripsit*

† The former of these, Dodwell says, was written in exile, after the author was turned of eighty. Salmasius, more rationally, conceives it to have been produced at Rome. Giving full credit, however, to the story of his late banishment, he is driven into a very awkward supposition. *An non alio tempore, atque alia de causa Ægyptum lustrare juvenis potuit Juvenalis? animi nempe gratia, καὶ τῆς ἰσορίας χάριν, ut urbes regionis illius, populorumque mores cognosceret?* Would it not be more simple to attribute his exile at once to Domitian?

With respect to the 16th Satire, Dodwell, we see, hesitates to attribute it to Juvenal; and indeed the old Scholiast says that, in his time, many thought it to be the work of a different hand. So it always appeared to me. It is unworthy of the author's best days, and seems but little suited to his worst. He was at least eighty-one, they say, when he wrote it, yet it begins—

“ ——— Nam si ——— ”

“ Me pavidum excipiet tyronem porta secundo

“ Sidere, &c.”

Surely, at this age, the writer resembled Priam, the *tremulus miles*, more than the timid tyro! Nor do I believe that Juvenal would have been much inclined to amuse himself with the

such a man from his court, must undoubtedly have been desirable to Domitian; and, as he

ergo in exilio Sat. xv. Sed cum "nuper Consulem Junium" fuisse dicat, ante annum ad minimum cxx. scribere illam non potuit Juv. Nec vero postea scripsisse, exinde colligimus, quod "intra brevissimum tempus" perierit. 164. Such is the manner in which Dodwell accommodates Suetonius to his own ideas: which seem also to have been those of a much higher name, Salmasius; and, while I am now writing, to be sanctioned by the adoption of the learned Ruperti. I never affected singularity; yet I find myself constrained to differ from them all: but I will state my reasons. In his 7th Satire, after speaking of Quintilian, Juvenal adds,

"Si fortuna volet, fies de rhetore consul:

"Si volet hæc eadem fies de consule rhetor."

Which, taking it for a proverbial expression, I have loosely rendered, Fortune can make kings of pedants, and pedants of kings. Dodwell, however, understands it literally. *Hæc sane cum Quintiliani causa dicat, vix est quin Q. talem ostendant è rhetore nimirum "nobilem, senatorium, consularem," et quidem illis divitiis instructum, quæ essent etiam ad censum senatorium necessariae. 152.* Now as Pliny, who probably died before Trajan, observes that Quintilian was a man of moderate fortune, it follows that he must have acquired the wealth and honours of which Juvenal speaks, at a later period. Dodwell fixes this to the time when Hadrian entered Rome cxviii. which he states to

fancied advantages of a profession to which he was so unworthily driven. But the satire must have been as ill-timed for the army as for himself, since it was probably, at this period, in a better state of subjection than it had been for many reigns. I suppose it to be written, in professed imitation of our author's manner, about the age of Commodus. It has considerable merit, though the first and last paragraphs are feeble and tautological; and the execution of the whole is much inferiour to the design.

was spoken of with kindness in the same Satire, which is intirely free from political allusions, the

be also that of the author's banishment. It must be confessed, that Juvenal lost no time in exerting himself: he had remained silent fourscore years; he now bursts forth at once, as Dodwell expresses it, recites all his Satires without intermission, (*unis continuisque recitationibus*,) celebrates Quintilian, attacks the Emperour, and is immediately dispatched to Egypt! 162. Here is a great deal of business crowded into the compass of a few weeks, or, perhaps, days;—but let us examine it a little more closely. Rigaltius, with several of the commentators, sees in the lines above quoted a sneer at Quintilian, and he accounts for the rhetor's silence respecting our author, by the resentment which he supposes him to have felt at it. As this militates strongly against Dodwell's ideas, he will not allow that any thing severe was intended by the passage in question; and adds that Quintilian could not mention Juvenal as a satirist, because he had not then written any satires. 160. I believe that both are wrong. In speaking of the satirists, Quintilian says that Persius had justly acquired no inconsiderable degree of reputation by the little he had written. *Lib. x, c. 1*. He then adds, *sunt clari hodieque, et qui olim nominabuntur*. There are yet some excellent ones, some who will be better known hereafter. It always appeared to me, that this last phrase alluded to our author, with whose extraordinary merits Quintilian was probably acquainted, but whom he did not choose, or, perhaps, did not dare to mention in a work composed under a prince whose crimes this unnamed satirist persecuted with a severity as unmitigated as it was just. Quintilian had no political courage. Either from a sense of kindness or fear, he flatters Domitian almost as grossly as Martial does:—but his life was a life of innocence and integrity: I will therefore say no more on this subject; but leave it to the reader to consider whether such a man was likely to startle the “god of his idolatry” by celebrating the Satires of Juvenal.

Nor do I agree with the commentators whom Dodwell has

“facetiousness” of the punishment (though Domitian’s was not a facetious reign) renders the

followed, in the literal interpretation of those famous lines. *Unde igitur tot, &c.* Sat. vii. v. 188—194. Quintilian was rich, when the rest of his profession were in the utmost want. Here then was an instance of good fortune. He was lucky; and, with luck, a man may be any thing; handsome, and witty, and wise, and noble, and high-born, and a member of the senate. Who does not see in this, a satirical exaggeration? Wisdom, beauty, and high birth, luck cannot give: why then should the remainder of this passage be so strictly interpreted, and referred to the actual history of Quintilian? The lines, *Si fortuna volet, &c.* are still more lax: a reflection thrown out at random, and expressing the greatest possible extremes of fortune. Yet on these authorities principally (for the passage of Ausonius,* written more than two centuries later, is of no great weight) has Quintilian been advanced to consular honours; while Dodwell, who, as we have seen, has taken immense pains to prove that they could only be conferred on him by Hadrian, has hence deduced his strongest arguments

* *Q. consularia per Clementem ornamenta sortitus, honestamenta potius videtur quam insignia potestatis habuisse. In gratiar. act.* Quintilian, then, was not actually consul: but this is no great matter—it is of more consequence to ascertain the Clemens by whom he was so honoured. In the preface to his fourth book, he says, *Cum vero mihi Dom. Augustus sororis suæ nepotum delegavit curam, &c.* Vespasian had a daughter, Domatilla, who married, and died long before her father: she left a daughter, who was given to Flavius Clemens, by whom she had two sons. These were the grandchildren of Domitian’s sister, of whom Quintilian speaks; and to their father, Clemens, according to Ausonius, he was indebted for the show, though not the reality, of power. There is nothing incongruous in all this; yet so possessed are Dodwell and his numerous followers (among whom I am sorry to rank Dusaulx) of the late period at which it happened, that they will needs have Hadrian to be meant by Domitianus Augustus, though the detestable flattery which follows the words I have quoted, most indisputably proves it

fact not altogether improbable. Yet, when we consider that these reflections on Paris could

for the late date of our author's Satires; which he thus brings down to the period of mental imbecility! Hence, too, he accounts for the different ideas of Quintilian's wealth in Juvenal and Pliny. When the latter wrote, he thinks Quintilian had not acquired much property, he was "*modicus facultatibus*:" when the former, "he had been enriched by the imperial bounty, and was capable of senatorial honours." Yet Pliny might not think his old master rich enough to give a fortune with his daughter adequate to the expectations of a man of considerable rank, (*Lib. vi. 32.*) though Juvenal, writing at the same instant, might term him wealthy, in comparison of the rhetoricians who were starving around him; and count him a peculiar favourite of fortune. Let us bear in mind, too, that Juvenal is a satirist, and a poet: in the latter capacity, the minute accuracy of an annalist cannot be expected at his hands; and in the former—as his object was to show the general discouragement of literature, he could not, consistently with his plan, attribute the solitary good fortune of Quintilian to any thing but luck.

But why was Quintilian made consul? Because, replies Dodwell (164), when Hadrian first entered Rome, he was desirous of gaining the affections of the people; which could be done no way so effectually as by conciliating the esteem of the literati; and he therefore conferred this extraordinary mark

to be Domitian; and though Dodwell himself is forced to confess that he can find no Clemens under Hadrian to whom the passage applies: *Quis autem fuerit Clemens ille qui Q. ornamenta illa sub Hadriano impetraverit, me sane fateor ignorare!* 165. Another circumstance which has escaped all the commentators, and which is of considerable importance in determining the question, remains to be noticed. At the very period of which Dodwell treats, the boundaries of the empire were politically contracted, while Juvenal, whenever he has occasion to speak on the subject, invariably dwells on extending or securing them.

scarcely have been published before LXXXIV. and that the favourite was disgraced and put to death almost immediately after, we shall be inclined to doubt whether his banishment actually took place; or, if it did, whether it was of any long duration. That Juvenal was in Egypt, is certain; but he might have gone there from motives of personal safety, or, as Salmasius has it, of curiosity. However this may be, it does not appear that he was ever long absent from Rome, where a thousand internal marks clearly show that all his Satires were written. But whatever punishment might have followed the complaint of Paris,* of favour on the rhetorician. How did it escape this learned man, that he was likely to do himself more injury in their opinion by the banishment of Juvenal at that same instant? an old man of fourscore, who, by his own testimony, had spoken of him with kindness, in a poem which did more honour to his reign than any thing produced in it! and whose only crime was an allusion to the influence of a favourite player!—Indeed, the informers of Hadrian's reign must have had more sagacious noses than those of Domitian's, to smell out his fault. What Statius, in his time, was celebrated for the recitation of a Thebaid, or what Paris, for the purchase of an untouched Agave? And where, might we ask Dodwell, was the “jest” of sending a man on the verge of the grave, in a military capacity, into Egypt? Could the most supple of Hadrian's courtiers look on it as any thing but a wanton exercise of cruelty? At eighty, the business of satirizing, either in prose or verse, is nearly over: what had the Emperour then to fear? And to sum up all, in a word, can any rational being seriously persuade himself that the Satires of Juvenal were produced, for the first time, by a man turned of fourscore?

* But why should he complain at all? Was he ashamed of

it had no other effect on our author, than that of increasing his hatred of tyranny, and turning his indignation upon the Emperour himself, whose hypocrisy, cruelty, and licentiousness, became, from that period, the object of his keenest reprobation. He profited, indeed, so far by his danger or his punishment, as to recite no more in publick; but he continued to write during the remainder of Domitian's reign, in which he finished, as I conceive, his second, third,* fifth, sixth,†

being known to possess an influence at the imperial court? Those were not very modest times, nor is modesty, in general, the crying vice of the "quality." He was more likely to have gloried in it. If Bareas, or Camerinus, or any of the old nobility, had complained of the author, I should have thought it more reasonable:—but Domitian cared nearly as little for them as Paris himself did.

* I hold, in opposition to the commentators, that Juvenal was known in Domitian's time, not only as a poet, but as a keen and vigorous satirist. He himself, though he did not choose to commit his safety to a promiscuous audience, appears to make no great secret of his peculiar talents. In this Satire, certainly prior to many of the others, he tells us that he accompanied Umbricius, then on his way to Cumæ, out of the gates of Rome. Umbricius predicted, as Tacitus says, the death of Galba, at which time he was looked upon as the most skilful aruspex of the age. He could not then be a young man; yet, at quitting the capital, he still talks of himself as in the first stage of old age, *nova canities, et prima et recta senectus*. His voluntary exile, therefore, could not possibly have taken place long after the commencement of Domitian's reign; when he speaks of Juvenal as already celebrated for his Satires, and modestly doubts whether the assistance of so able a coadjutor as himself would be accepted.

and perhaps thirteenth* Satires; the eighth† I have always looked upon as his first.

This, at least, serves to prove in what light the author wished to be considered:—for the rest, there can, I think, exclusively of what I have urged, be little doubt that this Satire was produced under Domitian. It is known, from other authorities, that he revived the law of Otho in all its severity, that he introduced a number of low and vicious characters, *pinnirapi cultos juvenes, juvenesque lanistæ*, into the Equestrian Order, that he was immoderately attached to building, &c. circumstances much dwelt on in this Satire, and applicable to him alone.

† The following line, *Dacicus et scripto radiat Germanicus auro*, seems to militate against the early date of this Satire. Catanæus and Arntzenius say that Juvenal could not mean Domitian here, because “he did not think well enough of him to do him such honour; whereas he was fond of commending Trajan.” I see no marks of this fondness: nor were the titles, if meant of Domitian, intended to do him honour, but to reprove his vanity.

Whether medals were ever struck with the inscription of Dacicus and Germanicus in honour of Domitian, I am not qualified to determine. Certain it is, however, that he assumed both these titles; the latter, indeed, in common with his predecessors from the time of Germ. Cæsar; and the former, in consequence of his pretended success in the Dacian war, for which he is bitterly sneered at by Pliny, as well as Dio. It is given to him, amongst others, by Martial, who dedicates his eighth book, *Imper. Domit. Cæs. Augusto Germanico DACICO*. Dodwell appropriates (as I do,) the line to Domitian—a little inconsistently, it must be confessed; but that is his concern. If, however, it be adjudged to Trajan, I should not for that bring down the date of the Satire to a later period. Juvenal revised and enlarged all his works, when he gave them to the publick: this under consideration,

In xcv, when Juvenal was in his 54th year, Domitian banished the philosophers from Rome,

in particular, has all the marks of having received considerable additions; and one of them might be the line in question.

* This Satire has contributed as much perhaps as the seventh to persuade Lipsius, Salmasius, and others, that Juvenal wrote his best pieces when he was turned of fourscore.

“ ——— Stupet hæc, qui jam post terga reliquit

“ Sexaginta annos, Fonteio Consule natus !”

There were four consuls of this name. The first is out of the question; the second was consul A. D. 13, the third in 59, and the fourth in 68. If we take the second, and add any intermediate number of years between sixty and seventy, for Calvinus had passed his sixtieth year, it will just bring us down to the early part of Domitian's reign, which I suppose to be the true date of this Satire; for I cannot believe, as I have already observed, that this, or indeed any part of Juvenal's works, was produced when he was trembling on the verge of ninety, as must be the case if either of the latter periods be adopted. But he observes, *Hæc quota pars scelerum quæ custos Gallicus urbis, &c.* Now Rutilius Gallicus was præfect of Rome from the end of 85 to 88, (Domitian succeeded his brother in 81,) in which year he died. There seems to be no necessity for mentioning a magistrate as sitting, who was not then in existence; nor can any reason be assigned, if the Satire was written under Hadrian, for the author's recurring to the times of Domitian for a name, when that of the *custos urbis* of the day would have better answered his purpose. It is probable that Gallicus succeeded Pegasus, who was præfect when the ridiculous farce of the turbot took place; (Sat. iv.) this would fix it to 85, the year before Fuscus, who was present at it, was sent into Dacia.

† This Satire is referred by the criticks to the reign of Trajan, because Marius, whose trial took place under that

and soon after from Italy, with many circumstances of cruelty; an action, for which, I am sorry to observe, he is covertly praised by Quintilian. Though Juvenal, strictly speaking, did not come under the description of a philosopher, yet, like the hare in the fable, he might not unreasonably entertain some apprehensions for his safety, and, with many other persons eminent for learning and virtue, judge it prudent to withdraw from the city. To this period I have always inclined to fix his journey to Egypt. Two years afterwards the world was happily relieved from the tyranny of Domitian; and Nerva, who succeeded him, recalled the exiles. From this time,

prince, is mentioned in it. I have attributed it to an earlier period; principally moved by the consideration that it presents a faithful copy of the state of Rome and the conquered provinces under Nero, and which could scarcely have been given in such vivid colours after the original had ceased to affect the mind. What Rome was under Domitian, may be seen in the second Satire, and the difference, which has not been sufficiently attended to, is striking in the extreme. I would observe too, that Juvenal speaks here of the *crimes* of Marius:—they might be, and probably were, committed long before his condemnation; but under Domitian, it was scarcely safe to attempt bringing such gigantick peculators to justice. Add to this, that the other culprits mentioned in it, are all of them prior to that prince; nay, one of them, Capito, was tried so early as the beginning of Nero's reign. The insertion of Marius, however, (which might be an after-thought,) forms a main argument with Dodwell for the very late date of this Satire; he observes that it had escaped Lipsius and Salmasius; and boasts of it, as *longe certissimum*, &c. 156.

there remains little doubt of Juvenal's being at Rome, where he continued his studies in tranquillity.

His first Satire, after the death of Domitian, seems to have been what is now called the fourth. About this time, too, he probably thought of revising and publishing those which he had already written; and composed or completed that introductory piece,* which now stands at the head of his works. As the order is every where broken in upon, it is utterly impossible to arrange them chronologically; but I am inclined to think that the eleventh Satire closed his poetical career. All else is conjecture; but in this, he speaks of himself as an old man,

“Nostra bibat vernum contracta cuticula solem;
and indeed he had now passed his grand climacterick.

This is all that can be collected of the life of Juvenal; and how much of this is built upon uncertainties! I hope, however, that it bears the

* I have often wondered at the stress which Dodwell and others lay on the concluding lines of this Satire: *Experiar quid concedatur, &c.* They fancy that the engagement was seriously made, and religiously observed. Nothing was ever further from the mind of Juvenal. It is merely a poetical, or if you will, a satirical, flourish; since there is not a single Satire, I am well persuaded, in which the names of many, who were alive at the time, are not introduced. Had Dodwell forgotten Quintilian? or, that he had allowed one of his Satires, at least, to be prior to this?"

stamp of probability ; which is all I contend for ; and which, indeed, if I do not deceive myself, is somewhat more than can be affirmed of what has been hitherto delivered on the subject.

Little is known of Juvenal's circumstances ; but, happily, that little is authentick, as it comes from himself. He had a competence. The dignity of poetry is never disgraced in him, as it is in some of his contemporaries, by fretful complaints of poverty, or clamorous whinings for meat and clothes :—the little patrimony which his foster-father left him, he never diminished, and probably never increased. It seems to have equalled all his wants, and, as far as appears, all his wishes. Once only he regrets the narrowness of his fortune ; but the occasion does him honour ; it is solely because he cannot afford a more costly sacrifice to express his pious gratitude for the preservation of his friend : yet “ two lambs and a youthful steer ” bespeak the affluence of a philosopher ; which is not belied by the entertainment provided for his friend Persicus, in that beautiful Satire which is here called the last of his works. Further it is useless to seek : from pride or modesty, he has left no other notices of himself ; or they have perished. Horace and Persius, his immediate predecessors, are never weary of speaking of themselves. The life of the former might be written, from his own materials, with all the minuteness of a contemporary history : and the latter, who attained to little more than a

third of Juvenal's age, has left nothing to be desired on the only topicks which could interest posterity,—his parent, his preceptor, and his course of studies.

AN ESSAY
ON THE
ROMAN SATIRISTS.

It will now be expected from me, perhaps, to say something on the nature and design of Satire; but in truth this has so frequently been done, that it seems, at present, to have as little of novelty as of utility, to recommend it.

Dryden, who had diligently studied the French criticks, drew up from their remarks, assisted by a cursory perusal of what Casaubon, Heinsius, Rigaltius, and Scaliger had written on the subject, an account of the rise and progress of dramatick and satirick poetry amongst the Romans; which he prefixed to his translation of Juvenal. What Dryden knew, he told in a manner that renders every attempt to recount it after him, equally hopeless and vain; but his acquaintance with works of literature was not very extensive, while his reliance on his own powers sometimes betrayed him into inaccuracies, to which the influence of his name gives a dangerous importance.

“The comparison of Horace with Juvenal and Persius,” which makes a principal part of his

Essay, is not formed with much niceness of discrimination, or accuracy of judgment. To speak my mind, I do not think that he clearly perceived, or fully understood, the characters of the first two—of Persius indeed he had an intimate knowledge; for, though he certainly deemed too humbly of his poetry, he yet speaks of his beauties and defects, in a manner which evinces a more than common acquaintance with both.

What Dryden left imperfect has been filled up in a great measure by Dusaulx, in the preliminary discourse to his translation of Juvenal, and by Ruperti, in his critical Essay *De diversa Satirarum Lucil. Horat. Pers. et Juvenalis indole*. With the assistance of the former of these, I shall endeavour to give a more extended view of the characteristick excellencies and defects of the rival Satirists, than has yet appeared in our language; little solicitous for the praise of originality, if I may be allowed to aspire to that of candour and truth. Previously to this, however, it will be necessary to say something on the supposed origin of Satire: and as this is a very beaten subject, I shall discuss it as briefly as possible.

It is probable, that the first metrical compositions of the Romans, like those of every other people, were pious effusions for favours received or expected from the gods: Of these, the earliest, according to Varro, were the hymns to Mars, which, though used by the Salii in the Augustan age, were no longer intelligible. To these, suc-

ceeded the Fescennine verses, which were sung, or rather recited, after the vintage and harvest, and appear to have been little more than rude praises of the tutelar divinities of the country, intermixed with clownish jeers and sarcasms, extemporally poured out by the rusticks in some kind of measure, and indifferently directed at the audience, or at one another. These, by degrees, assumed the form of a dialogue; of which, as nature is every where the same, and the progress of refinement but little varied, some resemblance may perhaps be found in the grosser eclogues of Theocritus.

Thus improved, (if the word may be allowed of such barbarous amusements,) they formed, for near three centuries, the delight of that nation: popular favour, however, had a dangerous effect on the performers, whose licentiousness degenerated at length into such wild invective, that it was found necessary to restrain it by a positive law: *Si qui populo occentassit, carmenve condisit, quod infamiam faxit flagitiumve alteri, fuste ferito.* From this time, we hear no further complaints of the Fescennine verses, which continued to charm the Romans; until, about a century afterwards, and during the ravages of a dreadful pestilence, the senate, as the historians say, in order to propitiate the gods, called in a troop of players from Tuscany, to assist at the celebration of their ancient festivals. This was a wise and a salutary measure: the plague had spread dejection through

the city, which was thus rendered more obnoxious to its fury; and it therefore became necessary, by novel and extraordinary amusements, to divert the attention of the people from the melancholy objects around them.

As the Romans were unacquainted with the language of Tuscany, the players, Livy tells us, omitted the modulation and the words, and confined themselves solely to gestures, which were accompanied by the flute. This imperfect exhibition, however, was so superiour to their own, that the Romans eagerly strove to attain the art; and as soon as they could imitate what they admired, graced their rustick measures with musick and dancing. By degrees, they dropped the Fescennine verses, for something of a more regular kind, which now took the name of SATIRE.*

These Satires (for as yet they had but little claim to the title of dramas) continued, without much alteration, to the year 514, when Livius Andro-

* The origin of this word is now acknowledged to be Roman. Scaliger derived it from *σατυρος*, (*satyrus*,) but Casaubon, Dacier, and others, more reasonably, from *satura*, (fem. of *satur*,) rich, abounding, full of variety. In this sense it was applied to the *lanx* or charger, in which the various productions of the soil were offered up to the gods; and thus came to be used for any miscellaneous collection in general. *Satura olla*, a hotch-potch; *saturæ leges*, laws comprehending a multitude of regulations, &c. This deduction of the name may serve to explain, in some measure, the nature of the first Satires, which treated of various subjects, and were full of various matters: but enough on this trite topick.

nicus, a Greek by birth, and a freedman of L. Salinator, who was undoubtedly acquainted with the old comedy of his country, produced a regular play. That it pleased, cannot be doubted, for it surpassed the Satires, even in their improved state; and indeed banished them for some time from the scene. They had however taken too strong a hold of the affections of the people to be easily forgotten, and it was therefore found necessary to reproduce and join them to the plays of Andronicus, (the superiority of which could not be contested) under the name of Exodia or After-pieces. These partook, in a certain degree, of the general amelioration of the stage; something like a story was now introduced into them, which though frequently indecent, and always extravagant, created a greater degree of interest, than the reciprocation of gross humour and scurrility in unconnected dialogues.

Whether any of the old people still regretted this sophistication of their early amusements, it is not easy to say; but Ennius, who came to Rome about twenty years after this period, and who was more than half a Grecian, conceived that he should perform an acceptable service by reviving the ancient Satires.* He did not pretend to restore

* It should be observed, however, that the idea was obvious, and the work itself highly necessary. The old Satire, amidst much coarse ribaldry, frequently attacked the follies and vices of the day. This could not be done by the comedy which superseded it, and which, by a strange perversity of taste, was never

them to the stage, for which indeed the new pieces were infinitely better calculated, but endeavoured to adapt them to the closet, by refining their grossness, and softening their asperity. Success justified the attempt; Satire, thus freed from action, and formed into a poem, became a favourite pursuit, and was cultivated by several writers of eminence. In imitation of his model, Ennius confined himself to no particular species of verse, nor indeed of language, for he mingled Greek expressions with his Latin, at pleasure. It is solely with a reference to this new attempt, that Horace and Quintilian are to be understood, when they claim for the Romans the invention* of this kind of rendered national. Its customs, manners, nay, its very plots, were Grecian; and scarcely more applicable to the Romans than to us.

* To extend this to Lucilius, as is sometimes done, is absurd, since he evidently had in view the old comedy of the Greeks, of which his Satires, according to Horace, were rigid imitations:

“Eupolis atque Cratinus, Aristophanesque poëtæ

“Atque alii, quorum comœdia prisca virorum est;

“Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus, aut fur,

“Quod mœchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui

“Famosus, multa cum libertate notabant.

“HINC omnis pendet Lucilius, hosce secutus,

“Mutatis tantum pedibus, numerisque;”—

Here the matter would seem to be at once determined by a very competent judge. Strip the old Greek comedy of its action, and change the metre from iambick to heriock, and you have the Roman Satire! It is evident from this, that unless two things be granted; first, that the actors in those ancient satires

poetry: and certainly they had opportunities of judging, which we have not, for little of Ennius, and nothing of the old satire, remains.

were ignorant of the existence of the Greek comedy; and secondly, that Ennius, who knew it well, passed it by for a ruder model; the Romans can have no pretensions to the honour they claim.

And even if these be granted, the honour appears to be scarcely worth the claiming; for the Greeks had not only dramattick, but lyrick and heroick satire. To pass by the Margites, what were the iambicks of Archilochus, and the scazons of Hipponax, but satires? nay, what were the Silli? —Casaubon derives them *απο του σιλλαινειν*, to scoff, to treat petulantly; and there is no doubt of the justness of his derivation. These little pieces were made up of passages from various poems, which by slight alterations, were humourously or satirically applied at will. The satires of Ennius were probably little more; indeed we have the express authority of Diomedes the grammarian, for it. After speaking of Lucilius, whose writings he derives, with Horace, from the old comedy, he adds, *et olim carmen, quod ex variis poematibus constabat, satira vocabatur; quale scripserunt Pacuvius et Ennius*. Modern criticks agree in understanding *ex variis poematibus*, of various kinds of metre; but, I do not see why it may not mean, as I have rendered it, “of various poems;” unless we choose to compliment the Romans, by supposing that what was in the Greeks a mere cento, was in them an original composition.

It would scarcely be doing justice, however, to Ennius, to suppose that he did not surpass his models, for, to say the truth, the Greek Silli appear to have been no very extraordinary performances. A few short specimens of them may be seen in Diogenes Laertius, and a longer one, which has escaped the writers on this subject, in Dio Chrysostom. As this is, perhaps, the only Greek satire extant, it may be regarded as a curiosity; and as such, for as a literary effort it is worth nothing, a short extract from it may not be uninteresting. Sneering at the

It is not necessary to pursue the history of Satire further in this place, or to speak of another species of it, the Varronian or, as Varro himself called it, the Menippean, which branched out from the former, and was a medley of prose and verse: it will be a more pleasing, as well as a more useful employ, to enter a little into what Dryden, I know not for what reason, calls the most difficult part of his undertaking; “a comparative view of the Satirists;” not certainly with the design of depressing one at the expense of another, (for though I have translated Juvenal, I have no quarrel with Horace and Persius,) but for the purpose of pointing out the characteristick excellencies and defects of them all. To do this the more effectually, it will be previously necessary to take a cursory view of the times in which their respective works were produced.

people of Alexandria, for their mad attachment to chariot-races, &c. he says, this folly of theirs is not ill exposed by one of those scurrilous writers of (Silli, or) parodies: *ε κακως τις παρεποιησε των σαπρων τειτων ποιητων*

Ἄρματα δ' αλλοτε μεν χθονι πιλνατο πηλυβοτειρη,
 Αλλοτε δ' αεξασκε μετηορα· τοι δε θεαται
 Θωκοις εν σφετεροις, εθ' εἰσασαν, εδ' εκαδηντο,
 Χλαροι υπαι δειξ πεφοβημενοι, εδ' υπο νικης
 Αλληλοισι τε κεκλομενοι, και πασι θεοισι
 Χειρας ανισχοντες, μεγαλ' ευχετοωντο εκασοι.
 Ἦυτε περ κλαγγη γερανων πελει, ηε κολοιων,
 Ἄι τ' επει εν ζυθον τ' επιον, και αθεσπατον οινον,
 Κλαγγη ται γε πετονται απο σταδιοιο κελευθε. κ. τ. λ.

Ad Alexand. Orat. xxxii.

LUCILIUS, to whom Horace, forgetting what he had said in another place, attributes the invention of Satire, flourished in the interval between the siege of Carthage and the defeat of the Cimbri and Teutons, by Marius. He lived therefore in an age in which the struggle between the old and new manners, though daily becoming more equal, or rather inclining to the worse side, was still far from being decided. The freedom of speaking and writing, was yet unchecked by fear, or by any law more precise than that which, as has been already mentioned, was introduced to restrain the coarse ebullitions of rustick malignity. Add to this, that Lucilius was of a most respectable family, (he was great-uncle to Pompey,) and lived in habits of intimacy with the chiefs of the republic, with Lælius, Scipio, and others, who were well able to protect him from the Lupi and Mutii of the day, had they attempted, which they probably did not, to silence or molest him. Hence that boldness of satirizing the vicious by name, which startled Horace, and on which Juvenal and Persius delight to felicitate him.

Too little remains of Lucilius, to enable us to judge of his manner: his style seems, however, to bear fewer marks of delicacy than of strength, and his strictures appear harsh and violent. With all this, he must have been an extraordinary man; since Horace, who is evidently hurt by his reputation, can say nothing worse of his compositions than that they are careless and hasty, and that if

he had lived at a more refined period, he would have partaken of the general amelioration. I do not remember to have heard it observed, but I suspect that there was something of political spleen in the excessive popularity of Lucilius under Augustus, and something of courtly complacency in the attempt of Horace to counteract it. Augustus enlarged the law of the twelve tables respecting libels ; and the people, who found themselves thus abridged of the liberty of satirizing the great by name, might not improbably seek to avenge themselves, by an overstrained attachment to the works of a man who, living, as they would insinuate, in better times, practised without fear, what he enjoyed without restraint.

The space between Horace and his predecessor, was a dreadful interval “ filled up with horror all, and big with death.” Luxury and a long train of vices which followed the immense wealth incessantly poured in from the conquered provinces, sapped the foundations of the republick, which were finally shaken to pieces by the civil wars, the perpetual dictatorship of Cæsar, and the second triumvirate, which threw the Roman world, without a hope of escape, into the power of an individual.

Augustus, whose sword was yet reeking with the best blood of the state, now that submission left him no pretence for further cruelty, was desirous of enjoying in tranquillity the fruits of his guilt. He displayed, therefore, a magnificence

hitherto unknown ; and his example, which was followed by his ministers, quickly spread among the people, who were not very unwilling to exchange the agitation and terrour of successive proscriptions, for the security and quiet of undisputed despotism.

Tiberius had other views, and other methods of accomplishing them. He did not indeed put an actual stop to the elegant institutions of his predecessor, but he surveyed them with silent contempt, and they rapidly degenerated. The race of informers multiplied with dreadful celerity ; and danger, which could only be averted by complying with a caprice not always easy to discover, created an abject disposition, fitted for the reception of the grossest vices, and eminently favourable to the designs of the Emperour ; which were to procure, by universal depravation, that submission which Augustus sought to obtain by the blandishments of luxury, and the arts.

From this gloomy and suspicious tyrant, the empire was transferred to a profligate madman. It can scarcely be told without indignation, that when the sword of Chærea had freed the earth from his disgraceful sway, the senate had not sufficient virtue to resume the rights of which they had been deprived ; but, after a timid debate, delivered up the state to a pedantick dotard, incapable of governing himself.

To the vices of his predecessors, Nero added a frivolity which rendered his reign at once odious

and contemptible. Depravity could reach no further, but misery might yet be extended. This was fully experienced through the turbulent and murderous usurpations of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius; when the accession of Vespasian and Titus gave the groaning world a temporary respite.

To these succeeded Domitian, whose crimes form the subject of many a melancholy page in the ensuing work, and need not therefore be dwelt on here. Under him, every trace of ancient manners was obliterated; liberty was unknown, law openly trampled upon, and, while the national rites were either neglected or contemned, a base and blind superstition took possession of the enfeebled and distempered mind.

Better times followed. Nerva, and Trajan, and Hadrian, and the Antonines, restored the Romans to safety and tranquillity; but they could do no more: liberty and virtue were gone for ever: and after a short period of comparative happiness, which they scarcely appear to have deserved, and which brought with it no amelioration of mind, no return of the ancient modesty and frugality, they were finally resigned to destruction.

I now proceed to the “comparative view” of which I have already spoken; as the subject has been so often treated, little of novelty can be expected from it: to read, compare, and judge, is almost all that remains.

HORACE, who was gay, and lively, and gentle, and affectionate, seems fitted for the period in

which he wrote. He had seen the worst times of the republick, and might therefore, with no great suspicion of his integrity, be allowed to acquiesce in the infant monarchy, which brought with it stability, peace, and pleasure. How he reconciled himself to his political tergiversation it is useless to inquire.* What was so general, we may suppose, brought with it but little obloquy; and it should be remembered, to his praise, that he took no active part in the government which he had once opposed.† If he celebrates the master of the world, it is not until he is asked by him whether he is ashamed that posterity should know them to be

* I doubt whether he was ever a good royalist at heart; he frequently, perhaps unconsciously, betrays a lurking dissatisfaction; but having, as Johnson says of a much greater man, *tasted the honey of favour*, he did not choose to return to hunger and philosophy. Indeed, he was not happy; in the country he sighs for the town, in town for the country; and he is always restless, and straining after something which he never obtains. To float, like Aristippus, with the stream, is a bad recipe for felicity; there must be some fixed principle, by which the passions and desires may be regulated.

† He is careful to disclaim all participation in publick affairs. He accompanies Mæcenas in his carriage; but their chat, he wishes it to be believed, is on the common topicks of the day, the weather, amusements, &c. Though this may not be strictly true, it is yet probable that politicks furnished but a small part of their conversation. That both Augustus and his minister were warmly attached to him, cannot be denied; but then it was as to a plaything. In a word, Horace seems to have been the *enfant gaté* of the palace, and was viewed, I believe, with more tenderness than respect.

friends ; and he declines a post, which few of his detractors have merit to deserve, or virtue to refuse.

His choice of privacy, however, was in some measure constitutional ; for he had an easiness of temper which bordered on indolence ; hence he never rises to the dignity of a decided character. Zeno and Epicurus share his homage, and undergo his ridicule by turns : he passes without difficulty from one school to another, and he thinks it a sufficient excuse for his versatility, that he continues, amidst every change, the zealous defender of virtue. Virtue, however, abstractedly considered, has few obligations to his zeal.

But though, as an ethical writer, Horace has not many claims to the esteem of posterity ; as a critick, he is entitled to all our veneration. Such is the soundness of his judgment, the correctness of his taste, and the extent and variety of his knowledge, that a body of criticism might be selected from his works, more perfect in its kind than any thing which antiquity has bequeathed us.

As he had little warmth of temper, he reproves his contemporaries without harshness. He is content to “ dwell in decencies,” and, like Pope’s courtly dean, *never mentions hell to ears polite*. Persius, who was infinitely better acquainted with him than we can pretend to be, describes him, I think, with great happiness :

“ Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
 “ Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
 “ Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.”

“ He, with a sly insinuating grace,
 “ Laugh’d at his friend, and look’d him in the face :
 “ Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found,
 “ And tickle, while he gently probed the wound.
 “ With seeming innocence the crowd beguil’d ;
 “ But made the desperate passes when he smil’d.”

These beautiful lines have a defect under which Dryden’s translations frequently labour ; they do not give the true sense of the original. Horace “ raised no blush,” (at least Persius does not insinuate any such thing,) and certainly “ made no desperate passes.”* His aim rather seems to be, to keep the objects of his satire in good humour with himself, and with one another.

To raise a laugh at vice, however, (supposing it feasible,) is not the legitimate office of Satire, which is to hold up the vicious, as objects of reprobation and scorn, for the example of others, who may be deterred by their sufferings. But it is time to be explicit. To laugh even at fools is

* Mr. Drummond has given this passage with equal elegance, and truth :

“ With greater art sly Horace gain’d his end,
 “ But spared no failing of his smiling friend ;
 “ Sportive and pleasant round the heart he play’d,
 “ And wrapt in jests the censure he convey’d ;
 “ With such address his willing victims seized,
 “ That tickled fools were rallied, and were pleased.”

superfluous;—if they understand you, they will join in the merriment; but more commonly, they will sit with vacant unconcern, and gaze at their own pictures: to laugh at the vicious, is to encourage them; for there is in such men a wilfulness of disposition, which prompts them to bear up against shame, and to show how little they regard slight reproof, by becoming more audacious in guilt. Goodness, of which the characteristick is modesty, may, I fear, be shamed; but vice, like folly, to be restrained, must be overawed. Labeo, says Hall, with great energy and beauty:

“Labeo is whipt, and laughs me in the face:

“Why? for I smite, and hide the galled place.

“Gird but the Cynick’s helmet on his head,

“Cares he for Talus, or his flayle of lead?”

PERSIUS, who borrowed so much of Horace’s language, has little of his manner. The immediate object of his imitation seems to be Lucilius; and if he lashes vice with less severity than his great prototype, the cause must not be sought in any desire to spare what he so evidently condemned. But he was thrown “on evil times;” he was, besides, of a rank distinguished enough to make his freedom dangerous, and of an age, when life had yet lost little of its novelty; to write, therefore, even as he has written, proves him to be a person of very singular courage and virtue.

In the interval between Horace and Persius, despotism had changed its nature: the chains which the policy of Augustus concealed in flowers,

were now displayed in all their hideousness. The arts were neglected, literature of every kind discouraged, or disgraced, and terrou and suspicion substituted in the place of the former ease and security. Stoicism, which Cicero accuses of having infected poetry, even in his days, and of which the professors, as Quintilian observes, always disregarded the graces and elegancies of composition, spread with amazing rapidity.* In this school Persius was educated, under the care of one of its most learned and respectable masters.

Satire was not his first pursuit: indeed, he seems to have somewhat mistaken his talents when he applied to it. The true end of this species of writing, as Dusaulx justly says, is the improvement of society; but for this, much knowledge of mankind (*quicquid agunt homines*) is previously necessary. Whoever is deficient in that, may be an excellent moral and philosophical poet; but cannot with propriety, lay claim to the honours of a satirist.

And Persius was moral and philosophical in a

* Dusaulx accounts for this by the general consternation. Most of those, he says, distinguished for talents or rank, took refuge in the school of Zeno; not so much to learn in it how to live, as how to die. I think, on the contrary, that this would rather have driven them into the arms of Epicurus. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," will generally be found, I believe, to be the maxim of dangerous times. It would not be difficult to show, if this were the place for it, that the prevalency of Stoicism was due to the increase of profligacy, for which it furnished a convenient cloak. This, however, does not apply to Persius.

high degree: he was also a poet of no mean order. But while he grew pale over the page of Zeno, and Cleanthes, and Chrysippus; while he imbibed, with all the ardour of a youthful mind, the paradoxes of those great masters, together with their principles, the foundations of civil society were crumbling around him, and soliciting his attention in vain. To judge from what he has left us, it might almost be affirmed that he was a stranger in his own country. The degradation of Rome was now complete; yet he felt, at least he expresses, no indignation at the means by which it was effected: a sanguinary buffoon was lording it over the prostrate world; yet he continued to waste his most elaborate efforts on the miserable pretensions of pedants in prose and verse! If this savour of the impassibility of Stoicism, it is intitled to no great praise on the score of outraged humanity, which has stronger claims on a well regulated mind, than criticism, or even philosophy.

Dryden gives that praise to the dogmas of Persius, which he denies to his poetry. "His verse," he says, "is scabrous and hobbling, and his measures beneath those of Horace." This is too severe; for Persius has many exquisite passages, which nothing in Horace will be found to equal or approach. The charge of obscurity, has been urged against him with more justice; though this, perhaps, is not so great as it is usually represented. Casaubon could, without question, have defended him more successfully than he has done; but he

was overawed by the brutal violence of the elder Scaliger: for I can scarcely persuade myself that he really believed this obscurity to be owing to "the fear of Nero, or the advice of Cornutus." The cause of it should be rather sought in his natural disposition, and in his habits of thinking. Generally speaking, however, it springs from a too frequent use of tropes, approaching in almost every instance to a catachresis, an anxiety of compression, and a quick and unexpected transition from one overstrained figure to another. After all, with the exception of the sixth Satire, which, from its abruptness, does not appear to have received the author's last touches, I do not think there is much to confound an attentive reader: some acquaintance, indeed, with the porch *braccatis illita Medis*, is previously necessary. His life may be contemplated with unabated pleasure: the virtue he recommends, he practised in the fullest extent; and at an age when few have acquired a determinate character, he left behind him an established reputation for genius, learning, and worth.

JUVENAL wrote at a period still more detestable than that of Persius. Domitian, who now governed the empire, seems to have inherited the bad qualities of all his predecessors. Tiberius was not more hypocritical, nor Caligula more bloody, nor Claudius more sottish, nor Nero more mischievous, than this ferocious despot; who, as Theodorus Gadareus indignantly declared of Tiberius, was

truly *πηλον αιματι πεφυραμενον*, a lump of clay kneaded up with blood!

Juvenal, like Persius, professes to follow Lucilius; but what was in one a simple attempt, is in the other a real imitation, of his manner.* Fluent and witty as Horace, grave and sublime as Persius; of a more decided character than the former, better acquainted with mankind than the latter, he did not confine himself to the mode of regulating an intercourse with the great, or to abstract disquisitions on the nature of scholastick liberty; but, disregarding the claims of a vain urbanity, and fixing all his soul on the eternal distinctions of moral good and evil, he laboured, with a magnificence of language peculiar to himself, to set forth the loveliness of virtue, and the deformity and horror of vice, in full and perfect display.

Dusaulx, who is somewhat prejudiced against Horace, does ample justice to Juvenal. There is great force in what he says; and, as I do not know that it ever appeared in English, I shall take the liberty of laying a part of it before the reader, at the hazard of a few repetitions.

“The bloody revolution which smothered the

* I believe that Juvenal meant to describe himself in the following spirited picture of Lucilius:

“Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens

“Infremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est

“Criminibus, tacita sudant præcordia culpa.”

last sighs of liberty,* had not yet found time to debase the minds of a people, amongst whom the traditionary remains of the old manners still subsisted. The cruel but politick Octavius scattered flowers over the paths he was secretly tracing towards despotism: the arts of Greece, transplanted to the Capitol, flourished beneath his auspices; and the remembrance of so many civil dissensions, succeeding each other with increasing rapidity, excited a degree of reverence for the author of this unprecedented tranquillity. The Romans felicitated themselves, at not lying down, as before, with an apprehension of finding themselves included, when they awoke, in the list of proscription: and neglected, amidst the amusements of the Circus and the Theatre, those civil rights of which their fathers had been so jealous.

“ Profiting of these circumstances, Horace forgot that he had combated on the side of liberty. A better courtier than a soldier, he clearly saw how far the refinement, the graces, and the cultivated state of his genius (qualities not much con-

* This is an error which has been so often repeated, that it is believed. What liberty was destroyed by the usurpation of Augustus? For more than half a century, Rome had been a prey to ambitious chiefs, while five or six civil wars, each more bloody than the other, had successively delivered up the franchises of the empire to the conquerour of the day. The Gracchi first opened the career to ambition, and wanted nothing but the means of corruption, which the East afterwards supplied, to effect what Marius, Sylla, and the two triumvirates brought about with sufficient ease.

sidered or regarded till his time*) were capable of advancing him, without any extraordinary effort.

“Indifferent to the future, and not daring to recall the past, he thought of nothing but securing himself from all that could sadden the mind, and disturb the system which he had skilfully arranged on the credit of those then in power. It is on this account, that, of all his contemporaries, he has celebrated none but the friends of his master, or, at least, those whom he could praise without fear of compromising his favour.

“In what I have said of Horace my chief design has been to show that this Proteus, who counted among his friends and admirers even those whose conduct he censured, chose rather to capitulate than contend; that he attached no great importance to his own rules, and adhered to his principles no longer than they favoured his views.

“JUVENAL began his satirick career where the other finished, that is to say, he did that for morals and liberty, which Horace had done for decorum and taste. Disdaining artifice of every kind, he boldly raised his voice against the usurpation of power; and incessantly recalled the memory of the

* This is a very strange observation. It looks as if Dusaulx had leaped from the times of old Metellus, to those of Augustus, without casting a glance at the interval. The chef d'œuvres of Roman literature were in every hand, when he supposed them to be neglected: and, indeed, if Horace had left us nothing, the qualities of which Dusaulx speaks, might still be found in many works produced before he was known.

glorious era of independence to those degenerate Romans, who had substituted suicide in the place of their ancient courage; and from the days of Augustus to those of Domitian, only avenged their slavery by an epigram or a bon-mot.

“The characteristic of Juvenal were energy, passion, and indignation: it is nevertheless easy to discover, that he is sometimes more afflicted than exasperated. His great aim was to alarm the vicious, and if possible, to exterminate vice, which had, as it were, acquired a legal establishment. A noble enterprise! but he wrote in a detestable age, when the laws of nature were publicly violated, and the love of their country so completely eradicated from the breasts of his fellow-citizens, that, brutified as they were by slavery and voluptuousness, by luxury and avarice, they merited rather the severity of the executioner than the censor.

“Meanwhile the empire, shaken to its foundations, was rapidly crumbling to dust. Despotism was consecrated by the senate; liberty, of which a few slaves were still sensible, was nothing but an unmeaning word for the rest, which, unmeaning as it was, they did not dare to pronounce in public. Men of rank were declared enemies to the state for having praised their equals; historians were condemned to the cross, philosophy was proscribed, and its professors banished. Individuals felt only for their own danger, which they too often averted by accusing others; and there were

instances of children who denounced their own parents, and appeared as witnesses against them ! It was not possible to weep for the proscribed, for tears themselves became the object of proscription ; and when the tyrant of the day had condemned the accused to banishment or death, the senate decreed that he should be thanked for it, as for an act of singular favour.

“ Juvenal, who looked upon the alliance of the agreeable with the odious as utterly incompatible, contemned the feeble weapon of ridicule, so familiar to his predecessor : he therefore seized the sword of Satire, or, to speak more properly, fabricated one for himself, and rushing from the palace to the tavern, and from the gates of Rome to the boundaries of the empire, struck, without distinction, whoever deviated from the course of nature, or from the paths of honour. It is no longer a poet like Horace, fickle, pliant, and fortified with that indifference so falsely called philosophical, who amused himself with bantering vice, or, at most, with upbraiding a few errors of little consequence, in a style, which, scarcely raised above the language of conversation, flowed as indolence and pleasure directed ; but a stern and incorruptible censor, an inflamed and impetuous poet, who sometimes rises with his subject, to the noblest heights of tragedy.”

From this declamatory applause, which even La Harpe allows to be worthy of the translator of Juvenal, the most rigid censurer of our author

cannot detract much; nor can much perhaps be added to it, by his warmest admirer. I could, indeed, have wished that he had not exalted him at the expense of Horace; but something must be allowed for the partiality of long acquaintance; and Casaubon, when he preferred Persius, with whom he had taken great, and indeed successful pains, to Horace and Juvenal, sufficiently exposed, while he tacitly accounted for, the prejudices of commentators and translators. With respect to Horace, if he falls beneath Juvenal (and who does not?) in eloquence, in energy, and in a vivid and glowing imagination, he evidently surpasses him in taste, and critical judgment. I could pursue the parallel through a thousand ramifications, but the reader who does me the honour to peruse the following sheets, will see that I have incidentally touched upon some of them in the notes: and, indeed, I preferred scattering my observations through the work, as they arose from the subject, to bringing them together in this place; where they must evidently have lost something of their pertinency, without much certainty of gaining in their effect.

Juvenal is accused of being too sparing of praise. But are his criticks well assured that praise from Juvenal could be accepted with safety? I do not know that a private station was "the post of honour" in those days; it was, however, that of security. Martial, Statius, V. Flaccus, and other parasites of Domitian, might indeed venture to

celebrate their friends, who were also those of the Emperour. Juvenal's, it is probable, were of another kind; and he might have been influenced no less by humanity than prudence, in the sacred silence which he has observed respecting them. Let it not be forgotten, however, that this intrepid champion of virtue, who, under the twelfth despot, persisted, as Dusaulx observes, in recognising no sovereign but the senate, while he passes by those whose safety his applause might endanger, has generously celebrated the ancient assertors of liberty, in strains that Tyrtaeus might have wished his own.

He is also charged with being too rhetorical in his language. The criticks have discovered that he practised at the bar, and they will therefore have it that his Satires smack of his profession, *redolent declamatorem*.* That he is luxuriant, or, if it must be so, redundant, may be safely granted; but I doubt whether the passages which are cited for proofs of this fault, were not reckoned amongst

* I have often wished that we had some of the pleadings of Juvenal. It cannot be affirmed, I think, that there is any natural connexion between prose and verse in the same mind, though it may be observed, that most of our celebrated poets have written admirably *solutâ oratione*: yet if Juvenal's oratory bore any resemblance to his poetry, he yielded to few of the best ornaments of the bar. The *torrens dicendi copia* was his, in an eminent degree; nay, so full, so rich, so strong, and so magnificent is his eloquence, that I have heard one well qualified to judge, frequently declare that Cicero himself, in his estimation, could hardly be said to surpass him.

his beauties, by his contemporaries. The enumeration of deities in the thirteenth Satire, is well defended by Rigaltius, who admits, at the same time, that if the author had inserted it any where but in a Satire, he should have accounted him a babbler; *faterer Juv. hic περιλαλον fuisse et verborum prodigum.* He appears to me equally successful, in justifying the list of oaths in the same Satire, which Creech, it appears, had not the courage to translate.

The other passages adduced in support of this charge, are either metaphorical exaggerations, or long traits of indirect Satire, of which Juvenal was as great a master as Horace. I do not say that these are interesting to us; but they were eminently so to those for whom they were written; and by their pertinency at the time, should they, by every rule of fair criticism, be estimated. The version of such passages is one of the miseries of translation.

I have also heard it objected to Juvenal, that there is in many of his Satires a want of arrangement; this is particularly observed of the sixth and tenth. I scarcely know what to reply to this. Those who are inclined to object, would not be better satisfied, perhaps, if the form of both were changed; for I suspect that there is no natural gradation in the innumerable passions which agitate the human breast. Some must precede, and others follow; but the order of march is not, nor ever was invariable. While I acquit him of this, how-

ever, I readily acknowledge a want of care in many places, unless it be rather attributable to a want of taste. On some occasions, too, when he changed or enlarged his first sketch, he forgot to strike out the unnecessary verses : to this are owing the repetitions to be found in his longer works, as well as the transpositions, which have so often perplexed the criticks and translators.

Now I am upon this subject, I must not pass over a slovenliness in some of his lines, for which he has been justly reproached, by Jortin and others, as it would have cost him no great pains to improve them. Why he should voluntarily debase his poetry, it is difficult to say : if he thought that he was imitating Horace in his laxity, his judgment must suffer considerably. The verses of Horace are indeed akin to prose ; but as he seldom rises, he has the art of making his low flights, in which all his motions are easy and graceful, appear the effect of choice. Juvenal was qualified to “ sit where he dared not soar.” His element was that of the eagle, “ descent and fall to him were adverse,” and, indeed, he never appears more awkward than when he flutters, or rather waddles, along the ground.

I have observed in the course of the translation, that he embraced no sect with warmth. In a man of such lively passions, the retention with which he speaks of them all, is to be admired. From his attachment to the writings of Seneca, I should incline to think that he leaned towards

Stoicism ; his predilection for the school, however, was not very strong : perhaps, it is to be wished that he had entered a little more deeply into it, as he seems not to have those distinct ideas of the nature of virtue and vice, which were entertained by many of the ancient philosophers, and indeed, by his immediate predecessor, Persius. As a general champion for virtue, he is commonly successful, but he sometimes misses his aim ; and, in more than one instance, confounds the nature of the several vices, in his mode of attacking them : he confounds too the very essence of virtue, which, in his hands, has often “ no local habitation and name,” but varies with the ever-varying passions and caprices of mankind. I know not whether it be worth while to add, that he is accused of holding a different language at different times, respecting the gods ; since in this, he differs little from the Greek and Roman poets in general ; who, as often as they introduce their divinities, state, as Juvenal does, the mythological circumstances coupled with their names, without regard to the existing system of physick or morals. When they speak from themselves indeed, they give us exalted sentiments of virtue, and sound philosophy ; when they indulge in poetick recollections, they present us with the fables of antiquity. Hence the gods are alternately, and as the subject requires, venerable or contemptible ; and this could not but hap-

pen through the want of some acknowledged religious, standard, to which all might with confidence refer.

I come now to a more serious charge against Juvenal, that of indecency. To hear the clamour raised against him, it might be supposed, by one unacquainted with the times, that he was the only indelicate writer of his age and country. Yet Horace and Persius wrote with equal grossness : yet the rigid Stoicism of Seneca did not deter him from the use of expressions, which Juvenal perhaps would have rejected : yet the courtly Pliny poured out gratuitous indecencies in his frigid hendecasyllables, which he attempts to justify by the example of a writer to whose freedom the licentiousness of Juvenal is purity ! It seems as if there was something of pique in the singular severity with which he is censured. His pure and sublime morality operates as a tacit reproach on the generality of mankind, who seek to indemnify themselves by questioning the sanctity which they cannot but respect ; and find a secret pleasure in persuading one another that “ this dreaded satirist ” was at heart, no inveterate enemy to the licentiousness which he so vehemently reprehends.

When we consider the unnatural vices at which Juvenal directs his indignation, and reflect, at the same time, on the peculiar qualities of his mind, we shall not find much cause perhaps for wonder

at the strength of his expressions. I should resign him in silence to the hatred of mankind, if his aim, like that of too many others, whose works are read with delight, had been to render vice amiable, to fling his seducing colours over impurity, and inflame the passions by meretricious hints at what is only innoxious when exposed in native deformity: but when I find that his views are to render depravity loathsome; that every thing which can alarm and disgust, is directed at her in his terrible page, I forget the grossness of the execution in the excellence of the design; and pay my involuntary homage to that integrity, which fearlessly calling in strong description to the aid of virtue, attempts to purify the passions, at the hazard of wounding delicacy, and offending taste. This is due to Juvenal: in justice to myself, let me add, that I could have been better pleased to have had no occasion to speak at all on the subject.

Whether any considerations of this or a similar nature, deterred our literati from turning these Satires into English, I cannot say; but, though partial versions might be made, it was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that a complete translation was thought of; when two men, of celebrity in their days, undertook it about the same time; these were Barten Holyday, and Sir Robert Stapylton. Who entered first upon the task, cannot well be told. There appears

somewhat of a querulousness on both sides; a jealousy that their versions had been communicated in manuscript to each other: Stapylton's however, was first published, though that of Holyday seems to have been first finished.

Of this ingenious man it is not easy to speak with too much respect. His learning, industry, judgment, and taste are every where conspicuous: nor is he without a very considerable portion of shrewdness to season his observations. His poetry indeed, or rather his ill-measured prose, is intolerable: no human patience can toil through a single page of it; * but his notes will always be consulted with pleasure. His work has been of considerable use to the subsequent editors of Juvenal, both at home and abroad; and indeed, such is its general accuracy, that little excuse remains for any notorious deviation from the sense of the original.

Stapylton had equal industry, and more poetry; but he wanted his learning, judgment, and ingenuity. His notes, though numerous, are trite, and scarcely beyond the reach of a school-boy. He is besides scandalously indecent on many occa-

* With all my respect for the learning of this good old man, it is impossible, now and then, to suppress a smile at his simplicity. In apologizing for his translation, he says: "As for publishing *poetry*, it needs no defence; there being, if my Lord of Verulam's judgment shall be admitted, "a *divine rapture* in it!"

sions, where his excellent rival was innocently unfaithful, or silent.

With these translations, such as they were, the publick was satisfied until the end of the seventeenth century, when the necessity of something more poetical becoming apparent, the booksellers, as Johnson says, “proposed a new version to the poets of that time, which was undertaken by Dryden, whose reputation was such, that no man was unwilling to serve the Muses under him.”

Dryden’s account of this translation is given with such candour, in the exquisite dedication which precedes it, that I shall lay it before the reader in his own words. “The common way which we have taken, is not a literal translation, but a kind of paraphrase, or somewhat which is yet more loose, betwixt a paraphrase, and a translation.

“Thus much may be said for us, that if we give not the whole sense of Juvenal, yet we give the most considerable part of it: we give it, in general, so clearly, that few notes are sufficient to make us intelligible: we make our author at least appear in a poetick dress. We have actually made him more sounding, and more elegant, than he was before in English: and have endeavoured to make him speak that kind of English, which he would have spoken had he lived in England, and had written to this age. If sometimes any of us (and it is but seldom) make him express the

customs and manners of his native country, rather than of Rome, it is, either when there was some kind of analogy, betwixt their customs and ours ; or when, to make him more easy to vulgar understandings, we gave him those manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation, it is enough if I can excuse it. For to speak sincerely, the manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded.”*

This is, surely, sufficiently modest. Johnson’s description of it is somewhat more favourable : “ The general character of this translation will be given when it is said to preserve the wit, but to want the dignity, of the original.” Is this correct ? Dryden frequently degrades the author into a jester ; but Juvenal has few moments of levity. Wit, indeed, he possesses in an eminent degree, but it is tinged with his peculiarities ;

* He evidently alludes to the versions of the second and eighth Satires by Tate and Stepney, but principally to the latter, in which Juvenal illustrates his argument by the practice of Smithfield and Newmarket ! Indeed, Dryden himself, though confessedly aware of its impropriety, is not altogether free from “ innovation ;” he talks of the Park, and the Mall, and the Opera, and of many other objects, familiar to the translator, but which the original writer could only know by the spirit of prophecy.

I am sensible how difficult it is to keep the manners of different ages perfectly distinct in a work like this : I have never knowingly confounded them, and, I trust, not often inadvertently ; yet more occasions perhaps of exercising the reader’s candour will appear, after all, than are desirable.

rarò jocos, as Lipsius well observes, *sæpius acerbos sales miscet*. Dignity is the predominant quality of his mind: he can, and does, relax with grace, but he never forgets himself; he smiles, indeed; but his smile is more terrible than his frown, for it is never excited, but when his indignation is mingled with contempt; *ridet et odit*? Where his dignity, therefore, is wanting, his wit will be imperfectly preserved.*

On the whole, there is nothing in this quotation to deter succeeding writers from attempting, at least, to supply the deficiencies of Dryden, and his fellow labourers; and, perhaps, I could point out several circumstances which might make it laudable, if not necessary:—but this would be to trifle with the reader, who is already apprized that, as far as relates to myself, no motives but those of obedience, determined me to the task for which I now solicit the indulgence of the publick.

When I took up this author, I knew not of any

* Yet Johnson knew him well. The peculiarity of Juvenal, he says, (Vol. IX, p. 424.) “is a mixture of gaiety and stateliness, of pointed sentences, and declamatory grandeur.” A good idea of it may be formed from his own beautiful imitation of the third Satire. His imitation of the tenth (still more beautiful as a poem) has scarcely a trait of the author’s manner;—that is to say, of that “mixture of gaiety and stateliness,” which, according to his own definition, constitutes the “peculiarity of Juvenal.” *The Vanity of Human Wishes* is uniformly stately and severe, and without those light and popular strokes of sarcasm which abound so much in his *London*.

other translator ; nor was it until the scheme of publishing him was started, that I began to reflect seriously on the nature of what I had undertaken, to consider by what exertions I could render that useful which was originally meant to amuse, and justify, in some measure, the partiality of my benefactors.

My first object was to become as familiar as possible with my author, of whom I collected every edition that my own interest, or that of my friends could procure ; together with such translations as I could discover either here or abroad : from a careful examination of all these, I formed the plan, to which, while I adapted my former labours, I anxiously strove to accommodate my succeeding ones.

Dryden had said, “ if we give not the whole, yet we give the most considerable part of it.” My determination was to give the whole, and really make the work what it professed to be, a translation of Juvenal. I had seen enough of castrated editions, to observe that little was gained by them on the score of propriety ; since, when the author was reduced to half his bulk, at the expense of his spirit and design, sufficient remained to alarm the delicacy for which the sacrifice had been made. Chaucer observes with great naiveté,

“ Whoso shall tell a tale after a man,

“ He moste reherse as neighe as ever he can

“ Everich word, if it be in his charge,

“ All speke he never so rudely and so large :”

And indeed the age of Chaucer, like that of Juvenal, allowed of such liberties. Other times, other manners. Many words were in common use with our ancestors, which raised no improper ideas, though they would not, and indeed could not, at this time be tolerated: With the Greeks and Romans, it was still worse: their dress, which left many parts of the body exposed, gave a boldness to their language, which was not perhaps lessened by the infrequency of women at those social conversations, of which they now constitute the refinement, and the delight. Add to this, that their mythology, and sacred rites, which took their rise in very remote periods, abounded in the undisguised phrases of a rude and simple age, and being religiously handed down from generation to generation, gave a currency to many terms, which offered no violence to modesty, though abstractedly considered by people of a different language and manners, they appear pregnant with turpitude and guilt.

When we observe this licentiousness (for I should wrong many of the ancient writers, to call it libertinism) in the pages of their historians and philosophers, we may be pretty confident that it raised no blush on the cheek of their readers. It was the language of the times—*hæc illis natura est omnibus una*: and if it be considered as venial in those, surely a little further indulgence will not be misapplied to the satirist, whose object is the exposure of what the former have only to notice.

Thus much may suffice for Juvenal: but shame and sorrow on the head of him, who presumes to transfer his grossness into the vernacular tongues! — *Legimus aliqua ne legantur*, was said of old, by one of a pure and zealous mind. Without pretending to his high motives, I have felt the influence of his example, and in his apology must therefore hope to find my own. Though the poet be given entire, I have endeavoured to make him speak as he would probably have spoken if he had lived among us; when, refined with the age, he would have fulminated against impurity in terms, to which, though delicacy might disavow them, manly decency might listen without offence.

I have said above, that “the whole of Juvenal” is here given; this, however, must be understood with a few restrictions. Where vice, of whatever nature, formed the immediate object of reprobation, it has not been spared in the translation; but I have sometimes taken the liberty of omitting an exceptionable line, when it had no apparent connexion with the subject of the Satire. Some acquaintance with the original will be necessary to discover these lacunæ, which do not, in all, amount to half a page: for the rest, I have no apologies to make. Here are no allusions, covert or open, to the follies and vices of modern times; nor has the dignity of the original been prostituted, in a single instance, to the gratification of private spleen.

I have attempted to follow, as far as I judged it feasible, the style of my author, which is more

various than is usually supposed. It is not necessary to descend to particulars; but my meaning will be understood by those, who carefully compare the original of the thirteenth and fourteenth Satires, with the translation. In the twelfth, and in that alone, I have perhaps raised it a little; but it really appears so contemptible a performance in the doggerel of Dryden's coadjutor, that I thought somewhat more attention than ordinary was in justice due to it. It is not a *chef-d'œuvre* by any means; but it is a pretty and a pleasing little poem, deserving more notice than it has usually received.

I could have been sagacious and obscure on many occasions, with very little difficulty; but I strenuously combated every inclination to find out more than my author meant. The general character of this translation, if I do not deceive myself, will be found to be plainness; and, indeed, the highest praise to which I aspire, is that of having left the original more intelligible to the English reader, than I found it.

On numbering the lines, I find that my translation contains a few less than Dryden's. Had it been otherwise, I should not have thought an apology necessary, nor would it perhaps appear extraordinary, when it is considered that I have introduced an infinite number of circumstances from the text, which he thought himself justified in omitting; and that, with the trifling exceptions already mentioned, nothing has been passed; whereas he and

his assistants overlooked whole sections, and sometimes very considerable ones.* Every where, too, I have endeavoured to render the transitions less abrupt, and to obviate or disguise the difficulties which a difference of manners, habits, &c. necessarily creates : all this calls for an additional number of lines ; which the English reader at least, will seldom have occasion to regret.

Of the “ borrowed learning of notes,” which Dryden says he avoided as much as possible, I have amply availed myself. During the long period in which my thoughts were fixed on Juvenal, it was usual with me, whenever I found a passage that related to him, to impress it on my memory, or to note it down. These, on the revision of the work for publication, were added to such reflexions as arose in my own mind, and arranged in the manner in which they now appear. I confess that that this was not an unpleasant task to me, and I will venture to hope, that if my own suggestions fail to please, yet the frequent recurrence of some of the most striking and beautiful passages of ancient and modern poetry, history, &c. will render it neither unamusing nor uninteresting to the general reader. The information insinuated into the mind by miscellaneous collections of this nature, is much greater than is usually imagined ; and I have been frequently encouraged to proceed, by recollecting the benefits which I formerly derived from

* In the fourteenth Satire, for example, there is an omission of fifteen lines, and this too, in a passage of singular importance.

casual notices scattered over the margin, or dropped at the bottom of a page.

In this compilation, I proceeded on no regular plan, further than considering what, if I had been a mere English reader, I should wish to have had explained: it is therefore extremely probable, as every rule of this nature must be imperfect, that I have frequently erred: have spoken where I should be silent, and been prolix where I should be brief: on the whole, however, I chose to offend on the safer side; and to leave nothing unsaid, at the hazard of sometimes saying too much. Tedious, perhaps, I may be; but, I trust, not dull; and with this negative commendation I must be satisfied. The passages produced, are not always translated; but the English reader needs not for that be discouraged in proceeding, as he will frequently find sufficient in the context, to give him a general idea of the meaning. In many places I have copied the words, together with the sentiments of the writer; for this, if it call for an apology, I shall take that of Macrobius, who had somewhat more occasion for it than I shall be found to have: *Nec mihi vitio vertas, si res quas ex lectione varia mutuabor, ipsis sæpè verbis quibus ab ipsis auctoribus enarratæ sunt explicabo, quia præsens opus non eloquentiæ ostentationem, sed noscendorum congeriem pollicetur, &c. Saturn. Lib. I. c. 1.*

I have now said all that occurs to me on this subject: a more pleasing one remains. I cannot, indeed, like Dryden, boast of my poetical coadjutors. No Congreves and Creeches have abridged, while they adorned, my labours; yet have I not been without assistance, and of the most valuable kind.

Whoever is acquainted with the habits of intimacy in which I have lived from early youth, with the Rev. Dr. Ireland,* will not want to be informed of his share in the following pages. To those who are not, it is proper to say, that besides the passages in which he is introduced by name, every other part of the work has been submitted to his inspection. Nor would his affectionate anxiety for the reputation of his friend suffer any part of the translation to appear, without undergoing the strictest revision. His uncommon accuracy, judgment, and learning, have been uniformly exerted on it, not less, I am confident, to the advantage of the reader, than to my own satisfaction. It will be seen that we sometimes differ in opinion; but as I usually distrust my own judgment in those cases, the decision is submitted to the reader.

I have also to express my obligations to Abraham Moore, Esq. Barrister at law, a gentleman

* Sub-Dean and Prebendary of Westminster, and Vicar of Croydon, in Surry.

whose taste and learning are well known to be only surpassed by his readiness to oblige : of which I have the most convincing proofs ; since the hours dedicated to the following sheets, (which I lament that he only saw in their progress through the press,) were snatched from avocations as urgent as they were important.

Nor must I overlook the friendly assistance of William Porden, Esq.* which, like that of the former gentleman, was given to me, amidst the distraction of more immediate concerns, with a readiness that enhanced the worth of what was, in itself, highly valuable.

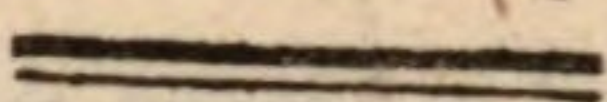
A paper was put into my hand by Mr. George Nicol, the promoter of every literary work, from R. P. Knight, Esq. containing subjects for engravings illustrative of Juvenal, and, with singular generosity, offering me the use of his marbles, gems, &c. As these did not fall within my plan, I can only here return him my thanks for a kindness as extraordinary as it was unexpected. But I have other and greater obligations to Mr. Nicol. In conjunction with his son, Mr. William Nicol, he has watched the progress of this work through the press with unwearied solicitude. During my occasional absences from town, the correction of it (for which, indeed, the state of my eyes renders me at all times

* The architect of Eton Hall, Cheshire, a structure which even now stands pre-eminent among the works which embellish the nation, and which future times will contemplate with equal wonder and delight.

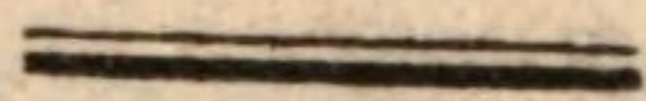
rather unfit) rested almost solely on him ; and it is but justice to add, that his habitual accuracy in this ungrateful employ is not the only quality to which I am bound to confess my obligations.

SATIRE I

Argument



THE
SATIRES
OF
JUVENAL.



THE
STATISTICAL
OF
JUVENAL.

B

VOL. I.

SATIRE I.

Argument.

DRYDEN will have this Satire to be the “natural ground-work of all the rest.”* It rather seems, from several incidental circumstances, to have been produced subsequently to most of them; and was probably drawn up, after the Author had determined to collect and publish his works, as a kind of Introduction.

Even without this evidence, we might conclude it to be written late in life, and by a man habituated to composition. Juvenal could not say with Hall,

“Stay till my beard shall sweep my aged breast,

“Then shall I seem an awful Satirist.”

He had reached that period; and deriving dignity from years, and intrepidity from conscious rectitude, he announces himself with a tone of authority, which we neither feel inclined to doubt, nor to withstand.

He abruptly breaks silence with an impassioned complaint of the importunity of bad writers, and a humorous resolution of retaliating upon them, by turning author himself. He then ridicules the frivolous taste of his contemporaries in the choice of subjects, intimating his own determination to devote himself wholly to Satire; to which he declares, with all the warmth of virtuous indignation, he is driven by the vices of the age.

* *Ruperti* agrees with *Dryden*. *Ceterum Satiram hanc esse primam omnium quas Juvenalis scripserit, cum ex primis, tum ex postremis ejus versibus probabile sit.* Vol. ii. p. 5.—I do not think so, and have elsewhere given my reasons for it.

He now exposes the corruption of the men, the profligacy of the women, the luxury of courtiers, the baseness of informers and fortune-hunters, the treachery of guardians, and the speculation of the officers of the state. Kindling with his theme, he censures the general avidity for gaming, the servile rapacity of the mendicant patricians, the avarice and gluttony of the rich, and the miserable state of poverty and subjection in which they kept their followers and dependants. Finally, he makes some bitter reflections on the danger of satirizing living villainy, and concludes with a resolution to attack it, under the mask of departed names,

SATIRE I.

v. 1—4.

OH! heavens—while THUS hoarse Codrus perseveres
To force his Theseid on my tortured ears,
Shall I not ONCE attempt “to quit the score,”
ALWAYS an auditor, and nothing more!

VER. 1. *Oh! heavens, &c.*] Before the invention of printing, authors knew no shorter road to fame than publick rehearsals. To procure full audiences for these, they had recourse to interest, solicitations, and, in case they were rich enough, to bribes, and even to threats.—*Ut Drusonem debitor æris, &c.*

Thus Druso, when his debtors fail to pay
Their monthly interest, on the stated day,
Takes fearful vengeance: Ranged on either hand,
For execution, the sad captives stand,
Compell'd with outstretch'd neck, and list'ning ear,
His woful works, without a yawn, to hear!

Hor. Sat. lib. i. 3.

From this ludicrous picture of misery, it appears, that the practice had taken root at an early period; and, indeed, Horace, in a subsequent Satire, reckons it among the plagues of Rome:—But the race of scribblers was prodigiously multiplied in Juvenal's days, and the grievance of attending their rehearsals more deeply felt. It is clear, however, from a very picturesque passage in one of Pliny's letters, that the general listlessness with which they were followed, was exceedingly great. After

Forever at my side, shall this rehearse,
 His elegiack, that his comick verse,
 Unpunish'd? shall huge Telephus, at will,
 The livelong day consume, or, huger still,
 Orestes, closely written, written, too,
 Down the broad marge, and yet—no end in view!

repeated invitations and delays, when the rehearser has now taken his station, and spread his book before him, and is on the point of beginning, *tum demum*, says he, *ac tunc quoque lente, cunctanterque veniunt, nec tamen permanent, sed ante finem recedunt; alii dissimulanter et furtim, alii simpliciter et libere!* Ep. xiii. lib. 1.

Holyday supposes Codrus to be the person who is mentioned again in the third Satire; and of whose goods and chattels so curious an inventory is there given. It may be so: and yet the valuables enumerated, would rather seem to be collected by an antiquary, than a poet. Holyday adds, that “he had nothing of the poet but the poverty:” he might, at least, have thrown in the pertinacity. What else he had cannot now be known, as his works are lost. The old Scholiast tells us, that the *Theseid*, which provoked the retaliation of our author, was a tragedy: it was more probably an epick poem. The authors of *Telephus* and *Orestes* have escaped the lash of ridicule; their names are nowhere mentioned.

VER. 9. *Huger still, Orestes, &c.*] It is not possible to attain the full humour of the original, in this place, because the nature of our language will not admit of the name being suspended till the close of the line; which, in Juvenal, has a happy effect:

necdum finitus——Orestes.

The ancients seldom wrote on both sides of the paper: indeed, it was accounted disgraceful to do so—probably because it savoured of poverty; but this interminable tragedy not only

Away, away!—None knows his home so well,
As I the grove of Mars, and Vulcan's cell,
Fast by the Æolian rocks!—

How the Winds roar,
How ghosts are tortured on the Stygian shore,
How Jason stole the golden fleece, and how,
The Centaurs fought on Othrys' shaggy brow,

over-ran the back of the roll, but also filled the margin: the roll itself, too, was of the largest kind—*summi plena jam margine libri!*

VER. 11. *Away, away! &c.*] Hall has imitated this passage with some humour:

“No man his threshold better knows, than I
“Brute's first arrival, and his victory,
“St. George's sorrel, and his cross of blood,
“Arthur's round board, or Caledonian wood;
“But so to fill up books, both back and side,
“What boots it?” &c.

The text gives us a summary of the subjects which usually employed the wits of Rome: assuredly they could not be much more interesting to the readers of those times, than they are to us. Martial seems to think scarcely of them as Juvenal; and in two very excellent epigrams, asserts the superiour usefulness of his own compositions. You mistake, says he, when you call my works trifles; the Supper of Tereus, the Flight of Dædalus, &c. &c. these are trifles: what I write “comes home to men's business and bosoms;”—*et HOMINEM pagina nostra sapit.*

The expedition to fetch, or, as Juvenal has it, to steal, the golden fleece, is a manifest allusion to the Argonauticks of Valerius Flaccus. The poem is by no means a bad one; and yet he sneers at it again in this very Satire: but it was the triteness of the story which provoked his ridicule; to which, perhaps,

The walks of Fronto echo round and round—
 The columns trembling with the eternal sound,
 While high and low, as the mad fit invades,
 Bellow the same trite nonsense through the shades.

I, TOO, CAN WRITE,—and, at a pedant's frown,
 ONCE pour'd my fustian rhetorick on the town;
 And idly proved that Sylla, far from power,
 Had pass'd, unknown to fear, the tranquil hour:—
 Now I resume my pen; for, since we meet
 Such swarms of desperate bards in every street,
 'Tis vicious clemency, to spare the oil,
 And hapless paper they are sure to spoil.

But why I choose, adventurous, to retrace
 The Auruncan's route, and, in the arduous race,

may be added some little prejudice against the author, for his flattery of the Flavian family—a family which Juvenal hated; and, to use an expression of Dr. Johnson, he was a good hater.

VER. 17. *The walks of Fronto, &c.*] Juvenal returns to the charge. The unhappy men who could not procure a house for their audience, or an audience for their rehearsals, haunted the baths, forums, porticos, and other places of general resort, in order to fasten on the loiterers, and thus obtain a hearing. No place was better adapted for this, than the house and gardens of Fronto, (a nobleman of great learning and virtue,) which were open to the publick, and exceedingly frequented.

The picture in the original is excellent: the imagination cannot easily conceive a more ludicrous scene, than the little groups collected by the eager poets, in various parts of the garden, and compelled to listen to the ravings which convulsed the pillars, and shook the statues from their pedestals.

VER. 30. *The Auruncan's route, &c.*] i. e. that of Lucilius,

Follow his burning wheels, attentive hear,
If leisure serve, and truth be worth your ear.

When the soft eunuch weds, and the bold fair
Tilts at the 'Tuscan boar, with bosom bare ;
When one that oft, since manhood first appear'd,
Has trimm'd the exuberance of this sounding beard,

who was born at Aurunca, a town in Campania. Horace calls him the first satirist, which he was not, for Ennius preceded him by many years ; while Quintilian, with his accustomed accuracy, terms him the first regular one. His works appear to have been highly esteemed, even in the Augustan age, when Horace, with doubtful success, endeavoured to qualify the general prejudice in his favour. Quintilian observes, that he had a great deal of wit and learning, and that his boldness was equal to his severity. It was this latter quality, probably, which endeared him to Juvenal, who, as well as his immediate predecessor, Persius, always mentions him with respect.

VER. 33. ——— and the bold fair, &c.] Under Domitian such instances were common ; for he not only exhibited combats of men with wild beasts, but of women also ; and the noblest of both sexes were sometimes engaged in them.

The amazon in the text is named Mævia, of whom I can find no account : there is, indeed, a strumpet so called in Martial, but she was poor : her profligacy, however, may have tempted Juvenal to transfer her name to this noble gladiatrix.

VER. 35. *When one that oft, &c.*]

“ Quo topdente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat ;”

Juvenal seems pleased with this line, for he introduces it in a subsequent passage. I suppose that he meant it for a specimen of the mock-heroick. Holyday's translation of it is curious :

“ One whose officious scissars went snip, snip !

“ As he my troublesome young beard did clip.”

This “ snipper” was Cinnamus, who, from the servile em-

In wealth, outvies the senate ; when a vile,
A slave-born, slave-bred, vagabond of Nile,

ployment here mentioned, raised himself, by ministering to the pleasures of the ladies, to a knight's degree, and a prodigious fortune. He is brought forward again in the tenth Satire ; and, indeed, his fate affords another striking illustration of the great truths contained in that admirable piece. Soon after it was written, he was prosecuted for some offence not now known ; and, to avoid condemnation, left all his wealth behind him, and fled into Sicily : where Martial, who is frequently the best commentator on Juvenal, honours him with an epigram ; in which, after bitterly condoling with him on his helpless old age, and reckoning up a variety of employments for which he is *not* fit, he points out to him the necessity of turning barber again !

“ Non rhetor, non grammaticus, ludive magister,

“ Non Cynicus, non tu Stoicus esse potes ;

“ Vendere nec vocem Siculis plausumque theatris,

“ Quod superest, iterum, Cinname, tonsor eris.”

Lib. vii. Ep. 64.

Fencing, dear Cinnamus, thou canst not teach,
Grammar and rhetorick, lie beyond thy reach ;
To thee, the Stoick's dogmas are unknown,
Nor hast thou made one Cynick rule thy own :
No aptitude hast thou the stage to tread,
Nor will thy poor crack'd voice procure thee bread.
What ! no trade left thy misery to sustain ?
Yes one, thank heaven ! “ SHAVE AND CUT HAIR ” again.

To this man, and his fortunes, may justly be applied the triumphant sarcasm of Claudian on the eunuch Eutropius :

“ Culmine dejectum vitæ Fortuna priori

“ Reddidit, INSANO JAM SATIATA JOCO ! ”

Fortune, who raised him, leaves him now bemired,
In his old stye,—OF HER MAD FROLICK TIRED !

Crispinus, while he gathers now, now flings
His purple open, fans his summer rings ;

I know not why all the translators, at least all whom I have had an opportunity of consulting, dwell so much upon the author's youth :—the term *juvenis* extended to the middle period of life, to which the words *gravis barba* appear to refer it. The object of the satirist, which has been altogether overlooked, is to point out the rapid rise of his quondam tonsor. “ When one who has frequently shaved me SINCE I arrived at man's estate, in wealth outvies,” &c. With respect to the verse itself, it is a parody of Virgil's *postquam mihi barba cadebat*, which alone seems sufficient to prove that it was not meant of a young man.

VER. 39. *Cum pars Niliacæ plebis, cum verna Canopi, Crispinus,*————] This man rose, under Nero, from the condition of a slave, to riches and honours. His connexion with that monster recommended him to Domitian, with whom he seems to have been in high favour : he shared his counsels, ministered to his amusements, and was the ready instrument of his cruelties. For these, and other causes, Juvenal regarded him with perfect detestation : he cannot speak of him with temper ; and whenever he introduces him, which he does on all occasions, it is with mingled contempt and horror. Here he is not only a Niliacan, (an expression which conveyed more to Juvenal's mind than it does to ours,) but a Canopian, a native of the most profligate spot in Egypt : not only one of the dregs of the people, but a slave ; and not only a slave, but a slave born of a slave ! Hence the poet's indignation at his effeminate luxury.

Martial, always begging, and always in distress, has a hue and cry after a purple cloak, stolen from this minion while he was bathing :

“ Nescit cui dederit Tyriam Crispinus abollam,*

“ Dum mutat cultus,” &c.

* The *abolla* (which I suppose to be the *lacerna* of our author)

And, as his fingers sweat beneath the freight,
Cries, “Save me—from a gem of greater weight!”

And, in an epigram equally contemptible for baseness and impiety, entreats his favourable word with Domitian: Sic, says he,

“Sic placidum videas semper, Crispine, tonantem,
“Nec te Roma minus quam tua Memphis amat.”

Still may thy fortune prove the Thunderer’s care,
And thou to Rome, as to thy Egypt dear!

But he has his reward: his adulation was then neglected, and is now despised: while the severity of his manlier friend was the admiration of his own age, and will be the delight of posterity.

I know not whether Ammianus Marcellinus had the character of Crispinus, as here described, in his thoughts, when he wrote the following elegant passage; but it certainly throws light on the *humero revocante lacernas*, the flinging back and recovering of the purple cloak: *Alii summum decus in ambitioso vestium cultu ponentes, sudant sub ponderibus lacernarum, quas collis insertas cingulis ipsis adnectunt, nimia subteminum tenuitate perflabiles, expectantes crebris agitationibus, maximeque sinistra, ut longiores fimbriae tunicæque perspicue luceant..*

was a loose upper garment or wrapper, worn by philosophers, magistrates, senators, &c.: “That it was a grave habit” (says Holyday, on another occasion) “I nothing doubt, from Pegasus taking it with him to the council.” This, however, depended on circumstances. A cloak of coarse gray cloth was neither repugnant to the age, nor gravity of the præfect: but the *abolla* of Crispinus was a very different thing; it was dyed in Tyrian purple, the most expensive of all colours; and, from its size, must have cost an immense sum.

It must appear singular, that the man who could scarcely bear the weight of a summer ring, should nevertheless load his shoulders with a robe of this kind; but it was the splendour and extravagance of it, which influenced his choice.

'Tis hard a less adventurous course to choose,
While folly plagues, and vice inflames the Muse.

For who so slow of heart, so dull of brain,
So patient of the town, as to contain
His bursting spleen, when, full before his eye,
Swings the new chair of lawyer Matho by,
Cramm'd with himself! then, with no less parade,
That caitiff's, who his noble friend betray'd,

VER. 40. ——— *his summer rings; &c.*] The dainty pride of the Romans, as Holyday calls it, had arrived at such a pitch, that they had different rings for different seasons. So absurd a refinement in luxury could scarcely be general; it serves, however, to mark the affected delicacy of Crispinus.

VER. 48. *Matho, &c.*] This man originally followed the profession of a lawyer; but finding, perhaps deserving, no encouragement, he fell into the extremes of poverty. He then turned informer; the dreadful resource of men of desperate fortunes and desperate characters. In this he seems to have been successful: he has a chair, which Juvenal takes care to tell us had not been long in his possession; and he is grown immoderately fat, for he fills it himself.

Ruperti differs from me. He cannot conceive, he says, whence the notion of Matho's being an informer is derived. Evidently from the company in which he is found. He supposes the "new-built chair" may be explained from the seventh Satire, where it is said that Matho became bankrupt (deficit) by endeavouring to emulate the splendour of Æmilius. This learned man seems to forget that the characters here passed in review, are culprits of the most flagitious kind. Did he think that Juvenal would speak with such abhorrence of a simple attempt to procure business by an affectation of finery and show? Impossible. I am convinced that Matho was placed at the head of this execrable set, as an informer of the most pernicious

Who now, in fancy, prostrate greatness tears,
 And preys on what the imperial vulture spares !
 Whom Massa dreads, Latinus, trembling, plies
 With a fair wife, and anxious Carus buys !

description, and that he had recourse to this employ after he failed: on which account, perhaps, the author sarcastically twits him with his old profession; *causidicus Matho*, lawyer Matho.

Criticks are divided about the man who followed Matho. The old Scholiast says it was Heliodorus the Stoick, who informed against his friend and pupil Silanus; or it was Egnatius Celer, or Demetrius, the lawyer, &c. It was more probably, however, Marcus Regulus, who carried on the trade of an informer under Nero, and again under Domitian. Pliny gives an entertaining account of his cowardly apprehensions for himself after the death of the latter: and pronounces him to be the wickedest of all two-legged creatures, *omnium bipedum nequissimus*.

The difficulty of fixing on any particular name affords matter for deep reflection. That so many people should at the same period be guilty of the complicated crimes of treachery and ingratitude, (for such is the charge,) could only be believed on the credit of concurring testimonies: and gives a dreadful picture of the state of corruption into which Rome was now fallen.

VER. 53. *Whom Massa dreads,*] He speaks of Bæbius Massa, who took up the trade of an informer under Domitian, and rose to great eminence in guilt. Tacitus calls him a pernicious enemy to all good men, and the cause of many evils to the state. He was prosecuted, in his turn, for malpractices in his government, (of the province of Bætica,) and condemned to refund his ill-gotten property. It seems, however, from Pliny, who was one of his prosecutors, that there was some collusion among the judges; and that the sentence was never enforced.

But though Massa might be rich, he was no longer powerful: for Martial, who was never accused of temerity, attacks him without fear. Humorously exaggerating the thievish propensities of one Hermogenes, a thief by descent, he observes, that

When those supplant thee in thy dearest rights,
 Who earn rich legacies by active nights ;
 Those, whom (the shortest, surest way to rise,)
 The widow's itch, advances to the skies !——
 Not that an equal rank her minions hold :
 Just to their various powers, she metes her gold,
 And Proculeius mourns his scanty share,
 While Gillo triumphs, her's and nature's heir !
 And let him triumph ! 'tis the price of blood :
 While, thus defrauded of the generous flood,
 The colour flies his cheek, as though he prest,
 With unsuspecting foot, a serpent's crest ;

he was as great a stealer of napkins wherever he supped, as Massa was of money.

VER. 54. ——— and anxious Carus, &c.] This was Carus Metius, no less conspicuous for villainy than Massa. He did not, indeed, begin so early ; for when Tacitus was writing the life of Agricola, he had obtained “ but one victory ;” that, probably, over the virtuous Senecio, who assisted Pliny in the prosecution of Massa.

The first draught of this Satire (for it was afterwards considerably improved and enlarged) might be formed, I should think, soon after the above event : since we find Carus, infamous as he was, and ready to join in the destruction of the worthiest characters, not yet so firmly established in the Emperor's favour, but that he needed the protection of a more powerful villain.

Carus obtained more “ victories,” as Tacitus calls them, afterwards, and outlived his execrable master ; when he fell into poverty and contempt. Of Latinus, or rather the mime represented by him, (for he himself had been put to death in a former reign,) I have nothing to relate with certainty.

Or stood engaged at Lyons to declaim,
Where the least peril is the loss of fame.

Ye Gods!—what rage, what frenzy fires my brain,
When that false guardian, with his splendid train,

VER. 67. *Or stood engaged at Lyons to declaim, &c.*] It was here that Caligula instituted games of oratory. The meed of the conqueror is nowhere mentioned, but the punishment of the vanquished was to obliterate what he had written with his tongue, to be ducked in the river, &c. &c. Tyranny, like Dullness, sometimes “loves a joke,” and this was a most miserable one.

If Caligula himself were one of the candidates, and any other won the palm, his reward was certain death. Dio tells a curious story of Caligula’s accusing Domitius Afer, the celebrated orator, in a set speech. Domitius wisely determined not to answer it; but throwing himself into an ecstasy at the beauty of the composition, he repeated parts of it here and there, affecting to be so enraptured, as utterly to forget that it was pronounced against himself. The artifice succeeded: his life was spared, because, when ordered to plead, he prostrated himself—
και χαμαι κειμενος, ικετευσεν ως και τον ρητορα αυτον μαλλον η τον Καισαρα φοβουμενος. Lib. LIX. c. 19. It should be added, that Caligula, sometime afterwards, joined him in the consulship with himself, an honour of which his vices made him not altogether unworthy. He was an informer.

The scene of these contests, which was at the confluence of the Soane and the Rhone, had been looked on as a sacred spot from the earliest ages. After the subjection of the country, the natives built a temple and altar here to Augustus, and established, or rather renewed, the ancient festival, to which there was annually a great resort. The happy thought of instituting oratorical games at this altar, is, as I have already observed, due to Caligula.

Crowds the long street, and leaves his orphan charge
 To prostitution, and the world at large !
 When, by a juggling sentence damn'd in vain,
 (For who, that holds the plunder, heeds the pain ?)
 Marius to wine devotes his morning hours,
 And laughs, in exile, at the offended Powers :
 While, sighing o'er the victory she won,
 The Province finds herself but more undone !

And shall I feel, that crimes like these require
 The avenging strains of the Venusian lyre,
 And not pursue them ? shall I still repeat
 The legendary tales of Troy and Crete ;

VER. 75. *Marius, &c.*] Proconsul of Africa. After the expiration of his government, he was prosecuted by the province for extortion and cruelty, convicted on the clearest evidence, fined, and banished from Italy. "Yet," says Holyday, "reserving the greater part of his former spoils, he lived in a wanton exile;"—while the Africans returned home with the wretched consolation of having defrayed their own expenses, and seen the money levied on their oppressor, carried to the Roman treasury.

Juvenal observes, that Marius was *damnatus inani judicio* ; that is, says the Scholiast, *non ademptis bonis*. Now Cæsar had made a law to prevent this kind of judgment. *Pænas facinorum auxit* (Suet. Cæs. xlii), *cum locupletes ed facilius scelere se obligarent, quod integris patrimoniis exulabant*. It is true, this, with other good laws, was now grown obsolete ; but the Scholiast's explanation is nevertheless, unfounded : Juvenal uses the expression, *inani judicio*, in reference to the vast wealth of Marius, which could be little, if at all, affected by the paltry sum (not quite £6000.) exacted from him by way of punishment. I believe that we have here a tacit censure on Trajan, in the third year of whose reign this scandalous instance of lenity took place.

The toils of Hercules, the horses fed,
 On human flesh, by savage Diomed,
 The lowing labyrinth, the builder's flight,
 And the rash boy, hurl'd from his airy height?
 When, what the law forbids the wife to heir,
 The adulterer's Will may to the wittol bear,

VER. 87. *When what the law, &c.*] Adulterers were accustomed to bequeath their property to their mistresses: this opened a door to universal corruption, and occasioned so great a clamour amongst the injured relatives, that Domitian interfered,* and by an express law rendered such infamous women incapable of receiving any bequests whatever. The ingenious avarice of the Roman husbands, however, contrived to elude this wholesome restriction: they became panders to their own wives, and the legacies were, in consequence of it, transferred to themselves!

Αὐτῶ τις γήμας πιθάνην τῷ γείτονι ῥέγχει,
 Καὶ τρέφεται. Τοῦτ' ἣν εὐχολῶ ἐργασία.
 Μὴ πλεῖν, μὴ σκαπτεῖν, ἀλλ' εὐσوماχῶς ἀπορεγχεῖν
 Ἀλλοτρίῳ δαπάνῃ πλουσία βόσκομενον.

But this was not all. If the adulterer was old and wealthy, the husband slept and snored on; if not, he watched his opportunity, and took care to wake at a moment favourable to his views of extorting a compromise for an attempt to dishonour him.

Now I am on this subject, (far, indeed, from a pleasing one,)

* Domitian's interference, however, obtains no credit with Xiphilinus. Sneering at his sudden and inconsistent starts of virtue, he says that he put to death several women for adultery whom himself had debauched! Συχνοὶ δὲ καὶ ἀνδρες καὶ γυναῖκες τῶν πλούσιων ἐπὶ μοιχείᾳ ἐκολασθῆσαν, ὧν ἐνὶ αἵματι καὶ ὑπ' αὐτοῦ ἐμοιχευθῆσαν. *Lih. LXVII. c. 12.*

Who gave, with wand'ring eye, and vacant face,
 A tacit sanction to his own disgrace ;
 And, while at every turn a look he stole,
 Snored, unsuspected, o'er the treacherous bowl !

When He presumes to ask a troop's command,
 Who spent on horses all his father's land,

I will relate a little anecdote of Mæcenas. He was invited to supper by one Galba, who had a handsome wife. The minister was at this time all-powerful, and his protection, therefore, of consequence to his host, who remarked with joy his advances to his wife, and after supper, fell fast asleep. Mæcenas made use of his time ; and a friend, whom he had brought with him, was proceeding to imitate him, when Galba, who had nothing to expect from this new competitor, gravely raised his head, and exclaimed, *Non omnibus dormio !* I don't sleep for every body ! This was thought a good joke at Rome, where the expression passed into a proverb.

VER. 93. *When He presumes, &c.*] Juvenal probably alludes to Cornelius Fuscus, who fell in the Dacian war, (Sat. iv.) Fuscus had assisted Nero in his mad follies, to the ruin of his patrimony ; and on that founded his claim to promotion.

The concluding lines of this paragraph have given the commentators some trouble :

“ ——— puer Automedon nam lora tenebat,

“ Ipse lacernatæ cum se jactaret amicæ.”

If I understand Holyday, he refers *ipse* to Fuscus, and *amica lacernata* to his “ warlike mistress :” but from the mention of Automedon, the charioteer of Achilles, it would seem as if *ipse* was meant of the Emperour, who, while Fuscus was showing his dexterity in driving, employed himself in exhibiting his talents in some other way, to one of his favourites.

If this be allowed, the *amica lacernata* must relate to Sporus, whom this monster of lust espoused in Greece, afterwards

While, proud the experienced driver to display,
 His glowing wheels smoked o'er the Appian way:—
 For there, our young Automedon first tried
 His powers, there loved the rapid car to guide;
 While great Pelides sought superiour bliss,
 And toy'd and wanton'd with his master-miss.

Who would not, reckless of the swarm he meets,
 Fill his wide tablets, in the publick streets,
 With angry verse? when, through the mid-day
 glare,

Born by six slaves, and in an open chair,
 The forger comes, who owes this blaze of state,
 To a wet seal, and a fictitious date;
 Comes, like the soft Mæcenas, lolling by,
 And impudently braves the publick eye!

brought to Italy, and exhibited publicly in the streets of Rome, and elsewhere, as his wife. *Hunc Sporum, augustarum ornamentis excultum, lecticaque vectum, et circa conventus mercatusque Græciæ, ac mox Romæ circa Sigillaria comitatus est, identidem exosculans.* Suet. Nero. xxviii.

The end of Sporus is sufficiently singular to deserve a line. A few years after this transaction, he was ordered by Vitellius (then Emperour) to personate a nymph, who, in some pantomime, was to be carried off by a ravisher: and this creature—branded in the face of the world with infamy of the deepest dye, put an end to himself, to avoid appearing on the stage in the dress of a female!

VER. 107. *Comes, like the soft Mæcenas, &c.*] This great man was at once a beau and a sloven. Seneca says, he used to walk abroad with his tawdry tunick about his heels. He was so indolent, that when the præfect of the guards came to him for

Or the rich dame, who stanch'd her husband's thirst
With generous wine, but—drugg'd it deeply first!

the countersign, or watchword (for Mæcenas was *custos urbis*, or civil governour of the city) he generally received him half undressed. His effeminacy is again noticed in the twelfth Satire.

It is but just, however, to observe, that Pedo Albinovanus, while he admits the foppery of Mæcenas expressly asserts that he neglected no business for it; but that the police of the city was strictly maintained, and persons and property secured from every species of insult. The lines are pretty:

“ Invide, quid tandem tunicæ nocuere solutæ,

“ Aut sibi ventosi quid nocuere sinus?

“ Num minus urbis erat custos, aut Cæsaris obses,

“ Num tibi non tutas fecit in urbe vias?

“ Nocte sub obscura quis te spoliavit amantem,

“ Quis tetigit ferro, durior ipse, latus?”

In obit. Mæcen.

VER. 109. *Or the rich dame, &c.*] The person here alluded to, says Madan, was Agrippina, the wife of Claudius. It is not unusual (and I speak it for the sake of criticks of a much higher order than Mr. Madan) for a commentator to note what is immediately before him, without deigning to cast an eye to the right hand or the left. The husband, in the text, is poisoned by a draught of wine; Claudius was dispatched by a mushroom:—but it is needless to pursue the subject. Poisoning husbands, unluckily, was not so rare an event in those days, that we should set an author at variance with himself to appropriate it. Madan was probably misled by Britannicus: but I observe that Ruperti has fallen into the same error, for such I still think it to be. On *matrona potens* he says, “any poisoner,” (I believe that some particular fact and some particular female were alluded to,) “or rather Agrippina, who poisoned her husband, Claudius.”

And now, more dextrous than Locusta, shows
 Her country friends, the beverage to compose,
 And, midst the curses of the indignant throng,
 Bear, in broad day, the spotted corpse along.

VER. 111. *More dextrous than Locusta, &c.*] This superannuated wretch, who seems to have reduced the art of poisoning to a science, is frequently mentioned by the writers of Juvenal's time, with execration. She had been condemned to die for a thousand crimes; but was kept alive by the besotted Claudius, as an useful instrument of state vengeance: and, at length, employed against the very person whose dark designs she was reserved to facilitate! But so it ever is: the man who formed the brazen bull, first proved its tortures; and, as Shakspeare beautifully observes,

“ ——— ’tis the sport, to have the engineer
 “ Hois’d with his own petar.”

Nero made use of her afterwards to destroy Britannicus, Burrhus, and others,—for as Turnus (see the old scholiast) tells us, she was placed by this discerning prince at the head of the poisoning department:

“ Ex quo Cæsareas soboles homicida Locusta
 “ Occidit, curæque veneni admota Neroni est.”

But upon the accession of Galba, she was dragged to execution, amidst the shouts and insults of the populace.

VER. 114. *Bear, in broad day, the spotted corpse, &c.*] To understand the full force of this passage, it should be recollected that the Romans uncovered the face and breast of their dead, when they placed them on the bier, preparatory to bearing them to the funeral pyre. This practice still prevails in Italy: where, indeed, it is not a little necessary from the frequency of violent and sudden deaths, and the want of such an officer as a

Dare nobly, man ! if greatness be thy aim,
 And practise what may chains and exile claim :
 On Guilt's broad base thy towering fortunes raise,
 For Virtue starves on—universal praise !
 While crimes, in scorn of niggard fate, afford
 The ivory couches, and the citron board,
 The goblet high-emboss'd, the antique plate,
 The lordly mansion, and the fair estate !

O ! who can rest—who taste the sweets of life,
 When sires debauch the son's too greedy wife ;
 When males to males, abjuring shame, are wed,
 And beardless boys pollute the nuptial bed !
 No : INDIGNATION, kindling as she views,
 Shall, in each breast, a generous warmth infuse,
 And pour, in Nature and the Nine's despite,
 Such strains as I, or Cluvienus, write !

E'er since Deucalion, while, on every side,
 The bursting clouds uprais'd the whelming tide,

coroner. Juvenal aptly marks the daring wickedness of the woman, by this striking circumstance.

VER. 118. *For Virtue starves on—universal praise ;* This is prettily noticed by Massinger :

“ ——— in this partial avaricious age
 “ What price bears honour ? virtue ? long ago
 “ It was but praised—and freezed ; but now-a-days,
 “ 'Tis colder far, and has nor love nor praise.”

Fatal Dowry, Act II. Sc. i.

VER. 120. ——— *and the citron board.*] See Sat. vii. and xi.

VER. 131. *E'er since Deucalion, &c.*] It will be sufficient to

Reach'd, in his little skiff, the forked hill,
And sought, at Themis' shrine, the Immortals' will;
When softening stones grew warm with gradual life,
And Pyrrha brought each male a virgin wife;
Whatever passions have the soul possess,
Whatever wild desires inflamed the breast,
Joy, Sorrow, Fear, Love, Hatred, Transport, Rage,
Shall form the motley subject of my page.

And when could Satire boast so fair a field?
Say, when did Vice a richer harvest yield?
When did fell Avarice so engross the mind?
Or when the lust of play so curse mankind?—
No longer now, the pocket's stores supply
The boundless charges of the desperate die:
The chest is staked!—muttering the steward stands,
And scarce resigns it, at his lord's commands.

observe, for the less learned reader, that Deucalion was the son of Prometheus, and reigned in Thessaly. He was the only good man of his time, and therefore, when the rest of the world was swept away by a deluge, he and his wife Pyrrha were preserved, and wafted, in a little skiff, to mount Parnassus. On the abatement of the waters, they inquired of the Oracle how the earth might be replenished, and were answered, by throwing their mother's bones behind them. Pyrrha started at such impiety; but Deucalion satisfied her by proving that their "mother" meant the earth, and her "bones" consequently, the stones. These, therefore, they took up, and flung over their heads; those thrown by Deucalion produced men, those by Pyrrha, women: thus the world was repeopled!

This absurd tale, which is prettily told by Ovid and others, is, as the reader sees, a wretched depravation of sacred history.

Is it a SIMPLE MADNESS,—I would know,
 To venture countless thousands on a throw,
 Yet want the soul, a single piece to spare,
 To clothe the slave, that shivering stands and bare!

Who call'd, of old, so many seats his own,
 Or on seven sumptuous dishes supp'd alone?—

VER. 153. *Who call'd, of old, so many seats his own,*

Or on seven sumptuous dishes supp'd alone?—] Juvenal might well ask this; for the ancients did neither. Their usual eating-room was the atrium, or common-hall, which was open to the view of every passer-by; and they had rarely more than two plain dishes. Even the first men of the state, says Val. Max. (lib. II. c. 5.) were not ashamed to dine and sup there; nor had they any dish which they blushed to expose to the meanest of their fellow-citizens.

The old republicans used to invite the clients, who attended them from the forum, to supper. Under the Emperours, this laudable custom was done away, and a little basket of meat given to each of them to carry home. Nero (Suet. xvi.) ordered a small sum of money to be distributed instead of meat, and Domitian brought back the former practice. Whether any changes were subsequently introduced, is not certainly known, but we here find, that money was again distributed: perhaps, the choice was in the patron. The sum was a hundred quadrantes, pieces something less than a farthing, and making in all about fifteen-pence of our money.

As this is the first passage, in which the names of patron and client occur, it may not be amiss to say a few words on the relative situation of two classes of men, which comprehended nearly all the citizens of Rome. A patron then, was a man of rank and fortune, under whose care the meaner people voluntarily put themselves, and, in consequence of it, were denominated his clients. The patron assisted his client with his influence and advice, and the client, in return, gave his vote to his patron, when he sought any office for himself, or friends. The

Then plain and open was the cheerful feast,
 And every client was a bidden guest ;
 Now, at the gate, a paltry largess lies,
 And eager hands and tongues dispute the prize.
 But first (lest some false claimant should be found,)
 The wary steward takes his anxious round,
 And pries in every face ; then calls aloud,
 “ Come forth, ye great Dardanians, from the crowd ! ”

client owed his patron respect, the patron owed his client protection. Indeed, the early Romans seem to have given a degree of sanctity to the obligation of the patron towards the client. It was expressly enforced by a law of the Twelve Tables: *Patronus, si clienti fraudem fecerit, sacer esto*, If a patron injure his client, let him be held accursed. And Virgil, many ages after this, places the unjust patron in Tartarus, among the violaters of natural and moral decorum:

“ Hic quibus invisi fratres, dum vita manebat,

“ Pulsatusque parens, et FRAUS INNEXA CLIENTI.”

The institution of this state of mutual dependance, which commenced with the monarchy, was attended with the happiest effects ; and, for the space of six centuries, we find no dissensions or jealousies between the two parties. But as riches and pride increased, new duties were imposed on the clients ; they were harassed with constant attendance, and mortified by neglect ; in a word, they were little better than slaves.

They had yet other causes of complaint ; and Juvenal, who appears, from an epigram addressed to him by his friend Martial, to have deeply felt the degradation which he describes, sometimes speaks of it with pathos, and sometimes with indignation. But of this elsewhere.

VER. 162. — ye great Dardanians, &c.] The old nobility of Rome affected to derive their origin from the great families

For, mix'd with us, e'en these besiege the door,
 And scramble for—the pittance of the poor !
 “ Despatch the Prætor first,” the master cries,
 “ And next the Tribune.” ‘ No, not so ;’ replies
 The Freedman, bustling through, ‘ first come is,
 still,
 ‘ First serv’d ; and I may claim my right, and will !—
 ‘ Though born a slave, (’tis bootless to deny,
 ‘ What these bored ears betray to every eye,)
 ‘ On my own rents, in splendour, now I live,
 ‘ On five fair freeholds ! Can the PURPLE give
 ‘ Their Honours, more ? when, to Laurentum sped,
 ‘ NOBLE Corvinus tends a flock for bread !—

of Troy. The satire here is very poignant : vain of their rank, they were careless of their actions, and swelling with the dignity of their ancient blood, were mean enough to be found scrambling amongst the poor for a few halfpence !

VER. 169. *Though born a slave, &c.*] The original is, “ Though born near the Euphrates,” *i. e.* in Armenia, or rather in Cappadocia, whence the Romans were chiefly supplied with domesticks. From the freedman’s appeal to the holes, or, as Juvenal contemptuously calls them, the windows in his ears, it would seem as if the meaner Asiaticks wore ear-rings at that time ; (as, indeed, they still do ;)—and this explains one of Cicero’s best jokes. His rival, Octavius, said to him rather rudely, as he was pleading, “ Speak louder, I cannot hear what you say.” ‘ And yet,’ replied the orator, ‘ you were wont to have your ears well bored !’ A bitter retort ; for the family of Octavius, though then ennobled, was supposed to have come originally from beyond sea, in a very mean condition.

‘ Pallas and the Licinii, in estate,
 ‘ Must yield to me : let, then, the Tribunes wait.’
 Yes, let them wait ! thine, Riches, be the field !—
 It is not meet, that he to Honour yield,

VER. 175. *Pallas and the Licinii, in estate,*] This is going somewhat too far, for Pallas, in particular, was immeasurably rich. He was the freedman of Claudius, a weak prince, who lavished unbounded wealth upon his favourites, and impoverished himself. When he complained of the emptiness of his treasury, somebody observed, and not badly, as Tacitus remarks, that it would be full enough, if his two freedmen (Pallas and Narcissus) would condescend to take him into their firm.

Pallas outlived Claudius, and was for some time in high favour with Nero, but was involved in the disgrace of Agrippina, and dismissed from the court. He was now grown old, but as the strength of his constitution still threatened to disappoint the eager avarice of the Emperour, he broke through all restraint, and put him to death, *stamine nondum abrupto*, for the very wealth to which he trusted for safety ! Of the Licinii, several are mentioned, who were proverbially rich.

The reader will observe, that the satire of Juvenal is incessant : the freedman is made to select for his examples, either an old patrician grown poor, or new men (*novi homines*) raised to power from nothing. By *purpura major*, if I understand him, he twits the prætor and the tribune, who, as senators, perhaps, wore the broad *purple* border at this disgraceful scene. His reasoning, and he is a shrewd knave, is—‘ Why should they be served first ? My wealth procures me solid advantages ; their honours, a mere show, are no security against poverty and dependence, since,’ &c. — But how keen is the implied sarcasm of Juvenal ! “ This proud reptile, at the very moment of exultation in his vast property, is elbowing the throng, and squabbling for a charitable donation ! ”

TO SACRED HONOUR, who, with whiten'd feet,
 Was hawk'd for sale, so lately, through the street.
 O gold ! though Rome beholds no altars flame,
 No temples rise to thy pernicious name,
 Such as to Victory, Virtue, Faith are rear'd,
 And Concord, where the clamorous stork is heard,
 Yet is thy full divinity confest,
 Thy shrine establish'd here, in every breast.

But while, with anxious eyes, the great explore
 How much the dole augments their annual store,
 What misery must the poor dependant dread,
 Whom this small pittance, cloth'd, and lodg'd,
 and fed ?

Wedge'd in thick ranks before the donor's gates,
 A phalanx firm, of chairs and litters, waits :
 Thither one husband, at the risk of life,
 Hurries his teeming, or his bedrid wife ;
 Another, practised in the gainful art,
 With deeper cunning tops the beggar's part ;

VER. 179. ——— *who, with whiten'd feet,*] There is a poignancy in this expression which should be pointed out. All slaves were exposed to sale with naked feet ; but such as were imported from remote and barbarous countries, and therefore of little estimation, were, as a further mark of distinction, “whitened on the feet” with chalk or gypsum. Such was the pristine state of this insolent upstart.

VER. 184. *And Concord, where the clamorous stork is heard.*] This little circumstance, which is prettily thrown in, is perhaps an historical fact. At any rate, it gives identity to the picture.

Plants at his side a close and empty chair :

“ My Galla, master ;——give me Galla’s share.”

‘ Galla !’ the porter cries ; ‘ let her look out.’

“ Sir, she’s asleep. Nay, give me ;—can you doubt !”

What rare pursuits employ the clients’ day !

First to the patron’s door, their court to pay,

Next to the forum, to support his cause,

Thence to Apollo, learned in the laws,

And the triumphal statues ; where some Jew,

Some mongrel Arab, some—I know not who—

VER. 201. *What rare pursuits, &c.*] The day is distinguished by nearly the same pursuits in Martial :

“ Prima salutantes atque altera continet hora,

“ Exercet raucos tertia causidicos,

“ In quintam varios extendit Roma labores,

“ Sexta quies lassis, septima finis erit.”

VER. 203. *Thence to the forum, &c.*] Here, in the forum καὶ ἐξοχῇ, (for there were several others scattered about the city), the publick business was chiefly carried on. Apollo, who is mentioned in the next line, stood in the forum of Augustus, and acquired the legal knowledge, for which he is so handsomely complimented, from the lawyers, who frequented the courts of justice established there. The “ triumphal statues” stood also in this forum ; they were those of the most eminent persons who had appeared in the state.

VER. 205. ——— *where some Jew, &c.*] The indignation of the poet has involved him in obscurity. It is not easy to say who is meant here ; and the commentators have taken advantage of the uncertainty, to display a world of research. Holiday, who recapitulates their conjectures, concludes, with every appearance of reason, that it was one Tiberius Alexander, a renegado Jew, who embraced the religion of Rome, and was

Has impudently dared a niche to seize,
 Fit to be p—— against, or—what you please.—
 Returning home, he drops them at the gate :
 And now the weary clients, wise too late,
 Resign their hopes, and supperless retire,
 To spend the paltry dole in herbs and fire.

Meanwhile, their patron sees his palace stored,
 With every dainty earth and sea afford :
 Stretch'd on th' unsocial couch, he rolls his eyes
 O'er many an orb of matchless form and size,

made præfect of Egypt. He was the first to declare for Vespasian, (Tacit. Hist. xi. 79,) to whose party he brought a vast accession of strength, and was, therefore, probably, honoured with a statue. The partiality of Alexander to this prince, however, did him no great credit with our author; whose hatred of Domitian was such, that he seems to have looked with abhorrence—

“ —— on all unfortunate souls that traced his line.”

VER. 214. *Stretch'd on the vacant couch, &c.*] Seneca somewhere says, that good cheer without a friend to partake it, is the entertainment of a wild beast. And the poet Alexis,

Εἰς κοῦρακας, μονοφαγε καὶ τοιχωρυχε.

Go and be hang'd, thou solitary glutton,
 Thou house-breaker !

VER. 215. *O'er many an orb, &c.*] *Ad hunc locum nihil videre interpretes*, says Grævius, who is not a whit clearer-sighted in the matter than the rest. I conceive that the satire is here levelled at the extravagance of this secret gormandizer; who possessed such a number of large, beautiful, and antique orbs, (so Juvenal calls the upper part of the table, which was formed

Selects the fairest to receive his plate,
 And, at one meal, devours a whole estate!—
 But who, (for not a parasite is there,)
 The selfishness of luxury can bear?
 See! the lone glutton craves whole boars! a beast
 Design'd, by nature, for the social feast!—
 But speedy wrath o'ertakes him: Gorged with food,
 And swoll'n and fretted by the peacock crude,
 He seeks the bath, his feverish pulse to still,
 Hence sudden death, and age without a Will!

of the most rare and costly wood,) as to be somewhat embarrassed in the selection of one for his immediate use.

The prodigality of the Romans knew no bounds in the acquisition of these favourite objects of splendour: the elder Pliny says, that two tables (orbs) were exposed to sale amongst the effects of Asinius Gallus, which produced more than the price of two manors. See Sat. vii and xi.

VER. 223. *the peacock crude.*] Juvenal does not mean, as some of my facetious criticks seem to suppose, that he who sups on a boar will be suffocated by a peacock; but merely to stigmatize the luxury of this selfish glutton, who served up such enormous dishes to himself; for the peacock, like the boar, was “designed for the social feast,” and commonly so employed. Minute criticism is, in general, the odious offspring of ignorance and malice. To overthrow it, is an easy though always an humiliating task. I might observe that, though a boar (among many other dishes) was placed before this monophagus, it did not follow, as a necessary consequence, that he must eat of it:—but what a wretched abuse of patience! It is somewhat more to the purpose to remark, that the ancients considered the flesh of the peacock as the most indigestible of all food.

Swift flies the tale, by witty spleen increast,
 And furnishes a laugh at every feast;
 The laugh, his friends not undelighted hear,
 And, fallen from all their hopes, insult his bier.

Nothing is left, NOTHING, for future times,
 To add to the full catalogue of crimes;
 The baffled sons must feel the same desires,
 And act the same mad follies, as their sires.

VICE HAS ATTAIN'D ITS ZENITH :—Then set sail,
 Spread all thy canvas, Satire, to the gale—

But where the powers so vast a theme requires?
 Where the plain times, the simple, when our sires

VER. 229. *The laugh, his friends not undelighted hear,*

And, fallen from all their hopes, insult his bier.] We have a good instance of this, in Pliny. Domitius Tullus amused himself, during a long life, with feeding the hopes of these Will-hunters, *se captandum præbuit*, and yet left his fortune to the heir-at-law; upon which they began to abuse him. There is humour in the following passage: *Ergo varii tota civitate sermones: alii (scil. captatores) fictum, ingratum, immemorem loquuntur, seque ipsos, dum insectantur illum, turpissimis confessionibus produnt, qui de illo uti de patre, avo, proavo, quasi orbi, querantur; alii contra hoc ipsum laudibus ferunt, quod sit frustratus improbas spes hominum, quos sic decipere pro moribus temporum prudentia est.* Lib. VIII. Epist. 18.

The glutton in the text is prevented from remembering his parasites, by the suddenness of his death, which did not allow time for a Will: hence the comical mixture of rage and ridicule with which they pursue his obsequies:

“Ducitur iratis plaudendum funus amicis.”

Enjoy'd a freedom, which I dare not name,
 And gave the publick sin to publick shame,
 Heedless who smiled or frown'd? —Now, let a
 line,
 But glance at Tigellinus, and you shine,

VER. 242. *But glance at Tigellinus, &c.*] Fielding makes Booth, in the other world, inquire of Shakspeare the precise meaning of Othello's famous apostrophe, "Put out the light," &c.; and if some curious critick had done the same of Juvenal, respecting the sense of the following lines, he would have done a real service to the commentators, and saved an ocean of precious ink, which has been wasted on them to little purpose;

"Pone Tigellinum, tæda lucebis in illa

"Qua stantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant,

"Et latus mediam sulcus diducit arenam."

"Touch but Tigellinus, and you shall shine in that torch,
 "where they stand and burn, who smoke, fastened to a stake,
 "and (where) a wide furrow divides the sand."

The dreadful conflagration which laid waste a great part of Rome in the reign of Nero, was found to have broken out in the house of Tigellinus. As his intimacy with the Emperour was no secret, it strengthened the general belief, that the city was burned by design. Nothing seems to have enraged Nero so much as this discovery; and to avert the odium from his favourite, he basely taxed the Christians with setting fire to his house. Under this accusation, thousands of those innocent victims were dragged to a cruel death. The Emperour, says Tacitus, (Ann. xv. 44,) added insult to their sufferings: some were covered with the skins of wild beasts, and worried to death by dogs; others were crucified, and others again, WERE SMEARED WITH INFLAMMABLE MATTER, and LIGHTED UP WHEN THE DAY DECLINED, TO SERVE AS TORCHES DURING THE NIGHT!

Chain'd to a stake, in pitchy robes, and light,
Lugubrous torch, the deepening shades of night;

This horrid species of barbarity sufficiently explains the first two lines; the remaining one is not so easily got over.

I once supposed that the line was merely descriptive, and meant "a sunk place in the arena," where the stakes were fixed; or that a part of it was occasionally separated from the rest by a "wide furrow," or ditch, and allotted to this dreadful purpose: these ideas, however, do not seem to have occurred to any of the criticks, (no great recommendation of them, I confess,) since they prefer altering the text, and reading,

"Et latum media sulcum deducis arena."

"And you shall make, or draw out, a wide furrow in the sand." That is, say they, "by turning round the stake to avoid the flames:" which, as the sufferer was fixed to it, he could not well do: nor, indeed, if he could, would he have been much relieved by his activity, unless it were in his power to shift his "pitched shirt" at the same time. If the alteration be allowed, I should rather imagine the sense to be, "When the pitched cloth, in which you were wrapped, is consumed, your scorched and lifeless remains shall be dragged out of the Amphitheatre, and thus furrow the sand. Or (for I am not quite satisfied with this) *Et* may be taken for a disjunctive, and the passage referred to a separate punishment:

The idea of Curio and others, (adopted by Ruperti,) that the expression is proverbial in this place, and means "labouring in vain," is surely unfounded. *To plough the sand*, indeed, is used in all languages, for an unprofitable pursuit; but I think too highly of Juvenal, to venture on charging him with so wretched an anti-climax. "If you glance at the favourite of the day, you will be burned alive, nay—you will lose your labour!" Still, however, as some sense may be elicited from it, I subjoin a translation:

Or, writhing on a hook, are dragg'd around,
And, with your mangled members, plough the
ground.

Now glance at Tigellinus, and you glare
In that pitch'd shirt, in which such crowds expire,
Chain'd to the bloody stake, and wrapp'd in fire ;
While he, whose crimes your daring lines arraign,
More vicious, proves—you plough the sand in vain!

There is yet another meaning adopted by some of the learned, and produced by a critick, in his remarks on Madan's translation of this line: " I am surprised (he says) that Mr. Madan should not have been acquainted with the following passage of Jos. Scaliger, which sets the whole in the clearest light! *Stantibus ad palum destinatis unco (ne motatione capitis picem cadentem declinarent) gutturi suffixo è lamina ardente vix aut unguen in caput liquefiebat, ita ut rivi pinguedinis humanæ per arenam sulcum facerent.* By this interpretation, so intuitively true, that, by one acquainted with the facts, it might have been deduced from the vulgar text without the emendation of Scaliger," (rather of Lipsius, *Scaligero*, as Ferrarius says, *non improbante*), " the spirit of the poet is vindicated, history illustrated, and the image raised to its climax."

I have seen enough of criticism to be always on my guard against interpretations " intuitively true." Human fat, whether dissolved " in streams," or, as this gentleman translates it, " drop by drop," could scarcely make a wide furrow in the sand; and, indeed, Ferrarius and Vossius, who had this interpretation before them, concur in rejecting it as improbable. With respect to the " illustration of history," the former adds, "*Quæ Scaliger de lamina et pice adhibita Christianis ad palum, non memini me apud alios legisse !*"

Ruperti has carefully collected the different opinions on this difficult passage; but his conclusions from them are not more satisfactory than my own. He concludes with an emendation, —but this is cutting the knot,—and would read:

What, shall the wretch of hard, unpitying soul,
 Who, for THREE uncles, mix'd the deadly bowl,
 Propp'd on his plummy couch, that all may see,
 Tower by triumphant, and look down on me!

———— qui fixo gutture fumat,
 Et latum media sulcum qui ducit arena.

To which he subjoins, with more of the Benteleian spirit than I gave him credit for, *Et ita poetam omnino scripsisse crediderim: nisi forte totus versus, quem salvo sensu obelo transfigere licet, interpolatrici manui debetur, et plane ejiciendus, non emendandus est!*

To return to Tigellinus. He was recommended to Nero by his debaucheries: on the murder of Burrhus, he succeeded to the command of the prætorian guards, and abused his ascendancy over the Emperour, to the most dreadful purposes. He afterwards betrayed him; by which, and other acts of perfidy, he secured himself during the short reign of Galba. He was put to death by Otho, to the great joy of the people; and he died as he had lived, a profligate and a coward.

Who the person was that is here alluded to under his name, cannot now be known. Trajan, though a good prince on the whole, had many failings. He is covertly taxed, as I have before observed, in this Satire, for his lenity in the affair of Marius; and the blood-suckers of Domitian's time seem to have yet possessed too much influence. He was, besides, addicted to a vice which we shall have too frequent occasions to mention, and consequently surrounded by effeminate and worthless favourites, whom it might be dangerous to provoke: for these and other reasons, Juvenal seems to have regarded him with no great kindness; and, indeed, if the state of things be truly represented, we cannot accuse him of much injustice.

VER. 254. *What, shall the wretch, &c.*] “Still harping on Tigellinus:” *tres enim habuit patruos quos omnes, ut eorum*

Yes ; let him look. He comes ! avoid his way,
 And on your lip your cautious finger lay ;
 Crowds of informers linger in his rear,
 And, if a whisper pass, will overhear.
 Bring, if you please, Æneas on the stage,
 Fierce war, with the Rutulian prince, to wage ;

hæreditatibus potiretur, veneno absumsit ; subtractisque annulis, et falso tabulis signatis, hæreditates summo scelere consecutus est.
 Val. Prob.

It appears that Juvenal really had some one in view, through a great part of this Satire, whose enormities bore a wonderful similarity to those of Tigellinus. The forger,

“ ————— who owed his blaze of state

“ To a wet seal, and a fictitious date,”

is described in the very words of this quotation ; and if the reader will have the goodness to turn to ver. 97, he will probably be convinced that the person there alluded to, was some worthless minion, who derived his confidence in guilt from the partiality of a powerful protector.

VER. 256. *Fierce war with the, &c.*] Pliny has a similar idea on this subject : *Nos enim qui in foro, verisque litibus terimur, multum malitiæ, quamvis nolimus, addiscimus. Schola et auditorium, ut ficta causa, ita res inermis innoxia est.* The same thought too, is touched, with considerable humour, in the Knight of the burning Pestle :

“ *Prol.* By your sweet favour we intend no harm to the city.

“ *Cit.* No, sir ! yes sir. If you were not resolved to play the jack, what need you study for new subjects purposely to abuse your betters ? Why could not you be content, as well as others, with the Legend of Whittington, the Story of Queen Eleanor, and the rearing of London Bridge upon woolsacks ?”

Subdue the stern Achilles ; and once more,
 With Hylas ! Hylas ! fill the echoing shore ;
 Harmless, nay pleasant, shall the tale be found,
 It bares no ulcer, and it probes no wound.
 But when Lucilius, fired with virtuous rage,
 Waves his keen falchion o'er a guilty age,
 The conscious villain shudders at his sin,
 And burning blushes speak the pangs within ;
 Cold drops of sweat from every member roll,
 And growing terrors harrow up his soul :
 Then tears of shame, and dire revenge succeed—
 Say, have you ponder'd well the advent'rous deed ?
 Now — ere the trumpet sounds — your strength de-
 bate ;
 The soldier, once engaged, repents too late.

VER. 258. *With Hylas ! Hylas ! &c.*] The story is sufficiently trite — *Littus Hyla ! Hyla ! omne sonabat*. It was Hercules who bawled so obstreperously. Hylas, however, heard him not ; having, as the poet says, followed his pitcher some time before, to the bottom of a well.

VER. 261. *But when Lucilius, &c.*] In Randolph's Entertainment, there is so admirable a paraphrase of this passage, that I shall be easily forgiven for producing it :

“ When I but frown'd in my Lucilius' brow,
 “ Each conscious cheek grew red, and a cold trembling
 “ Freezed the chill soul, while every guilty breast
 “ Stood, fearful of dissection, as afraid
 “ To be anatomized by that skilful hand,
 “ And have each artery, nerve, and vein of sin,
 “ By it laid open to the publick scorn.”

J. Yet I MUST write : and since these iron times,
From living knaves preclude my angry rhymes,

VER. 271. *Yet I MUST write, &c.*] In the concluding lines I have consulted the advantage of the English reader, and rather paraphrased than translated the original, which is abrupt and epigrammatical.

“ ————— Experiar quid concedatur in illis
“ Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina :”

literally rendered, is

J. Nay, then ; I'll try what power I boast o'er those,
Whose ashes in the publick ways repose.

Juvenal affects alarm at the serious tenour of his friend's admonition, and therefore sarcastically renounces his first design of attacking the living, in favour of an experiment on the degree of liberty allowable in satirizing the dead.

The “ publick ways” mentioned in the concluding line, (of which he specifies the Latin and Flaminian) were the usual burying places of the nobler Romans. Little recesses were formed in the walls, or hedges, which bounded them, and in these their bodies, or more commonly the urns which enclosed their ashes, were deposited. This was not only an elegant, but a politick practice ; since the names of such as deserved well of their country were thus placed perpetually in view of the multitudes whom business or amusement incessantly attracted, from every part of this vast empire, to the capital. Hence appears the propriety of the two words with which their epitaphs usually began, *Siste, viator*, Stay, traveller ; words which we have preposterously introduced into our close and secluded cemeteries. This absurdity could not escape the notice of Fielding, who has ridiculed it with exquisite humour, in his epitaph on an ancestor of the worthy family of the Andrews :

“ Stay, traveller ; for underneath this pew,
“ Lies fast asleep that merry man, Andrew !”

I point my pen against the guilty dead,
And pour its gall on each obnoxious head.

VER. 273. *I point my pen against the guilty dead, &c.*] Hall,
on the contrary :

“ I will not ransack up the quiet grave,
“ Nor burn dead bones as he example gave,
“ I tax the living, let the ashes rest,
“ Whose faults are dead, and nailed in their chest.”

But Hall, like Juvenal, makes use of departed names ; so that
the generosity is more in appearance than reality. The design
of both was the same, and nobody was deceived.

SATIRE II.

Argument.

THIS Satire contains an irregular but animated attack, upon the hypocrisy of the philosophers and reformers of the day; whose ignorance, profligacy, and impiety, it exposes with just severity.

Domitian is here the object: his vices are covertly or openly alluded to under every different name; and it must give us a high opinion of the intrepid spirit of the man who could venture to produce and circulate, even in private, so faithful a representation of that ferocious and blood-thirsty tyrant.

The difficulties in the way of translating this Satire, are scarcely to be conceived but by those who have made the experiment: if my success were at all equal to my pains, I should dismiss it with some degree of confidence.

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SATIRE II.

V. 1—10.

O FOR an eagle's wings ! that I might fly
To the bleak regions of the polar sky,
When from their lips the cant of virtue falls,
Who preach like Curii, live like Bacchanals !
Devoid of knowledge, as of worth, they thrust,
In every nook, some philosophick bust ;
For he, among them, counts himself most wise,
Who most old sages of the sculptor buys ;
Sets most true Zenos, or Cleanthes' heads,
To guard the volumes which he—never reads !

VER. 4. *Who preach like Curii, &c.*] For the Curii, see Sat. III. and XI.

VER. 9. *Sets most true Zenos, or Cleanthes' heads,*] As those philosophers were celebrated, above all others, for the shrewdness and subtilty of their disquisitions, there is a considerable degree of humour in our author's making his blockhead fix on their busts, for the purpose of ornamenting his library.

If we could suppose Lucian to have read Juvenal, (and he probably had,) he might have this passage in his thoughts, when he wrote his illiterate book-hunter, ἀπαιδεύτος καὶ πολλὰ βιβλία ὠνούμενος. Locher, who translated Brandt's *Ship of Fools*, had

TRUST NOT TO OUTWARD SHOW : in every street,
 Obscenity, in formal garb, we meet.—
 And dost thou, hypocrite, our lusts arraign,
 Thou ! of Socratick catamites the drain !

undoubtedly both Juvenal and Lucian before him, when he gave the following version :

“ Spem quoque nec parvam collecta volumina præbent,

“ Calleo nec verbum, nec libri sentio mentem,

“ Attamen in magno per me servantur honore.”

For the rest ; if another Brandt were to arise, and incline to furnish out a cargo of fools from the stock in hand, I much doubt whether the “ illiterate book-hunter” would not still be the first that he would put on board,

VER. 14. *Thou ! of Socratick catamites the drain !*] This line has given offence to some of the criticks, who consider it as a wanton attack upon Socrates ; while others, on the contrary, justify it from the alleged propensities of that philosopher. This is no place to enter into a vindication of his character, which I believe, and which every good man must delight to think, unspotted ; nor, indeed, does Juvenal afford the least occasion for it. The opposite terms, *Socraticos cinædos*, conveyed not, in his mind, the slightest censure ; they are merely a continuation of the double image with which he began, and must evidently be referred to the *Qui Curios simulant*, &c. It is extraordinary that the mistake should be so general, since, whatever contempt our author might express for the rabble of Greek philosophists, and however prone he may be to vary his language with his subject, he never mentions Socrates but with the highest respect. He quotes him as a pattern of moderation and virtue in the fourteenth Satire ; and few of his readers have forgotten, I trust, that most beautiful designation of him, in the address to Calvinus :

“ ——— dulcique Senex vicinus Hymetto,

“ Qui partem acceptæ sæva inter vincla cicutæ

“ Accusatori nollet dare.”

Nature thy rough and shaggy limbs design'd,
 To mark a stern inexorable mind ;
 But all's so smooth below !—" the surgeon smiles,
 " And scarcely can, for laughter, lance the piles."

Gravely demure, in wisdom's awful chair,
 His beetling eyebrows longer than his hair,
 In solemn state, the affected Stoick sits,
 And drops his maxims on the crowd by fits !—
 Yon Peribomius, whose emaciate air,
 And tottering gait, his foul disease declare,
 With patience I can view ; he braves disgrace,
 Nor skulks behind a sanctimonious face :
 Him may his folly, or his fate excuse—
 But whip me those, who Virtue's name abuse,
 And, soil'd with all the vices of the times,
 Thunder damnation on their neighbour's crimes !

" Shrink at the pathick Sextus ! Can I be,
 Whate'er my guilt, more infamous than he ?"

But the misapprehension stops not here ; it has induced those who thought well of Socrates, (and the learned Prideaux among the rest,) to suspect the integrity of the text, and alter Socraticos into Sotadicos ! a most injudicious change ; for Sotades was certainly no hypocrite : indeed, he appears, from Strabo, Athenæus, and Suidas, to have been so far from pretending to the character of a rigid moralist, (*turpium castigat*,) that he openly wrote of, and recommended, the most detestable vices.

VER. 31. "*Shrink at the pathick Sextus ! &c.*" The immediate design of the author here opens upon us. Varillus, a beggarly debauchee, had been threatened by Sextus (a magistrate perhaps)

Varillus cries: Let those who tread aright,
Deride the halt, the swarthy Moor, the white;
This we might bear; but who his spleen could rein,
And hear the Gracchi of the mob complain?

with punishment for a crime of which himself was equally guilty. From this, Varillus takes occasion, first to claim impunity for himself, and then, to expose the hypocrisy of his judge; which he aggravates by a number of examples, till the Satire is artfully brought to bear, with accumulated force, on Domitian.

VER. 36. *And hear the Gracchi, &c.*] The history of the Gracchi is an important one; but too long to be given in this place. They were brothers,* nobly descended, and virtuously educated; but, unfortunately, too ambitious: Cæsars, in short, born near a century before their time. They proposed an Agrarian law, and to get it passed, struck at the root of that liberty of which they professed themselves the champions;—conceiving, perhaps, with other hasty reformers, that the end justified the means. They were murdered with every circumstance of barbarity; Tiberius, in the midst of his followers, by Scipio Nasica; and Caius, some time after, by a mob more powerful and more profligate than his own.

As Juvenal calls them seditious, we may be sure that he thought them such; and the opinion of so decided a friend to the liberties of his country, must necessarily have great weight in determining the justice of their fall. But the mischief, un-

* The difference of their characters is thus marked by Dio: *εκεινὸς μὲν (Tiberius) ἀπὸ ἀρετῆς εἰς φιλοτιμίαν, καὶ ἐξ αὐτῆς εἰς κακίαν ἐξωκείλεν, οὗτος δὲ ταραχώδης τε φύσει ἦν, καὶ ἐκὼν ἐπὶ ὀνηρευέτο, κ. τ. α.* Frag. 90. Plutarch is of a different opinion. Cicero speaks in the highest terms of the abilities of Caius: *T. Gracchum sequutus est C. Gracchus, quo ingenio! quanta gravitate dicendi! ut dolerent boni omnes, non illa tanta ornamenta ad meliorem mentem voluntatemque esse conversa.* De Arusp. Resp. xli. The aim of both seems to have been the obtaining and securing of power by whatever means.

Who would not mingle earth, and sea, and sky,
Should Milo murder, Verres theft, decry,
Clodius adultery? Catiline accuse
Cethegus, Lentulus, of factious views,
Or Sylla's pupils, soil'd with deeper guilt,
Arraign their master for the blood he spilt?

unfortunately, did not end with them: they had shown what might be effected by an unbridled multitude; and ambitious men, inferiour indeed to the Gracchi in ability, but greater adepts in the easy arts of corrupting and inflaming the passions of the ignorant, learnt, from their example, to make a more effectual use of the tremendous engine which they first set in motion.* Elections were carried on by violence and outrage, and men of moderate and patriotick views driven from the service of the state. Then followed a dreadful scene—*Ardebant cuncta et fracta compage ruebant*. Sylla, and Marius, and Cinna, appeared upon the stage in succession, and thinned the world by their bloody proscriptions. Others followed, equally sanguinary, till the people, weary of being disturbed to no end, and fatigued without direction or object, threw themselves, almost without a struggle, into the arms of tyranny, as the only remaining refuge from anarchy and perpetual irritation.

The reader will find some account of Verres, Clodius, Catiline, &c. in the subsequent pages.

VER. 41. *Or Sylla's pupils, &c.*] There were two triumvirates, but Juvenal alludes to the last, which was the most bloody, and composed of Augustus, Antony, and Lepidus. Both took Sylla for their master, and both might have said with Shylock,

* Here are some of the immediate effects of the conduct of the Gracchi: οὐθ' αἱ ἀρχαὶ τὰ νενομισμένα ἐπρασσον. Τα δὲ δικαστηρία ἐπέπαυτο, καὶ συμβολαίων οὐδὲν ἐγίνετο· ἀλλ' ἡ τε ταραχὴ καὶ ἡ ἀκρίσια πανταχοῦ πολλὴν ἦν· καὶ ὄνομα πολέως ἐφέρον, στρατοπέδου δὲ οὐδὲν ἀπειχόν. *Dio. Frag. 87.*

Yet have we seen,—O Shame, for ever fled!—
 A barbarous judge start from the incestuous bed,
 And, with stern voice, those rigid laws awake,
 At which the Powers of War and Beauty quake,

“The villainy you teach us, we will execute, and it shall go hard but we will better the instruction.” And indeed Lucan, no mean authority, says of one of the former, Pompey,

“Bella nefanda parat, suetus civilibus armis,

“Et docilis Syllam sceleris vicisse magistrum.”

Lib. I. 325.

VER. 44. *A barbarous judge, &c.*] The old Scholiast will needs have Claudius to be meant here, but without reason: and, indeed, every circumstance marks out Domitian so strongly, that it is wonderful he should have overlooked it. Claudius neither revived the laws against adultery, nor caused his niece to procure abortions. Domitian did both. He did worse: stained with every enormity, he affected an outrageous zeal for the propagation of morality; and, under this hypocritical mask, indulged his savage disposition in the punishment of numbers, who probably thought themselves secure by his example.

One curious instance of this has been already given from Dio; but I omitted to add what immediately follows: that, during this fit of virtue, he put to death a woman convicted of unrobing herself before one of his statues!

The law mentioned in this line, was the Julian *de Adulteriis*, introduced by Augustus, and so called, not as some have supposed from his daughter, but from his great uncle, the Dictator, whose name at first he bore. It had fallen into disuse, but had lately been revived in all its force by Domitian; for which Martial and Statius pay him many pretty compliments. His unfortunate niece, Julia, soon after the circumstances here mentioned, followed her “abortive fruit” to the tomb; being killed by a potion stronger than ordinary. Pliny speaks with great indignation of Domitian’s barbarous hypocrisy, in an allusion to

What time his drugs were speeding to the tomb
The abortive fruit of Julia's teeming womb!—

And must not, now, the most debased and vile,
Hear these false Scauri with a scornful smile;
And, while the hypocrites their crimes arraign,
Turn, like the trampled asp, and bite again!
They must; they do:—When late, amidst the crowd,
A zealot of the sect exclaim'd aloud,
Where sleeps the Julian law? Laronia eyed
The scowling Stoicide, and taunting, cried,

this very circumstance: *Nec minore scelere quam quod ulcisci videbatur, absentem, inauditamque (Corneliam) damnavit incesti, cum ipse fratris filiam incesto non polluisset solum, verum etiam occidisset!* Lib. iv. 11.

Juvenal loses no opportunity of shewing his contempt for the popular creed. He alludes here, with true satirical humour, to the scandalous amours of Mars and Venus, on which Homer has lavished all the magick of his poetry.

VER. 50. *False Scauri.*] I know not why the commentators dream of explaining this passage by the character of Æmilius Scaurus, a notorious profligate. Juvenal had in view the “Scauri” of Horace, (Lib. i. Ode 13,) who lived in the best times of the state. The *ficti Scauri*, and those *qui simulant Curios* are the same persons: men, who, plunged in the basest vices, impudently pretended to the rigid virtues of those old republicans.

VER. 55. *Laronia, &c.*] Britannicus supposes this advocate for the sex to be the Laronia mentioned by Martial; (Lib. ii. 32;) but this is little, if at all, probable. The person, however, is immaterial; and I only mention her for the sake of observing, that the fable of the Lion and the Painter is admirably illustrated by her attack:—which not only does away, in advance,

“ Blest be the age, that such a censor gave,
 “ The groaning world to chasten and to save !
 “ Blush, Rome, and from the sink of sin arise—
 “ Lo ! a THIRD CATO, sent thee from the skies !
 “ But—tell me yet—What shop the balm supplied,
 “ Which, from your brawny neck and bristly hide,
 “ Such potent fragrance breathes ? nor let it shame
 “ Your Gravity, to shew the vender’s name.
 “ If ancient laws must reassume their course,
 “ Give the Scantinian first its proper force.
 “ Look, look at home ; the ways of men explore—
 “ Our faults, you say, are many ; theirs are more :
 “ Yet safe from censure, as from fear, they stand,
 “ A firm, compact, impenetrable band !

several of the heaviest charges brought against the women in the Sixth Satire, but retorts them with good effect on the men.

VER. 66. *Give the Scantinian, &c.*] This was a law against unnatural lust. It took its name from C. Scantinius, tribune of the people, who, in the 707th year of Rome, was convicted by C. Marcellus of an assault upon his son. The punishment at this time was a fine, but under the Christian Emperours the offence was made capital.

Some, however, contend that the law was so called from Scantinius Aricinus, who procured it to be passed ; it not being usual (as they say) for laws to receive their titles from those who are the objects of them, but from those who introduce them. It may be so ; though this is not always the case :—but the matter is of no great consequence. Ruperti inclines to the latter opinion.

VER. 70.—*A firm, compact, &c.*] An allusion, Holyday says, to the *testudo* ; a military manœuvre practised by the Romans in

“ We know your monstrous leagues ; but can you find
 “ One proof in us, of this detested kind ?
 “ Pure days and nights with Cluvia, Flora led,
 “ And Tedia chastely shared Catulla’s bed ;
 “ While Hippo’s brutal itch both sexes tried, [bride!
 “ And proved, by turns, the bridegroom and the
 “ We ne’er, with mis-spent zeal, explore the laws,
 “ We throng no forum, and we plead no cause :
 “ Some few, perhaps, may wrestle, some be fed,
 “ To aid their breath, with strong athletick bread.
 “ Ye fling the shuttle with a female grace,
 “ And spin more subtly than Arachne’s race ;
 “ Cower’d o’er your labour, like the squalid jade,
 “ That plies the distaff, to a block belay’d.

the attack of fortified places : throwing their shields over their
 heads, and joining boss to boss, (*junctæque umbone phalanges*)
 they formed a kind of pent-house, under cover of which they
 advanced, secure from the missile weapons of the enemy.
 Lucan has a similar thought :

“ ——— ipsa metus exsolverat audax

“ Turba suos. Quicquid multis peccatur inultum est.”

VER. 80. ——— with strong athletick bread.] See Sat. XI.

VER. 83. Cower’d o’er your labour, like the squalid jade, &c.]

“ Mistresses of families,” says the old Scholiast, “ if they sus-
 pected their female slaves of too great familiarity with their
 masters, used, by way of punishment, to fasten them to a large
 log of wood before the door, and keep them to incessant labour
 by dint of blows.” Their usual employment, it appears, was
 spinning. To “ belay,” is to fasten, to secure, &c. I mention
 this, because Johnson has mistaken its meaning. When will

“ Why Hister’s freedman heir’d his wealth, and why
 “ His consort, while he lived, was bribed so high,
 “ I spare to tell ; the wife that, sway’d by gain,
 “ Can make a third in bed, and ne’er complain,
 “ Must ever thrive : on secrets jewels wait :
 “ Then wed, my girls ; be silent, and—be great !

“ Yet these are they, who, fierce in Virtue’s cause,
 “ Consign our venial frailties to the laws ;
 “ And, while with partial aim their censure moves,
 “ Acquit the vultures, and condemn the doves !”

She paused : the unmanly zealots felt the sway
 Of conscious truth, and slunk, abash’d, away.

But how shall vice be shamed, when, loosely drest,
 In the light texture of a cobweb vest,
 You, Creticus, amid the indignant crowd,
 At Procla and Pollinea rail aloud ?—

the booksellers do justice to their country and themselves, by engaging some judicious scholar to revise the labours of this great man, instead of printing edition after edition with acknowledged and increasing imperfections ?—NEVER.

VER. 99. *You, Creticus, &c.*] Some will have this to be a fictitious name, formed from Crete, (the judges of that island being deservedly famous for the integrity of their decisions,) and ironically given to some magistrate then in office : others, with more reason, suppose it to be a real name ; and apply it to a descendant of the great Metellus, who took the addition from his conquests. The Scholiast says, there was a learned pleader of this name under the Cæsars ; another Creticus, but of what profession I know not, is mentioned by Martial, who addresses an

These, he rejoins, are “daughters of the game.”
Strike, then;—yet know, though lost to honest fame,

epigram to him: and this, perhaps, is the person so indignantly apostrophised.

What I have rendered a “cobweb vest,” is in the original, *multitia*; that is, say the criticks, *sericas, vel bombycinas molli subtextas subtemine, &c.* This I conceive to be confounding two things as distinct as silk and cotton. *Sericæ vestes*, (I speak with some hesitation) were what we call fine cottons, imported into Europe, in Juvenal’s time, as they were ages before, from India, through the country of the Seres, the modern Bochara. *Bombycinæ vestes*, on the contrary, were of silk, and from Sinæ, (China,) a region much more remote.

It is not easy to say when the use of these vests was first introduced into Rome: no mention of them occurs during the times of the old republick; so that they probably crept in with other luxuries under the Emperours. They were first appropriated to the ladies, and appear to have given no small offence, if we may judge from the frequent pelting which they received. Seneca is particularly severe against them, and quotes, with some humour, two lines of P. Syrus:

“Æquum est induere nuptam ventum textilem,
“Palam prostare nudam in nebula linea!”

A woven wind should married women wear,
And naked in a linen cloud appear!

And in a very curious passage, tinctured with that pruriency of language to which, with reverence be it spoken, this grave philosopher was somewhat prone: *Video sericas vestes, si vestes vocandæ sunt, in quibus nihil est quo difendi corpus aut denique pudor possit: quibus sumptis mulier parum liquido nudam se non esse jura-bit. Hæc ingenti summa ab ignotis etiam ad commercium gentibus accersuntur, ut matronæ nostræ ne adulteris quidem plus sui in cubiculo quam in publico ostendant.* The adoption of them by the men,

The wantons would reject a veil so thin,
And blush, while suffering, to display their skin.

was therefore a novelty when Juvenal wrote; and if we consider the fashion of a Roman gown, we must allow that a brawny magistrate, sitting on his awful tribunal in muslin, was a sight calculated to provoke a less irritable spectator than our author.

VER. 101. ————— “*daughters of the game.*”] I once flattered myself that this pretty expression for the Proculus and Polli-neas of Juvenal’s days, would, at least, have escaped censure; but I was deceived. It shall therefore be expunged as soon as I can possibly bring myself to entertain an adequate opinion of the criticks taste and judgment: but in the interim, it must continue, I fear, to give “an air of vulgarity” to the translation.

VER. 103. *The wantons would reject a vest so thin,*] The word here rendered vest, is *toga*; this was peculiar to the men, as *stola* was to the women: but females of dishonest lives, and more especially such as were convicted of adultery, were enjoined by way of penance, to appear in publick in the *toga*. Thus Martial, speaking of an effeminate wretch who walked out in it, says that he was mistaken by the people for a *condemned strumpet*;

“Thelin viderat in toga spadonem,

“*Damnata* Numa dixit esse *mœcham.*”

Hence *stolata* and *togata* came by degrees to signify the virtuous and the loose part of the sex. The epigrammatist can find no worse designation of his antagonist, than *matris togatæ filius*, in plain English, son of a w——; and he upbraids an acquaintance for sending a *stola* to a woman of no reputation, when a *toga* would have suited her better.

“————— *ianthina donas!*

“Vis dare quæ meruit munera? mitte togam.

The Romans seem to have borrowed this custom, as they did many others, from the Greeks, who, as Suidas says, had a law

“ But Sirius glows ; I burn.” Then, quit your dress ;
 ’Twill thus be madness, and the scandal less.
 O ! could our legions, with fresh laurels crown’d,
 And smarting still from many a glorious wound,
 Our rustick mountaineers, (the plough laid by,
 For city cares,) a judge so drest descry, [become
 What thoughts would rise ? Lo ! robes, which mis-
 A witness, deck the awful bench of Rome ;
 And Creticus, stern champion of the laws,
 Gleams through the tissue of pellucid gauze !

Anon from you, as from its fountain head,
 Wide and more wide the flagrant pest will spread ;
 As swine take measles from distemper’d swine,
 And one infected grape pollutes the vine.

that prostitutes should wear a particular dress, τὰς ἐταίρας ἀνθρῶν
 φορεῖν.

VER. 107. O ! could our legions, &c.] Ruperti thinks that this
 passage relates to the present time ; and I have translated it
 accordingly. It will be seen that we agree in this point only ;
 for, as to the sense of the lines, he seems to have altogether
 mistaken it : *Vestitus iste tam ridiculus est, ut, si eo, indutus leges
 ac jura ferres, vel “ populus modo victor, ac montanum vulgus, po-
 sitis aratris,” te videndi audiendique cupiditate adcurreret.* Vol. II.
 70. Nothing can be more unworthy of the author.

VER. 118. And one infected grape pollutes the vine.]

“ Uvaeque conspecta livorem ducit ab uva.”

It is probable, after all, that Juvenal means nothing more by
livor, than that ripening colour which the rusticks of his time
 supposed grapes to acquire by looking at one another. In this
 case, the line will not state the communication of a bad effect,

Yes, Rome shall see you, lewdlier clad, erewhile,
(FOR NONE BECOME, AT ONCE, COMPLETELY VILE,)

but simply of an effect; the translation, however, agrees best with the preceding example. For the rest, this is a proverbial expression: *βοτρυς προς βοτρυν πεπαινεται*. I find it in many languages. One plum gets colour by looking at another, is said, by Mr. Gladwin, (in the *Bahar Danush*,) to be a common phrase in Persia—to signify the propagation of an opinion, custom, &c.

VER. 119. *Yes, Rome shall see, &c.*]

“*Fœdius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis amictu.*”

Lubin would read *aliud*, and, I think, judiciously; for Juvenal does not mean, as he is generally translated, You will attempt a worse crime than this dress; but, You will assume a dress even more scandalous and flagitious than this:—evidently alluding to his entering into the society mentioned below, which took the ornaments and attire of women.

The observation that immediately follows, (*nemo repente fuit turpissimus*,) is a most important one, and cannot be too frequently, nor too deeply meditated upon. Dryden, or rather Stapylton, renders it,

“No man e’er reach’d the heights of vice at first,”
which is very correct; though if the laws of translation allowed, it might be given with more effect thus loosely:

By just degrees we mount from crime to crime,
And perfect villain, is the work of time.

Madan has quoted a passage from *Athelwold*, a forgotten tragedy by Aaron Hill, which affords an admirable comment:

“Never let man be bold enough to say,
“Thus and no further shall my passion stray:
“The first crime past, compels us on to more,
“And guilt grows fate, which was but choice before.”

Beaumont has an allusion to it, in his *King and no King*:

In some opprobrious den of shame, combined
With that vile herd, the horror of their kind,

“ There is a method in man’s wickedness,
“ It grows up by degrees. I am not come
“ So high as killing of myself; there are
“ A hundred thousand sins ’twixt it and me,
“ Which I must do—I shall come to’t at last.”

And Gresset applies it very happily to the singular depravity of the unfortunate Ver-Vert :

“ Il démentit les célèbres maximes
“ Où nous lisons, qu’on ne vient aux grands crimes
“ Que par degrés. Il fut un scélérat
“ Profès d’abord, et sans noviciat.”

VER. 122. — *that vile herd, &c.*] We have here a piece of private history, which, from the silence of contemporary authors, cannot now be fully understood. Every one has heard of the GOOD GODDESS, whose mysterious rites were performed with an extraordinary appearance of sanctity, by women only; and it would seem that a number of men, in those days of irreligion, had formed themselves into a society for the sole purpose of burlesquing them :

“ Atque utinam ritus veteres, et publica saltem
“ His intacta malis agerentur sacra”——

but the memory of my readers will supply them with an instance, where rites more sacred, and mysteries more divine, were polluted—*quin velut occultum pereat scelus!*

To make the ridicule more complete, the ancient society adopted as much of the established ceremony as possible; the object of worship, and the sacrifices, were the same; and as the women, for the sake of greater secrecy and security, met in the house of the Consul or Præfect, so these assembled in a private room, (*domi*,) desecrated, perhaps, for the purpose;—but here the resemblance ceased, and all beyond was profanation and horror.

The commentators, however, maintain that Juvenal alludes

Who twine gay fillets round the forehead ; deck
 With strings of orient pearl, the breast and neck ;
 Sooth the GOOD GODDESS with large bowls of wine,
 And the soft belly of a pregnant swine.—
 No female, foul perversion ! dares appear,
 For males, and males alone, officiate here ;
 “ Far hence,” they cry, “ unholy sex retire,
 “ Our purer rites no lowing horn require !”

to a college or brotherhood founded by Domitian at Alba, in honour of Minerva, to whom (on account of his superiour wisdom and virtue, I suppose) he imagined himself to be related.* But this appears to be altogether improbable, from Suetonius's account of the institution: *Celebrabat et in Albano quotannis Quinquatria Minervæ, cui collegium instituerat; ex quo sorte ducti magisterio fungerentur, ederentque eximias venationes et scenicos ludos, superque oratorum ac poetarum certamina.* There are no features of similarity. Add too, that Statius (in a poem to his wife) boasts of having obtained three prizes in these contests; and he was not a man likely to be connected with a band of catamites and atheists. The “large bowl of wine,” *magno cratere*, is not mentioned without reason: the women usually indulged to excess, at the rites of the Bona Dea; this part of the ceremony, therefore, was not likely to escape imitation.

VER. 129. “Far hence,” &c.] *Ite profanæ.* This is meant as an impious burlesque of the usual adjuration, at the commence-

* Domitian was not singular in this idea, for it would be easy to name other princes, who prided themselves on some remote kind of consanguinity with Minerva. The last on record, I believe, is Catherine II. who, as I have frequently heard from one that knew her well, could not be more effectually flattered than by being reminded how much she resembled this goddess, as she appears on the coins of Attica! There is no accounting for family prejudices; otherwise, I should think she might have been still more gratified, by being told that she was like Diana.

—At Athens thus, involv'd in thickest gloom,
 Cotytto's priests her secret torch illume;
 And to such orgies give the lustful night,
 That e'en Cotytto sickens at the sight.

With tiring-pins, these spread the sooty dye,
 Arch the full brow, and tinge the trembling eye;

ment of the more solemn mysteries, for the uninitiated to withdraw.

VER. 132. *Cotytto's priests, &c.*] Cotytto was the goddess of impurity. Milton has followed Juvenal, in his *Comus*, with great spirit and beauty:

“Dark-veil'd Cotytto, to whom the secret flame
 Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
 That ne'er art call'd but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom.”

VER. 135. *With tiring-pins, these spread the sooty dye, &c.*] We are now admitted into the interior of this society, and behold the members at their several employments. These are well imagined and strongly painted: and if the mention of Otho had not unfortunately brought Domitian to the author's recollection, and occasioned a long digression for the sole purpose of attacking one who was probably dear to that prince, I know not where we should have found a higher-coloured picture, than that of the detestable group before us.

The custom of darkening and extending the arch of the eye seems to have been derived from the East, where it prevailed from the earliest ages. It is said of Jezebel, (2 Kings, c. ix. v. 30,) that she “*painted her face* and tired her head, and looked out of the window.” The margin of the Bible more correctly reads, “*she put her eyes in paint*,” that is, says Bishop Patrick, in *stibium*, (or antimony, the word employed by Juvenal's commentators,) “which made the eyes look black, and was accounted beautiful; and also dilated the eyebrows, and

Those bind their flowing locks in cawls of gold,
Swill from huge glasses of immodest mould,

made the eyes appear big; which in some countries was also thought amiable." Britannicus seems to agree with the text of our translators. *Per oculos*, says he, *intellige genas, quæ inficiebantur*; while the Septuagint renders the Hebrew, *καὶ Ἰεζάβελη ἠκουσε, καὶ ἐσιβίστατο τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς αὐτῆς*. To effect this, an impalpable violet-coloured powder was taken up with the sharp point of a steel or silver needle, and applied to the inner surface of the lids; this was supposed to give the eye a brilliant humidity, a lascivious lustre, altogether irresistible. From the East the practice travelled to Greece, where we have frequent allusions to it. Anacreon desires the painter to give his mistress such an eye, that the portrait may resemble the original:

ΕΧΕΤΩ δ', ὅπως ΕΚΕΙΝΗ,

Το λεληθοῦτως συνοφρυν,

Βλεφαρων δ' ἰτυν κελαϊνῆν.

In Rome too, the custom seems to have been pretty general among the ladies, before the period at which we are arrived: for Ovid mentions it among many other notable receipts for increasing the power of their charms. Only, instead of antimony, (the Grecian pigment,) the Romans used burnt coal: *Nec pudor est oculos tenui signasse favilla*: indeed, they used something stranger still; the soot which collected round the mouth of their lamps;—*raritatem*, says Pliny, *superciliorum emendant cum fungis lucernarum, et fuligine quæ est in rostris earum*. This is the composition in the text.

Holyday says that "the balls of their very eyes were coloured:" In this case *tremantes* will not have the idea of lustful, (his word,) but, quivering from the tenderness of the application: but this learned man was misled, by too literal a translation of his authorities: as the art to which he alludes, seems altogether impracticable. However this may be, the custom continued to prevail even in the decline of the empire, though it was zea-

Light, filmy robes of azure net-work wear ;
And, by their Juno, hark ! the attendants swear !

lously combated by some of the fathers. Naumachius, among much excellent advice which he gives the young women of his time, warns them *not to blacken their eyes*—Holyday was not aware of this passage ; it seems, however, to favour his interpretation :

Μη δε μελαινε τεοισιν ὑπο βλεφαροισιν οπωπας.

VER. 138. *Swill from huge glasses of immodest mould, &c.*] This vice is represented by the fabulist (at least it would seem so from the remains of a little apologue, which have come down to us) as introduced in the days of Prometheus. The vice, as Shakspeare says, is “of good kindred,” though not quite so highly descended : but it was not unusual with the ancients, when they could not satisfactorily account for the introduction of any abomination, to refer it to the “unwiser son of Japhet.” A tacit acquiescence, as it appears to me, in the Scripture doctrine of original depravation.

On the line before us, it will be sufficient to remark, that it strongly characterises the profligacy of those wretches, who not only assumed the dress and manners of women ; but ostentatiously imitated the most abandoned part of them, in their unnatural propensities.

VER. 140. *And, by their Juno, hark ! the attendants swear !*] Generally speaking, men swore by the male, and women by the female deities ; there are exceptions to be found, no doubt, but Juno was always considered as exclusively belonging to the latter. For a man, therefore, to swear by her, was the extreme of effeminacy and irreligion ; and this probably was what chiefly recommended it to this worshipful fraternity. But this is not all : the corruption had reached the attendants ; and they, who were only allowed to swear by the genius of their master, keep pace with him in effeminacy and impiety, and already invoke his Juno !

This grasps a mirror—pathick Otho's boast,
(Auruncan Actor's spoil,) where, while his host,

VER. 141. *This grasps a mirror—pathick Otho's boast,*] Our author seems extremely hostile to Otho: he recollected, perhaps, the influence which he possessed in the court of Nero, to whose pleasures he administered in the most shameless manner. With the usual versatility of favourites, he was the first to join Galba, against his too indulgent master; and we now see him murdering the man whom he contributed so much to advance!

And yet he had some virtues. When his compliance with the vices of Nero had procured him the province of Lusitania, he conducted himself like a just and merciful governour: and there is great reason to suspect, that the report of his effeminate behaviour in the struggle with Vitellius, is a satirical exaggeration. Let us hear Tacitus: *Nec illi segne aut corruptum luxu iter;* (not a word of the *speculum*;) *sed lorica ferrea, et ante signa pedester, horridus, incomptus, famæque dissimilis.* This rough and soldierlike appearance, so unlike his former habits, added to his voluntary death, and the alleged motives for it, should have exempted him from the sarcastick triumph with which Juvenal pursues his end. But he was actuated by a spirit of hostility to the Flavian family, with whom Otho was a favourite: for Vespasian, who suspected Galba of a design upon his life, and therefore persecuted his memory, could not but be well pleased with his murderer. The same consideration, probably, made him a favourite with Martial, the unworthy flatterer of all Domitian's prejudices. He has no objection to allow the superiority of Cato to Otho while he lived, but in his death, and in the motives of it, he is quite clear that he is much beneath him.

“Pathick Otho's boast” is pleasantly parodied from Virgil's *validi gestamen Abantis*; as is “Auruncan Actor's spoil,” in the next line, from *Actoris Aurunci spoliū*: showing, as Holyday has it, from Lubin, “that these base sinners as much esteemed of Otho's looking glass, as Turnus did of the mighty

With shouts, the signal of the fight required,
 He view'd his mailed form ; view'd, and admired !
 Lo, a new subject for the historick page,
 A MIRROR, midst the arms of civil rage !—
 To murder Galba, was—a general's part !
 A stern republican's—to dress with art !

spear which he bravely won from Actor Auruncus." But these "base sinners" were not in possession of Otho's looking-glass, nor does Juvenal say so: they had, indeed, a mirror, and so had Otho; the indignation of the poet supplied the rest.

Otho obtains no favour from Dr. Ireland: "Amidst the obscurity of this passage," (he says,) "which is very abrupt and unconnected, the meaning of Juvenal may, in some degree, perhaps, be discovered, by referring to the history of the time. Galba entered Rome with his sword hanging from his neck by a string, being too much crippled to hold it in his hand! How glorious the conquest of such a foe! *Nimirum summi ducis est!* Otho's treachery, too, was remarkable in this affair. He attended the Emperour, as his friend, to the Capitol; then stole away to the camp to bribe the soldiers, and left the poor old man to be murdered by his partisans, who remained behind. As to his march against Vitellius, it was but a march—for he quitted the field before the action, pretending that he could not bear the sight of citizens destroying one another!—as if, adds Dio, he had not removed every body that stood between himself and the empire, ὥσπερ οὐ τοὺς τε ὑπατοὺς καὶ τὸν Καίσαρα, τὸν τε αυτοκράτορα ἐν αὐτῇ τῇ Ρώμῃ φονεύσας. Lib. LXIV. c. 10. The only thing to be commended in him was his death. Plutarch says he lived full as badly as Nero, but died better: and Dio states this still more strongly: κακίσα γε μὴν ἀνδρῶν ζήσας, καλλίσα ἀπέθανε, καὶ κακουργοτάτα τὴν ἀρχὴν ἀρπάσας, ἀρίστα αὐτῆς ἀπηλλαγῇ."

VER. 147. *To murder Galba, was—a general's part!* Alluding to the decrepitude of this formidable competitor:—see the

The empire of the world in arms to seek,
 And spread—a softening poultice o'er the cheek !
 Preposterous vanity ! and never seen,
 Or in the Assyrian or Egyptian queen,
 Though one in arms near old Euphrates stood,
 And one the doubtful fight at Actium view'd.

No reverence for the table here is found ;
 But brutal mirth, and jests obscene go round :

preceding note. In this, and the three next lines, we have the original of the mock-heroick so much admired in the Rape of the Lock :

“ Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
 Or—some frail china jar receive a flaw ;
 Or stain her honour, or—her new brocade,
 Forget her prayers, or miss—a masquerade ;
 Or lose her heart, or—necklace at a ball,” &c.

VER. 155. *No reverence for the table here is found, &c.*] Among many absurd, and many impious tenets of the ancient theology, there are some to be found of excellent tendency, and not undeserving of imitation. Such, for instance, is the reverent attention with which they regarded their tables, where the gods were constantly supposed to be invisible guests :

“ Ante focos olim lorgis considerare scamnis
 “ Mos erat, et mensæ credere adesse Deos.” *Fast.*

This pleasing idea originated in the infancy of the world, when both profane and sacred history assure us, that celestial intelligences, “on errands of supernal goodness bent,” did not disdain to sit and eat with men. Thus Catullus, in that noble burst of poetry which concludes his Peleus and Thetis :

“ Præsentes namque ante domus invisere castas
 “ Sæpius, et sese mortali ostendere cœtu
 “ Cœlicolæ, nondum sprete pietate, solebant.”

They lisp, they squeal, and the rank language use,
Of Cybele's lewd votaries, or the stews :

Whatever may be thought of this persuasion, the consequences of it were highly beneficial : for hence arose that universal hospitality in countries and in times confessedly barbarous : hence, too, that inviolable sanctity attached to the character of a poor man, and a stranger, who, for aught his entertainer knew, might be a superiour being in disguise. Such, at least, was the prevailing doctrine in the days of Homer :

—οὐ μοι θεμὶς ἐς', οὐδ' εἰ κακίων τεθὲν ἐλθοῖ

Ξεινον ἀτιμῆσαι· πρὸς γὰρ Διὸς εἰσὶν ἅπαντες

Ξεινοὶ τε, πτωχοὶ τε —

To the actual experience of this by Abraham, the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews alludes : “Be not forgetful to entertain strangers ; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.” XIII. 2. The same thought, too, is beautifully touched by Massinger, with a reference to the parting speech of the Archangel Raphael, to Tobit and his son :

“ ——— I tried your charity,

“ When in a beggar's shape you took me up,

“ And clothed my naked limbs, and after fed,

“ As you believ'd, my famish'd mouth. Learn all,

“ By your example, to look on the poor

“ With gentle eyes ! for in such habits often,

“ Angels desire an alms.” *Virgin Martyr*, Act. iv. sc. iii.

While the table was regarded as sacred, ἱερὸν χρῆμα, no light discourse was permitted there : hence we find the most grave and important conversations of the ancient philosophers to have taken place at it : conversations which began with a pious libation to the presiding power, “though unseen,” and which tended to the increase of wisdom and virtue. With reason therefore, does Juvenal launch his indignation at this execrable society, who, not content with burlesquing the rites, profaned the wholesome customs, of their ancestors, and instead of the

Some wild enthusiast, silver'd o'er with age,
 Yet fired by lust's ungovernable rage,
 Of most insatiate throat, is named the priest,
 And sits fit umpire of th' unhallow'd feast;
 Why pause they here? Phrygians long since in heart,
 Whence this delay, to lop a useless part?

Gracchus admired a cornet or a fife,
 And, with an ample dower, became his wife.

images of the Gods, (by the apposition of which they used to consecrate it,) placed upon the polluted table, the instruments of impurity and vice. For more on this subject, see Plutarch, *Rom. Quest.*

VER. 158. *Of Cybele's lewd votaries, &c.*] He alludes to the obscene buffooneries with which the feast of this mother of the gods was celebrated; and which were so gross, that one, who knew them well, assures us, the parents of the actors in them were ashamed to be present at the rehearsals which took place at home, previous to the celebration of the festival.

The Galli mentioned a few lines below, were priests of Cybele: effeminate, debauched, and irreligious wretches, differing in nothing, but their being eunuchs, from this respectable set. It is not without cause, therefore, that Juvenal wonders why the latter preserve so useless a mark of distinction; the removal of which would completely assimilate them to their worthy prototypes.

VER. 165. *Gracchus admired, &c.*] Whether this horrid transaction really happened as Juvenal relates it, cannot now be told, as none of his contemporaries speak of it: certain it is, that Nero had set the example, and, as our author well observes, *quis non faciet quod princeps?* That I may not be obliged, as Tacitus says, to return to so disgusting a subject, (*ne sæpius eadem prodigientia narranda sit,*) I will give the historian's account of it: "At the feast of Tigellinus, the Emperour personated a

The contract sign'd, the wonted bliss implored,
 A costly supper decks the nuptial board;
 And the new bride, amid the wondering room,
 Lies in the bosom of the accursed groom!—
 Say now, ye Nobles, claims this monstrous deed,
 The Aruspex or the Censor? Can we need
 More expiations?—sacrifices?—vows?
 For calving women, or for lambing cows?

The lusty priest, whose limbs dissolv'd with heat,
 What time he danced beneath the Ancilia's weight,

woman, and was given in marriage to one of his favourites called Pythagoras. The augurs assisted at the ceremony, the portion was paid, the genial couch prepared, the nuptial torches lighted up, and all which in natural marriage is covered with darkness, freely exposed to the view of the people." *Ann.* xv. 38.

VER. 171. *Say now, ye Nobles, claims this monstrous deed,*

The Aruspex or the Censor?] The first purified the city from monstrous births, prodigies, &c. by sacrifices and expiations; the second from offences, by punishment. It was the service of the former that was now called for.

VER. 185. *The lusty priest, &c.*] It appears from this, that Gracchus was of a noble family, (indeed it is said so just below,) for such only could be admitted into the college of the Salii or priests of Mars, who had the care of the Ancilia. They were twelve in number, and were so called from the extravagance of their gestures in their annual procession through the city. Plutarch gives a description of their dress, &c. which is very picturesque:—*Τας ἱερας πελτας αναλαβωσιν εν τῷ Μαρτίῳ μηνι, φοινικους μεν ενδεδυμενοι χιτωνισκους, μιτραις δε χαλκαις ὑπεζωσμενοι πλατειαις, και κρανη χαλκα φορουντες, εγχειριδιοις δε μικροις τα ὄπλα κρουοντες· ἡ δε αλλη της ορχησεως ποδων εργον εστι.*

Now flings the ensigns of his god aside,
And takes the stole and flammea of a bride!

Κινούνται δε επιτερωως, ἑλιγμούς τινας, και μεταβολας εν ρυθμῳ
ταχ^ῳ εχοντι και πυκνοτητα μετα ῥωμης και κουφοτητ^ῳ αποδιδόντες
Vit. Num.

With respect to the Ancile, it was a circular or oblong shield, which, in the days of Numa, fell from heaven, and was looked upon as the Palladium of the city. To prevent its being stolen, as that of Troy had been, the good king, as Ovid says, *Consilium multæ caliditatis init*; he prudently ordered eleven more to be made as like it as possible, and delivered the whole into the keeping of twelve of the most respectable families of Rome. These were the Ancilia which were carried about the streets with such boisterous solemnity.

When we consider the disposition of the Romans, we shall be almost tempted to excuse the salutary fraud of Numa. In giving them a pledge of security from above, he evidently sought to check that suspicious ferocity, which induced them to see their safety in nothing but incessant warfare, and the depression of their neighbours. Nor was the experiment a new one: these *αγαλματα διοπετη* were frequent in the old world: witness the statue of Pallas at Troy, of Cybele in Phrygia, of Diana in Tauris, of Minerva at Athens, &c. &c. Though in some cases, these well-meant deceptions seem to have answered the purpose of their employers, yet are they for ever to be deplored, as having, in later days, taught men to use them, with little variation, in the fancied support of a cause which wants no such aids.

VER. 178. *And takes the stole and flammea of a bride!*] The *flammea*, which I have adopted for want of a correspondent term in English, was a light flame-coloured veil, or hood, worn by virgins on the day of marriage: the object of it was to hide their blushes, or rather, perhaps, to favour their delicacy, by encouraging the spectators to confound the suffusion of modesty, with the ruddy tinge shed over the cheek by the hue of the covering. It is well described by the Scholiast:—*Quibus novæ nuptæ cooperiuntur. Vestis pudori similis quam et propter pudorem*

Father of Rome ! from what pernicious clime,
 Did Latian swains derive so foul a crime ?
 Tell where the poisonous nettle first arose,
 Whose baneful juice through all thy offspring flows.
 Behold ! a man for rank and power renown'd,
 Marries a man !—and yet, with thundering sound,
 Thy brazen helmet shakes not ! earth yet stands,
 Fix'd on its base, nor feels thy wrathful hands !
 Is thy arm shorten'd ? Raise to Jove thy prayer—
 But Rome no longer knows thy guardian care ;
 Quit then the charge to some severer Power,
 Of strength to punish in the obnoxious hour.
 “ To-morrow, with the dawn, I must attend
 “ In yonder valley !” Why so soon ? “ A friend
 “ Takes HIM a husband there, and bids a few”—
 FEW, yet : but wait awhile ; and we shall view
 Such contracts form'd without or shame or fear,
 And enter'd on THE RECORDS OF THE YEAR !

Meanwhile, one pang these passive monsters find,
 One ceaseless pang, that preys upon the mind ;

accipiebant. The stole, or flowing gown, already mentioned, was the grave and decent habiliment of a matron. I need not point out the bitterness of the satire.

VER. 197. *Meanwhile, one pang, &c.*] See the complaint of the eunuch Eutropius after his dismissal from the arms of the Egyptian soldier :

“ ——— generis pro sors durissima nostri !

“ Fæmina cum senuit, retinet connubia partu,

They cannot shift their sex, and pregnant prove
 With the dear pledges of a husband's love :
 Wisely confined by Nature's steady plan,
 Which counteracts the wild desires of man.
 For them, no drugs prolifick powers retain,
 And the Luperci strike their palms in vain.

“ Uxorisque decus matris reverentia pensat :

“ Nos Lucina fugit, nec pignore nitimur ullo,” &c.

VER. 204. *And the Luperci strike their palms in vain.*] The festival of the Lupercalia (to which Juvenal here alludes) seems to have been instituted in honour of Pan by the herdsmen ; and the rites were such as would naturally suggest themselves to their uncultivated minds. A goat was sacrificed, and as that animal was the symbol of generation, the rusticks, who partook of it, were supposed to have the faculty of communicating fecundity to whatever they touched : they therefore wrapt themselves in the skin of the victim, and ran about the fields with a thong or light wand in their hands, with which they gently struck the palms of the women who superstitiously threw themselves in their way.

This festival was probably introduced into Italy by Evander ; who was found sacrificing by Æneas (see the beautiful description of it, Æneid. lib. viii.) in a grove near the Palatine hill. As this was also the spot where Romulus and his brother were afterwards suckled by the wolf, it became doubly interesting to the Romans ; and here, therefore, they built their temple to Lupercus or Pan.

The privilege of rendering the ladies fruitful was not long confined to the rusticks. Two societies of noble Romans were early instituted for this benevolent purpose ; and a third was afterwards added by Julius Cæsar, of which Antony was a member :

Cæsar. Antonius !

Anton. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæsar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,

And yet these prodigies of vice appear,
 Less monstrous, Gracchus, than the net and spear,
 With which equipp'd, you urged th' unequal fight,
 And fled, dishonour'd, in a nation's sight :

To touch Calphurnia : for our elders say,
 The barren, touched in this holy chase,
 Shake off their sterile curse.

This folly continued long after the introduction of Christianity ; and is frequently alluded to, in terms of great indignation, by Lactantius, Minucius Felix, Prudentius, and others. But in their days, some slight innovations had been introduced :—the ladies who, when Juvenal wrote, only exposed their bare hands to the stroke, began now to strip themselves, to receive it more effectually. To sum up all in a word, this ceremony, indecent as it was, seems to have been one of the last Pagan superstitions that went out. It was abolished by Gelasius, and not without trouble : nay, the discontent ran so high, that the holy father was obliged to justify himself by an elaborate apology, which still exists :—*Apud illos, says he, nobiles ipsi currebant, et matronæ nudato corpore vapulabant !*

VER. 206. *Less monstrous, Gracchus, than the net and spear, &c.*] Holyday thinks it strange that Juvenal should fancy it more monstrous in Gracchus to become a gladiator than a wife ; “ the one being only a fault against honour, the other a crime against nature.” He will, therefore, have it, that the poet does not compare the two for the heinousness, but for the impudence in committing them. But this was far from the mind of Juvenal, who thought as he spoke, and really believed this last action of Gracchus to be his worst.—“ This, however,” says Dr. Ireland, “ may well be doubted. In the eighth Satire, he seems to go a step further, and to consider the stage-playing of the great men, as still worse than their gladiatorship. Yet could he be of this opinion ? Perhaps it is an instance of that spirit of aggravation which so much

Though nobler far than each illustrious name,
 That throng'd the pit, (spectators of your shame,)
 Nay, than the Prætor, who the Show supplied,
 At which your base dexterity was tried.

That angry Justice form'd a dreadful hell,
 That ghosts in subterraneous regions dwell,
 That hateful Styx his sable current rolls,
 And Charon ferries o'er unbodied souls,
 Are now as tales or idle fables prized ;
 By children question'd, and by men despised :
 YET THESE, DO THOU BELIEVE. What thoughts,
 declare,

Ye Scipios, once the thunderbolts of war !
 Fabricius, Curius, great Camillus' ghost !
 Ye valiant Fabii, in yourselves an host !

distinguishes Juvenal. Whatever be the vice which he lashes, he bestows the whole of his fury upon it ; and in many places the climax of moral reprehension is strangely perverted."

It is certain however, that the gladiatorship of the nobility was felt with the utmost horror by the writers of Roman history, whether native or Grecian. As I shall have occasion to return to the subject, I postpone what I have to say on this adventure of Gracchus, to the eighth Satire, where it is given more at large.

VER. 210. *That throng'd the pit, &c.*] What is here, in default of a better word, called the pit, (*podium*,) was a narrow slip between the orchestra or front of the arena, and the lowest line of benches ; affording just space enough for the curule chairs of the magistrates, and the first families of the state, which are here enumerated by the author.

Ye dauntless youths at fatal Cannæ slain !
 Spirits of many a brave and bloody plain !
 What thoughts are yours, whene'er, with feet
 unblest,

AN UNBELIEVING SHADE invades your rest ?

—Ye fly, to expiate the blasting view ;

Fling on the pine-tree torch the sulphur blue,

And from the dripping bay, dash round the lustral
 dew.

VER. 237. *Ye fly, to expiate the blasting view: &c.*] “The ancient manner of purifying those who were polluted by the sight or touch of impure objects, was with sulphur, and fire made of the unctuous pine:” they were also sprinkled with a laurel branch dipped in water. Juvenal’s expression is—*cuperent lustrari, si qua darentur*, if they could get sulphur, &c. *i. e.* says Lubin, *apud inferos, ubi talia FORTE non sunt*; below, where, perhaps, such articles are not to be found. I love a careful commentator like Lubin. In the simplicity of his heart, he sometimes ventures to suspect the *veracity* of his author; but that he could ever be guilty of the crime of *poetry*, does not once seem to have entered his thoughts.

For the rest: we see here, that the poet attributes the profligacy of the times to the disbelief of a future state, and certainly with great reason: for were it possible that such incredulity could become general, no barrier would remain of sufficient force to check the torrent of vicious propensities, which would burst upon us from a thousand springs, and again, as in the days of Noah, “fill the earth with corruption and violence.”

It is to be lamented that Juvenal, who appears extremely anxious to impress upon the minds of his countrymen, the existence of a future state, should yet give a description of it which, to speak tenderly, borders upon the mean, if not the ridiculous.

And yet—to these abodes we all must come,
Believe, or not, these are our final home ;

But he is rather to be pitied than blamed. Such doctrines as his creed supplied, he laboured to enforce. It is true, purer sources of information had been opened, but before we condemn his ignorance, we ought to be sure that he had it in his power to avail himself of them.

Mr. Owen has an excellent observation on this passage. “Many strange conceptions have prevailed, even among Christians, with regard to the circumstances of the invisible world. And no wonder : we can only conceive it under sensible images. But the general truth stands independent of all fictions, and follies. Scepticism may smile at the croaking frogs, and squallid ferryman, but Nature will not be laughed out of her hopes and fears.”

These “strange conceptions,” however, do not affect Christianity. They are the reveries of men, unmindful alike of the language of their divine Master, and of his Apostle. By the former, a state of reprobation is briefly, but forcibly, described as a place “where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched :” and of a state of blessedness, the latter says, with unrivalled energy and beauty, “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.”

It is elsewhere said, that on the revision of this work, few errors were discovered that affected the sense of the original : the translation of this passage, however, has been controverted by some of my literary friends. As their arguments all tend to the same point, I subjoin those of the Laureat, which I consider as the most elaborate, for the reader’s consideration.

“The absurd stories of the infernal regions are now hardly credited in the nursery, but suppose them true, and think what the ghosts of our ancient warriors would feel, when the shades of wretches like these come among them ; they would seek every means of lustration, as being polluted by the sight.

Though now Ierne tremble at our sway,
And Britain, boastful of her length of day ;

“Here Juvenal has completely done with this part of his subject, and what follows connects with what immediately preceded the passage. “Alas ! wretches that we are ! we are now brought to that disgraceful situation, that while our arms are victorious in the most remote parts of the earth, we are stained with crimes unknown to the barbarians we have subdued.”

“Your own note, beginning *It is to be lamented*, convinces me that it was by no means the intention of Juvenal to “impress the belief of a future state on the minds of his countrymen,” for had that been his intention, he would have selected, as Virgil has done in his sixth *Æneid*, the most solemn and impressive notion of a future state : instead of which, he has chosen the most absurd, puerile, and improbable circumstances, and the *una transire radum tot millia cymba* is to me decisive of his own incredulity ; and it should seem that you are something of the same opinion, as you have scarcely noticed it.

“However unlikely the unlearned men of ancient Rome were to be tainted with that scepticism which prevailed among their posterity, surely it was not the shade of an unbeliever that was so *peculiarly* calculated to rouse the indignation of those “thunderbolts of war,” as one of those effeminate wretches who form the object of the whole satire, as well after as before this passage : besides, to whom can *talis umbra* relate, but to the imperial pathick or the noble and cowardly gladiator ?”

Such is the opinion of Mr. Pye ; who has also furnished me with a version of the whole passage, according to his conception of it.

“That, after death, unbodied souls remain,
In subterranean Pluto's gloomy reign,
The Stygian frogs, the myriads wafted o'er,
In one frail vessel to th' infernal shore,

Though the blue Orcades receive our chain,
And isles that slumber in the frozen main.

The nursery laughs at ;—but suppose them true,
And think with what contempt must Curtius view,
What of our ancient chiefs the indignant ghosts,
What Cremona and Cannæ's slaughtered hosts,
Such shades as these descend, how flit away,
To seek the sulphurous torch, and expiating bay !

Ah, wretches that we are ! immers'd so far
In shameless vice, that, victors in the war,
While on earth's distant shores our eagles fly,
On conquering wing, and float th' ungenial sky,
We're stain'd with crimes, &c."

Such also is the opinion of Ruperti, who sees no difficulty in the expression, taken in this sense. Vol. II. 91.

It would ill become me to have appeared as a translator of Juvenal, without previously weighing these and similar objections. I could never believe the author capable of saying, "I inform you, Gracchus, that there is no future state ; but—if there should be, what would the spirits of our ancient warriors think of you?" Gracchus must have laughed outright at such a question, and, if he condescended to notice it at all, have replied that—he need not trouble himself with conjecturing what might be thought of him by those who, according to the interrogator's own premises, were nonentities. But Juvenal was no unbeliever. He describes, indeed, the world of spirits, as peopled by the figments of the poets ; and I know not how he could do otherwise ; but it does not therefore follow that he gave credit to those fooleries. He uses them as Socrates, perhaps, would have done, in conformity to the traditionary creed, as a simple vehicle of his opinion respecting the immortality of the soul, and nothing more.

As to his "selection of circumstances," I might attribute it to the want of a correct taste, which is visible on other occasions ; but I am more inclined to place it to the account of his peculiar

But why of conquest boast? the conquer'd climes
Are free, O Rome, from thy detested crimes.

turn for satire: he, like his immediate predecessor, is—*petulanti splene cachinno*, and sometimes weakens his argument by too free an indulgence of it. Here he evidently aims at Virgil, with whose description of Charon, Styx, &c. he does not appear greatly edified, and which, indeed, whatever may be thought of its sublimity, is scarcely less puerile than his own. The “frogs” are not very heroick, it must be confessed; but the *una transire* &c. is a mere parody of the *Æneid*, where the grave account of Charon’s taking the two adventurers into his crazy boat, driving the ghosts into a corner to make room for them, and finally landing them, completely drenched, on the mud, is as obnoxious to ridicule, as any thing in the passage before us.

But Ruperti, and those who think with him, render *Sed tu vera puta*, “Suppose these things should be true!” a version which agrees as little with the spirit as the sense of the original. No instance can be produced, I believe, where a simple supposition is conveyed in such emphatick language; which, to me, has all the air of a solemn injunction: “BUT BE THOU PERSUADED THAT THESE THINGS ARE TRUE.” Nor do I think the criticks more successful in their explanation of *Illuc heu miseri traducimur!* they say it means “To what a pass are we wretches come!” I see nothing of the language of indignation in this apostrophe, but rather of pathos and deep dejection, arising from the conviction of a momentous truth:

And yet to these abodes we all must come,
Believe, or not, these are our final home!

There is a passage in Petronius, which seems to ascertain the sense of this disputed exclamation. Trimalchio produces at his table, *larvam argenteam*, (a model of a skeleton, I suppose,) and after bandying it about for some time among the guests, affectedly breaks out:

No ;—one Armenian all our youth outgoes,
 And, with curs'd fires, for a base tribune glows.
 True : such thy power, Example ! He was brought
 An hostage hither, and the infection caught.—
 O, bid the striplings flee ! for sensual art,
 Here lurks to snare the unsuspecting heart ;
 Then farewell, simple nature !—Pleased no more,
 With knives, whips, bridles, (all they prized of yore,)

“ HEU, HEU, NOS MISEROS ! quam totus homuncio nil est !

“ Sic erimus cuncti, postquam nos auferet Orcus.”

VER. 233. *And Britain, boastful of her length of day ;*] He alludes to the northernmost parts of the Island, where (it is scarcely necessary to observe,) the nights are very short during the summer solstice. In the former editions this passage was rendered generally—

Though wide around our conquering arms are hurl'd,
 And the huge grasp embrace the polar world.

A version which is entirely at the service of the next translator.

VER. 238. *No ;—one Armenian, &c.] Et tamen unus, &c.* Rupertus thinks that there would be more spirit in this passage, if it were put into the dramatick form ; and I have adopted his idea. The objection is raised by a friend, to what is said in a preceding line,—*non faciunt illi quos vicimus* ; there is now additional point in the reply, *Aspice quid faciant commercia !* an expression perhaps for which the poet was indebted to the verse of Menander,

Φθειγουσιν ηδη χρησθ' ομιλιν κακαι.

Juvenal gives the name of the poor youth mentioned in the text, (Zalates,) so that the anecdote was probably well known when he wrote. It was customary with the Romans, when they

Thus taught, and thus debauch'd, they hasten home,
To spread the morals of Imperial Rome !

received hostages from a conquered or tributary state, to place them, under a pretence of honour, in some of the most respectable houses ; the masters of which were responsible for their safety. The tribune, to whom Zalates was intrusted, betrayed his duty, and corrupted the principles of his unsuspecting guest.

Thus taught, and thus debauch'd, they hasten home,

To spend the morals of Imperial Rome!

revelled, from a chambered or tributed state, to pass
them, under a picture of horror, in form of the most repulsive
and houses; the master of which were responsible for their
safety. The tribune, to whose labours was intrusted, secured his
only and outsped the principles of his improving guest.

SATIRE III.

Argument.

UMBRITIUS, an *Aruspex*,* and a friend of the Author, disgusted at the prevalence of vice, and the total disregard of needy and unassuming virtue, is introduced on the point of quitting Rome. The Poet accompanies him some little way from the city, when the honest exile, no longer able to suppress his indignation, stops short, and in a strain of animated invective, acquaints him with the causes of his retirement.

This Satire is managed with wonderful ingenuity. The way by which Juvenal conducts his friend out of the city, is calculated to raise a thousand tender images in his mind: and when, after lingering a moment at the gate, *Umbritius* stops to look at it for the last time, in a spot endeared by religion, covered with the venerable relicks of antiquity, and in itself eminently beautiful; we are tempted to listen with uncommon attention to the farewell of the solitary fugitive.

What he says may be arranged under the following heads: that Flattery and Vice are the only thriving arts at Rome; that in these, particularly the first, foreigners have a manifest superiority over the natives, and consequently engross all favour; that the poor are universally exposed to scorn and insult; that the general habits of extravagance render it difficult for them to subsist; and that a crowded capital subjects them to numberless inconveniences unknown in the country, on the tranquillity and security of which he feelingly dilates. He then adverts again to the peculiar sufferings of the poorer citizens from the want of a well regulated police: these he illustrates by a variety of examples, and concludes in a strain of pathos and beauty, which winds up the whole with singular happiness.

* Tacitus says, that on the day Galba was murdered, *Umbritius* predicted the impending treachery; (Hist. lib. i. 27;) in which he is followed by Plutarch. Pliny calls him the most skilful *Aruspex* of the age, *Umbritius Aruspicum in nostro ævo peritissimus*.

SATIRE III.

Argument.

UNBRIUS, or Arapex, and a friend of the Author, dis-
gusted at the prevalence of vice, and the total disregard of honesty
and virtuous culture, is introduced on the point of quitting Rome.
The poet accompanies him some little way from the city, when the
heroic exits, no longer able to suppress his indignation, stops short,
and in a strain of animated invective, upbraids him with the causes
of his retirement.

This Satire is managed with wonderful rapidity. The way by
which Unbrius conducts his friend out of the city is calculated to
raise a thousand tender images in his mind; and when, after the
giving a moment at the gate, Unbrius stops to look at it for the
last time, in a spot adorned by religion, covered with the venerable
relics of antiquity, and in itself eminently beautiful; we are tempted
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vehement beauty, which winds up the whole with singular happy-

* Tacitus says, that on the day Galba was murdered, Unbri-
us predicted the impending treachery: (Hist. l. 13. c. 27.) in
which he is followed by Plutarch. Pliny calls him the most
skilful Arapex of the age. Unbrius, Arapex, or rather one
of the same name.

SATIRE III.

V. 1—6.

GRIEVED though I am to see the man depart,
Who long has shared, and still must share my heart,
Yet (when I call my better judgment home)
I praise his purpose ; to retire from Rome,
And give, on Cumæ's solitary coast,
The Sibyl—one inhabitant to boast !

VER. 5. ——— on Cumæ's solitary coast,] Juvenal gives the epithet *vacuæ* to Cumæ, which puzzles honest Barten : for how, says he, can a place be empty which is described, just below, as a thoroughfare to Baiæ ? This, too, seems to be the stumbling-block of the commentators in general ; who, alarmed for the veracity of the poet, explain the word, by *quietæ, otiosæ, non tam plenæ hominum quam est Roma, &c.* But there is no need ;—a place may be uninhabited though crowds traverse it daily ; and this, in truth, is what the author satirically hints at : that Baiæ, which Seneca calls *diversorium vitiorum*, should have such attractions for the Romans, as to draw them all to it—in despite of the many beautiful spots in its vicinity, through which they were obliged to pass, and of whose charms, therefore, they could not be ignorant.

The next line,—*atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ*,—appears to have been constantly mistaken by the translators. Holyday renders it—

“ ——— to add,

“ To good Sibylla one inhabitant more ;”

Full on the road to Baiæ, Cumæ lies,
 And many a sweet retreat her shore supplies—
 Though I prefer even Prochyta's bare strand,
 To the Suburra :—for, what desert land,
 What wild, uncultured spot, can more affright,
 Than fires, wide blazing through the gloom of night,
 Houses, with ceaseless ruin, thundering down,
 And all the horrors of this hateful town ?
 Where poets, while the dogstar glows, rehearse,
 To gasping multitudes, their barbarous verse !

and he is followed by all the rest. I am inclined to think, however, that the poet (still speaking with the warranted license of a satirist) meant to insinuate that Cumæ was really deserted : no great compliment, it must be confessed, to the good sense of his contemporaries ; for the situation was well chosen, and the country about it delightful. Whether the taste of the Romans improved, I know not ; but this town was afterwards inhabited, and, in the reign of Justinian, stood a long and severe siege.

Cumæ was dedicated to the Sibyl, who had a temple here. It was here, too, that Dædalus (v. 41) alighted, in his flight from Crete.

VER. 9. *Though I prefer even Prochyta, &c.*] Prochyta was a bare and rugged rock in the Tuscan sea, not far from the Promontory of Misenus. It is now a fertile, and a pretty spot. The Suburra, to which Juvenal prefers this desolate island, was one of the most fashionable and crowded streets of Rome.

VER. 15. *Where poets, &c.*] The humourous malice of the author ! who, enumerating the dreadful dangers of an overgrown capital—fires, falls of houses, &c. finishes with the most dreadful of all—poets reciting their works in the dogdays ! Metastasio's translation of this Satire, though neither remarkable for vigour,

Now had my friend, impatient to depart,
 Consign'd his little all to one poor cart :
 For this, without the town, he chose to wait ;
 But stopp'd a moment at the Conduit-gate.—
 Here Numa erst his nightly visits paid,
 And held high converse with the Egerian maid :
 Now the once-hallow'd fountain, grove, and fane,
 Are let to Jews, a wretched, wandering train,

nor for a right apprehension of the drift of the original, has yet many well turned passages : here is one of them :—to those who have experienced an Italian summer, it is peculiarly striking :

“ ————— a tanti rischi

“ Della città trovarsi esposto, e al folle

“ *Cicalar de' poeti a' giorni estivi.*”

He follows the rest, in his rendering of the passage above :

“ Che a far s' en vada alla Sibilla il dono

“ D'un nuovo cittadin.”—

VER. 21. *Here Numa erst &c.*] Livy tells us that, just without the walls of Rome, there was a little grove watered by a perennial spring, which rose in the middle of it. To this, Numa, who had probably contracted, in the privacy of his former life, a love of solitude which followed him to the throne, used frequently to retire : and here he seems, soon after his accession, to have conceived the design of turning his darling propensity to the advantage of his new subjects. For this purpose, he gave out, that, in this lonely recess, he met the goddess Egeria, who furnished him from time to time with the statutes to be observed by the city. A rude and uninformed race of warriors listened with awe, to the dictates of Heaven : and Numa had the secret satisfaction of seeing his institutions not merely received, but revered.

Whose furniture's, a basket fill'd with hay,—
For every tree is forced a tax to pay ;

It is impossible to avoid thinking of Mahomet here—but he was a man of blood, and very unworthy of his pious and pacifick prototype.

VER. 25. *Whose furniture, &c.*] The commentators, not content with the obvious meaning of this passage, have laboured to find a mystery in it. Britannicus, in his observations on the sixth Satire, (where the words are again used,) says, that the hay served these Jews to lie on. This is rational enough ; but how, rejoins Holyday, could they carry about sufficient for such a purpose ? He, therefore, inclines to think, with Lyranus, that the hay was not so much a mark of their poverty, as of their servitude in Egypt, which, it seems, they gloried in obtruding upon the notice of the Romans :—by way of contrasting it, I suppose, with their present flourishing and happy situation ! It may look like trifling to reply, that in this case, they should rather have carried straw : but the truth is, there is no room for refinement on the subject. The poet merely intended to censure the irreligion and avarice of his countrymen. The former, in assigning the sacred groves to this despised race, (*pars despectissima servientium*,) who, being driven from the city by Domitian, were glad to take up their abode in the nearest place which promised them a shelter : and the latter, in exacting the rent from them, though all their wealth was a basket, in which, perhaps, they carried what they begged, and a little hay, which either served for provender for their beasts, (asses,) or for themselves to repose on at night.

One of Juvenal's most judicious translators observes, that it is improbable the Jews should pay tribute (why *tribute* ? is it not *mercedem*, *rent* ?) for their cold lodging in a grove." Yet this is expressly asserted by the author, *Omnis enim populo, &c.* He will, therefore, have it (and he is far from being singular) that Juvenal alludes to the tribute which every Jew was obliged to pay

And while the heaven-born Nine in exile rove,
The beggar rents their consecrated grove !

Thence slowly winding down the vale, we view
The Egerian grotts—ah, how unlike the true !
Nymph of the Spring ! more honour'd hadst thou
If, free from art, an edge of living green, [been,
Thy bubbling fount had circumscribed alone,
And marble ne'er profaned the native stone.

Umbrilius here his sullen silence broke,
And turn'd on Rome, indignant, as he spoke.

to the Temple, and which, after its destruction, Vespasian transferred to the Capitol. Such an idea is altogether inconsistent with the spirit of the passage. The obnoxious nature of the demand (in Juvenal's mind) was for the use of the groves themselves, and every other supposition weakens the force of his satire.

VER. 31. *Nymph of the Spring ! &c.*] We have here a pleasing instance of the good taste of Juvenal: but he was an enthusiastick admirer of nature, and the little views of the country with which he indulges us from time to time, are painted *con amore*, and from the heart.

It is but justice, however, to add, that he is indebted for some of the finest touches in the picture before us, to a most exquisite description of a fount and grotto, by Ovid :

- “ ——— in extremo est antrum nemorale recessu,
- “ Arte laboratum nulla ; simulaverat artem
- “ Ingenio natura suo : nam pumice vivo,
- “ Et levibus tophis nativum duxerat arcum.
- “ Fons sonat a dextra tenui perlucidus unda,
- “ Margine gramineo patulos incinctus hiatus.” *Met.* iii. 157.

After saying thus much of ancient, it may not be amiss to

Since virtue droops, he cried, without regard,
 And honest toil scarce hopes a poor reward ;
 Since every morrow sees my means decay,
 And still makes less the little of to-day ;
 I go, where Dædalus, as poets sing,
 First check'd his flight, and closed his weary wing :
 While something yet of health and strength re-
 mains,

And yet no staff my faltering step sustains ;
 While few gray hairs upon my head are seen,
 And my old age is vigorous still, and green.
 Here then, I bid my much loved home farewell—
 Ah, mine no more !—there let Arturius dwell,
 And Catulus ; knaves, who, in truth's despite,
 Can white to black transform, and black to white,
 Build temples, furnish funerals, auctions hold,
 Farm rivers, ports, and scour the drains for gold !

subjoin a short specimen of modern taste. On this beautiful passage,

————— quanto præstantius esset
 Numen aquæ, &c.

Wakefield remarks, in his *Lucretius*, Vol. I. 52. *Loci color mihi persuadet veri esse similes divinationes nostras,*

————— quanto præstantius isset
 Flumen aquæ, &c.

Euge ! a river rushing out of an auger-hole ? I now see why the German criticks prefer his *divinations*, as I am told they do, to those of Porson.

ONCE they were trumpeters, and always found,
 With strolling fencers, in their annual round,
 While their puff'd cheeks, which every village knew,
 Call'd to "high feats of arms," the rustick crew:
 Now they give Shows themselves; and, at the will,
 Of the base rabble, raise the sign—to kill,

VER. 57. *Now they give Shows themselves; &c.] i. e. munera,* the technical phrase for an exhibition of gladiators. They once served the prize-fighters, (fellows who travelled about the country, somewhat in the manner of our cudgel-players,) now they affect to be great men themselves, and bring gladiators into the arena to amuse the people.

Such appears to be the plain sense of the passage. Ruperti, however, is not satisfied; he thinks, with Hennin, that there is a satirical allusion to the times of Nero, when musick was one of the gainful arts. In a word, he wishes to understand lyrists, or mimes, or lawyers, or common cryers, or any thing by the expression, rather than trumpeters, and followers of a strolling company of fencers, as I have rendered it. All this seems very strange: for on the latter interpretation alone can the poignancy of the succeeding lines be aptly founded. The observation which he quotes, with such approbation, from Ferrarius, that we nowhere read of trumpeters playing to gladiators, but always to actors, is a little hypercritical. No one imagines that they played in tune to their thrusts and blows: they were much more probably employed to call the people together, before the commencement of the show. A single visit to a country fair would explain all this better than a thousand commentators.

When an ancient custom can be rendered with precision, it is always right to do that justice to the original; when it cannot, it is better, perhaps, to give its general sense, than to descend to particulars, in which every thing is disputed, and nothing concluded:

Ambitious of their voice : then turn, once more,
To their vile gains, and farm the common shore !

“ ——— verso pollice vulgi

“ Quemlibet occidunt populariter” —

literally means, from an affectation of popularity they put to death whomsoever the rabble, by a turn of their thumbs, condemn. *Verso pollice*, and *converso pollice*, are known to be signals of contempt, by which the spectators adjudged to death the vanquished combatant. How these were expressed,—whether by holding up a hand clenched, with the thumb bent backward, or by any other method, cannot now be determined : nor indeed is it of much consequence ; the sense of the passage is given in the translation, and the reader who wishes for further remarks on it, may consult Dacier, and others, who have written professedly on the subject.

It should be added, that the vanquished gladiator was sometimes preserved, *compresso pollice*. I wish I could say frequently : but he who considers how great a tendency the sight of reiterated murder has to harden the mind, will not believe that there were many proofs of compassion exhibited. If we look for them any where, it must be amongst the vestal Virgins, whose service was unbloody, and who might, therefore, be suspected to have had a little of the “ milk of human kindness” in them. But hear Prudentius :

“ O tenerum mitemque animum ! consurgit ad ictus :

“ Et, quoties victor ferrum jugulo inserit, illa

“ Delicias ait esse suas ! pectusque jacentis

“ Virgo modesta jubet converso pollice rumpi ;

“ Ne lateat pars ulla animæ vitalibus imis,

“ Altius impresso dum palpitat ense secutor !”

Now I have mentioned these sports, (for so they were called !) it may not be amiss to add a few words on the dreadful waste of mankind occasioned by them. No war, no pestilence, ever swept

And why not every thing?—since Fortune throws
Her more peculiar smiles on such as those,

off such multitudes of the human race. Lipsius asserts, that, in some months, twenty or thirty thousand were slaughtered in Europe alone; and his calculation does not appear at all exaggerated. We blame, says he, the cruelty of Nero and Caligula, who probably put to death some hundreds of men in the course of their reigns; while we say nothing of many private citizens, who frequently butchered a thousand in a day!

The dead (it is not easy to say why, unless from a principle of revenge in the living) were anciently supposed to delight in human blood: prisoners of war, therefore, were sometimes put to death at the grave of a favourite chief who had fallen in battle, as the readiest way to appease his manes. From this practice, undoubtedly, sprang the one of which we are treating: combats of gladiators having been primarily exhibited in Rome, at the funerals of eminent persons; to which indeed they were for some time restricted. The magistrates themselves first broke through this restraint, and produced them for the entertainment of the city at the Saturnalia, and other festivals. As they were much followed, ambitious men soon discovered that the readiest road to power, was to gratify the people in these amusements, which, therefore, became extremely frequent.

They seem to have received their first check from Cicero, who introduced a law for preventing candidates for public offices from exhibiting them. Augustus afterwards decreed, that they should be given only twice a year: and these regulations continued in force during the reign of his immediate successor. Caligula again permitted all the citizens to give them as often as they pleased. Domitian, who snuffed the scent of blood like a vulture, encouraged them by every means in his power; and even the “mild virtues of Trajan” were not thought to be disgraced by the horrid spectacle of 10,000 wretched victims, whom he exhibited in his triumph over the Dacians.

Besides the checks above mentioned, there were others of a

Whene'er, to wanton merriment inclined,
She lifts to thrones, the dregs of human kind !

But why, my friend, should I at Rome remain ?
I cannot teach my stubborn lips to feign ;

secondary nature. Tacitus quotes a decree of the senate, by which it was provided, *ne quis gladiatorum munus ederet cui minor quadringentorum millium res esset*. Even thus, it seems to have been confined to the free citizens ; for Harpocras, the freedman of Claudius, is mentioned, by Suetonius, as exhibiting them by the Emperour's " special indulgence." We may now account for the indignation with which the poet speaks of these arrogant upstarts, who, elated by the success of their sordid contracts, presumed to put forth those bloody shows, and dispose of the lives of their fellow-creatures, at the caprice of a barbarous rabble, whose voices they thus laboured to obtain.

Combats of gladiators continued to the days of Constantine, who, to the honour of Christianity, first prohibited them by an edict. Some faint traces of them, however, appeared under the succeeding Emperours ; but they were finally done away by Arcadius and Honorius.

VER. 61. ————since *Fortune* throws, &c.] We must not be surprised at finding this capricious deity actuated by a variety of motives in the advancement of her creatures. Here, she is influenced by levity ; in the following distich, which has all the caustick archness of Juvenal, she is instigated by something not quite so venial ; and like a mere mortal female, exerts her power at the expense of her inclination :

Οὐκ ἐθέλουσα Τυχὴ σε προηγαγεῖν, ἀλλ' ἵνα δείξῃ
Ὡς ὅτι καὶ μεχρὶ σοῦ πάντα ποιεῖν δύναται.

Anthol.

VER. 65. *But why, my friend, should I at Rome remain ?*] Martial

Nor, when I hear a great man's verses, smile,
And beg a copy, if I think them vile.
A sublunary wight, I have no skill
To read the stars ; I neither can, nor will,

has conveyed this thought from our author, ("convey, the wise it call,") and worked it up into a tolerable epigram. Here is Cowley's translation, which is not so good as it might be:—for the concluding couplets, I am answerable :

"Honest and poor, faithful in word and thought,
"What has thee, Fabian, to the city brought?
"Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd can'st play,
"Nor with false whispers th'innocent betray;
"Nor wives corrupt, nor from rich beldames get
"A living by thy industry and sweat;
"Nor with vain promises and projects cheat,
"Nor bribe nor flatter any of the great.
"What means hast thou to thrive? Ho! thou art just,
"A man of courage, firm, and fit for trust;
"Nay then, thou canst not fail!—but, hie thee home,
"For, seriously, thou art not made for Rome." *Lib. iv. 5.*

In Wyatt's Epistle to his friend Poynes, there are several passages which show that he had this Satire before him :

"But how may I this honour now attaine,
"That cannot dye the colour blacke a lyer?
"My Poynes, I cannot frame my tune to fayn,
"To cloke the truth, for praise without desert,
"Of them that list all vice for to retayne."

In consequence of this attachment to truth, he protests (among other things) that he cannot prefer Chaucer's tale of Sir Topas to his Palamon and Arcite : he cannot—

Presage a father's death ; I never pried,
In toads, for poison, nor—in aught beside.

- “ Praise Syr Topas for a noble tale,
“ And scorne the story that the Knight tolde.
“ Praise him for counsell that is dronke of ale ;
“ Grinne when he laughes that beareth all the sway,
“ Frowne when he frownes, and grone when he is pale ;
“ On others lust to hang both night and day,” &c.

It is singular that this should have escaped Warton, a piddler in minute plagiarisms, in his elaborate remarks on this excellent old poet.

VER. 71. ————— *I never pried*

In toads,—&c.] Either our toad is not the *rana rubeta* of the ancients, or it has lost its destructive qualities in this country, where it is generally understood to be innoxious. In Juvenal's time, no doubt was entertained of its poisonous nature. It is frequently alluded to by the elder Pliny, and once in strong terms, as extremely hostile to life. The compounders of these doses, (and, as Rabelais says, there was a world of people at Rome then, as well as now, that got an honest livelihood by poisoning,) might probably give out such a report, to conceal the real fact ; but I should imagine that the substances which they used were either vegetable, or mineral, and of a much more subtile, and deleterious nature than any thing which the *genus ranarum* could supply. It is no great reflection, however, on our author, to say, that he was ignorant of the secret.

Madan has a strange note on this line : “ the language here is metaphorical, and alludes to augurs inspecting the entrails of beasts slain in sacrifice, on the view of which they drew their good or ill omens.” With a degree of carelessness inexcusable in a schoolboy, he confounds augurs with aurspices ; and the consequences are such as might be expected. Umbritius, whose sole employment was that of inspecting the entrails of beasts,

Others may aid the adulterer's vile design,
And bear the insidious gift, and melting line,
Seduction's agents ! I such deeds detest ;
And, honest, let no thief partake my breast.
For this, without a friend, the world I quit ;
A palsied limb, for every use unfit.

Who now is loved, but he whose conscious breast,
Swells with dark deeds, still, still to be suppress ?
He pays, he owes, thee nothing, (strictly just,)
Who gives an honest secret to thy trust ;
But, a dishonest !—there, he feels thy power,
And buys thy friendship high from hour to hour.
But let not all the wealth which Tagus pours
In Ocean's lap, not all his glittering stores,
Be deem'd a bribe, sufficient to requite
The loss of peace by day, of sleep by night :—
O take not, take not, what thy soul rejects,
Nor sell the faith, which he, who buys, suspects !

The nation, by the GREAT, admired, carest,
And hated, shunn'd by ME, above the rest,
No longer, now, restrain'd by wounded pride,
I haste to shew, (nor thou my warmth deride,)

(Madan's "metaphorical" toads,) is made to declare, that he never looked into them; while the augurs, who always divined by the flight of birds, are said to take their omens from beasts, slain in sacrifice, with which they never meddled.

I cannot rule my spleen, and calmly see,
A GRECIAN CAPITAL, IN ITALY!

VER. 95. *I cannot rule my spleen, &c.*] *Non possum ferre, Qui-rites, Græcam Urbem.* This Madan translates, “I cannot bear a Grecian city;” and this, I observe, is the way in which it is usually given: but *Urbs* conveyed no idea to the mind of a Roman, but that of Rome; it should therefore be rendered “a Grecian Rome.”

Happily, modern critics may blunder about this word with impunity; but there was a time when a mistake in the sense of it was attended with very serious consequences. In a council of war, Alaric decided on pursuing his march through Italy, because the Oracle (as he supposed) had decided that he should reach the city, that year:

“Rumpe omnes, Alarice, moras, hoc impiger anno,
“Alpibus Italiæ ruptis, penetrabis ad URBEM.”

The Gothick monarch, who read Latin like a professor, had much to complain of;—he, with every other person, in his time, understood the word (*Urbs*) of Rome; but the wicked Oracle, it seems, meant it of a paltry stream so called, on the borders of Liguria; and here he sustained a memorable defeat. The remarks of Claudian on the juggle are very good:

“O semper tacita sortes ambage malignæ,
“Eventuque patens, et nescia vatibus ipsis,
“Veri sera fides!” &c. *Bell. Get. v. 552.*

This passage stood at first,

I cannot rule my spleen, and calmly see
Rome dwindling to a Grecian colony.

And if “dwindling” had been understood, as meant, of political importance, and not of bulk, no alteration, perhaps, would be required.

Grecian ? O, no ! with this vast sewer compared,
 The dregs of Greece are scarcely worth regard :
 Long since, the stream that wanton Syria laves,
 Has disembogued its filth in Tiber's waves,
 Its language, arts ; o'erwhelm'd us with the scum
 Of Antioch's streets, its minstrel, harp, and drum.
 Hie to the Circus ! ye who pant to prove
 A barbarous mistress, an outlandish love ;
 Hie to the Circus ! there, in crowds they stand,
 Tires on their head, and timbrels in their hand.

Thy rustick, Mars, the trechedipna wears,
 And on his breast, smear'd with ceroma, bears

VER. 97. *Grecian ? O, no ! &c.*] *Quamvis quota portio facis Achææ ?* As if, says Britannicus, the vices of the Greeks were so great, that a small portion of them was sufficient to corrupt the city. *O bone, ποιον σε εἶπον φυγε !* Surely Juvenal means to say—I have called Rome a Grecian colony ; yet when I consider what a multitude of Syrians, &c. the Orontes has poured into the Tiber, I must confess that the filth of Greece forms but a small part of that inundation of impurity with which we are overwhelmed.

VER. 107. *Thy rustick, Mars, &c.*] In this apostrophe to Mars, the poet observes, that while the Greeks were worming themselves into all places of power and profit, the Romans, once so renowned for their rough and manly virtues, were wholly taken up with the idle amusements of the Circus.

Of this perversion of the “ Latian rustick,” the poet marks his contempt, by crowding his description with Greek words : of which the first, *trechedipna*, has occasioned the commentators some trouble. Holyday translates it, the “ haunt-dole gown,” from *τρεχω* and *δειπνον* : but the Romans “ haunted the dole” in

A paltry prize, well-pleased ; while every land,
 Sicyon, and Amydos, and Alaband,
 Tralles, and Samos, and a thousand more,
 Thrive on his indolence, and daily pour

the *toga* ; the use of which was no novelty, and therefore scarcely worth appealing to Mars about. Madan quotes Dryden, to shew that it was an “effeminate, gaudy kind of garment ;” and Owen, to my great surprise, adopts his very words. It seems to me, that the poet meant to express but one action ; and that one is determined, by the context, to be prize-fighting. *Trechēdipna*, therefore, (unless that name be given to the *endromis*, or shaggy cloak put on after violent exercise,) must mean the succinct vest, which the Romans probably adopted from the Greek wrestlers. *Ceroma*, the next term, was a mixture of oil, clay, and bee’s-wax, with which they besmeared their neck and breasts, and, as it would seem, profusely : for Seneca, writing to his friend Lucilius of a journey which he had taken, says, the roads were so bad, that he rather swam than walked, and before he came to his inn, was covered with *ceroma*, like a prize-fighter. Madan, still harping upon his “gaudiness,” will have *ceroma* not to mean *ceroma*, but a curious and costly unguent for the hair ! for this he again quotes Dryden, who neither thought nor cared about the matter, and whose authority, in this case, can determine nothing. *Niceteria*, Lubin says, were *vestes peregrinæ* ; but he was misled by the *scholium*, where, by a mistake of the transcriber, *niceteria* is put for *trechedipna* : indeed, he afterwards corrects himself. *Niceteria* (νικητηγία) are the prizes which the victors in those contests, ostentatiously wore round their necks.

The change of character is singular :—the Greeks, so fond of the Gymnasium at home, forsook it entirely here, and turned all their attention to the arts of thriving ; while the Romans neglected the latter to apply to the former ; and then broke out into fretful and childish complaints at being supplanted by the superiour address of the foreigners.

Their starving myriads forth : hither they come,
 And batten on the genial soil of Rome ;
 Minions, then lords, of every princely dome !
 A flattering, cringing, treacherous, artful race,
 Of torrent tongue, and never-blushing face ;
 A Protean tribe, one knows not what to call,
 Which shifts to every form, and shines in all :
 Grammarian, painter, augur, rhetorician,
 Rope-dancer, conjuror, fidler, and physician,
 All trades his own, your hungry Greekling counts ;
 And bid him mount the sky,—the sky he mounts !
 You smile—was't a barbarian, then, that flew ?
 No, 'twas a Greek ; 'twas an ATHENIAN, too !
 —Bear with their state who will : for I disdain,
 To feed their upstart pride, or swell their train :
 Slaves, that in Syrian lighters stow'd, so late,
 With figs and prunes, (an inauspicious freight,)
 Already see their faith preferr'd to mine,
 And sit above me ! and before me sign !—
 That on the Aventine I first drew air,
 And, from the womb, was nurs'd on Sabine fare,
 Avails me not ! our birthright now is lost,
 And all our privilege, an empty boast !

For lo ! where vers'd in every soothing art,
 The wily Greek assails his patron's heart,
 Finds in each dull harangue an air, a grace,
 And all Adonis in a Gorgon face ;

Admires the voice that grates upon the ear,
 Like the shrill scream of amorous chanticleer ;
 And equals the crane neck, and narrow chest,
 To Hercules, when, straining to his breast
 The giant son of Earth, his every vein
 Swells with the toil, and more than mortal pain.

We too can cringe as low, and praise as warm,
 But flattery from the Greeks alone can charm.
 See ! they step forth, and figure to the life,
 The naked nymph, the mistress, or the wife,
 So just, you view the very woman there,
 And fancy all beneath the girdle bare !
 No longer now, the favourites of the stage
 Boast their exclusive power to charm the age ;
 The happy art with them a nation shares,
 GREECE IS A THEATRE, WHERE ALL ARE PLAYERS.
 For lo ! their patron smiles,—they burst with mirth ;
 He weeps,—they droop, the saddest souls on earth ;

VER. 143. *To Hercules, &c.*] This happy allusion to Hercules and Antæus, is copied, like many others in the ancient poets, from the sculptors. A good representation of this celebrated contest may be found in Spence. The unblushing extravagance of Grecian flattery was never more strongly marked.

VER. 156. *For lo ! their patron smiles,—&c.*] The character of the flatterer is touched with great force in these lines ; which are, however, exceeded, at least in humour, by the following :

Hamlet. Your bonnet to its right use : 'tis for the head.

Osrick. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

He calls for fire,—they court the mantle's heat ;
 'Tis warm, he cries,—and they dissolve in sweat.
 Ill-match'd !—secure of victory they start,
 Who, taught from youth to play a borrow'd part,
 Can, with a glance, the rising passion trace,
 And mould their own, to suit their patron's face ;
 At deeds of shame their hands admiring raise,
 And mad debauchery's worst excesses praise.

Besides, no mound their raging lust restrains,
 All ties it breaks, all sanctity profanes ;
 Wife, virgin-daughter, son unstain'd before,——
 And, where these fail, they tempt the grandam hoar :

Hamlet. No, believe me, 'tis very cold ; the wind is northerly.

Osrick. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Hamlet. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osrick. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very sultry as it were, I can't tell how.

The difference between a friend and flatterer, is thus marked by Plutarch : *Σὺ μὲν ἐγέλαις· ἐγὼ δὲ ἐξ ἐθνησκὸν γελῶτι.*

VER. 169. ———— the grandam hoar :] *Aviam resupinat.* Some of the copies have *aulam resupinat.* Dryden has translated it, and a single glance at his version will show the absurdity of the reading. *Aviam* is in perfect harmony with the rest of the passage, and appears to be the only term from which any consistent meaning can be elicited. For the rest, there is no exaggeration in this forcible description of Grecian profligacy. Similar traits of their character are to be found scattered among Cicero's letters ; and, in one to his brother, he particularly warns him against admitting them into his confidence, &c. *E*

They notice every word, haunt every ear,
Your secrets learn, and fix you theirs from fear.

Turn to their schools —yon gray professor see,
Smear'd with the sanguine stains of perfidy !
That tutor most accurs'd his pupil sold !
That Stoick sacrificed his friend to gold !
A true born Grecian ! litter'd on the coast,
Where the Gorgonian hack a pinion lost.

Græcis diligenter cavendæ sunt quædam familiaritates, &c.
Lib. i. 5 ; the whole letter, which is very apposite to this part
of the Satire, may be consulted with advantage.

VER. 172. —————yon gray professor see, &c.] This was
P. Ægnatius, who came forward against Bareas Soranus, accused
of a conspiracy against Nero. The appearance of this man, says
Tacitus, (who gives a full account of the transaction,) excited
general indignation. He had been first the client of Soranus, and
afterwards his preceptor ; and was bribed by the emissaries of the
Emperour, to give evidence against his pupil and patron. He was
a Stoick, who under the appearance of austere and simple man-
ners, concealed a crafty and perfidious, an avaricious and proflig-
ate mind. Money laid him open to view ; and mankind learned
from his example, that it was not sufficient to guard against cha-
racters of notorious baseness, since perfidy and deceit might be
found under the mask of philosophy and virtue.

The honest Aruspex triumphs in the idea of his being a Gre-
cian, and even marks the place of his birth, by a contemp-
tuous allusion to an adventure of Pegasus, (who is said to have
stumbled, and dropt a feather from his fetlock at Tarsus, a town
in Cilicia,) whom he degrades into a hack : *Caballi appellatione
afficit*, as Casaubon observes, *non quod illi quem in Cœlis vetustas
collocavit, vellet iri detractum ; sed quia Græcos male oderat.* He

Hence, Romans, hence ! no place for you remains,
 Where Diphilus, where Erimanthus reigns ;
 Miscreants, who, faithful to their native art,
 Admit no rival in a patron's heart :—
 For let them fasten on his easy ear,
 And drop one hint, one secret slander there,
 Suck'd from their country's venom, or their own,
 That instant they possess the man alone ;

did, indeed, hate the Greeks ; but he thought, and perhaps, with justice, that they had enfeebled the rigid virtues of his countrymen.

The professor is distinguished by the use of the *abolla* ; a large kind of wrapper, mightily affected by the “ budge-doctors of the Stoick fur.” These, I suppose, had it, for humility's sake, of the cheapest and coarsest materials, to serve them, as occasion required, either for a gown or a rug, *nudi tegmen grabati* ; but it was sometimes seen of the costliest stuff, and the most glowing colours : it was then the proud distinction of the rich and great. Crispinus, as is already observed, (p. 11,) had a purple *abolla* stolen from him while he was bathing, which Martial tells the thief will be an unprofitable robbery to him, since none but a person of eminence could venture to wear it. And Caligula, moved by envy, is said to have put to death Ptolemy, the son of Juba, king of Mauritania, (his cousin in the second degree,) *quod edente se munus, ingressum spectacula convertisse oculos hominum fulgore purpureæ abollæ animadvertit* : because, at an exhibition of gladiators, the prince, by the splendour of his *abolla*, drew all eyes from the Emperour to himself. Suet. Calig. c. 35.

This was the greater *abolla* : but there was also a lesser *abolla*, peculiar to the military, and used by them when on duty. From its description, it appears to have been something like the loose cloak worn by the German soldiery at this day.

While we are spurn'd, contemptuous, from the door,
 Our long, long slavery, thought upon no more.
 'Tis but a client lost!—and that, we find,
 Sits wondrous lightly on a patron's mind:
 And (not to flatter our poor pride, my friend)
 What merit with the great can we pretend,
 Though, in our duty, we prevent the day,
 And, darkling run our humble court to pay;
 When the brisk prætor, long before, is gone,
 And hastening, with stern voice, his lictors on,
 Lest his colleagues o'erpass him in the street,
 And first the rich and childless matrons greet,
 Alba and Modia, who impatient wait,
 And think the morning homage comes too late!

VER. 197. *What merit with the great, &c.*] This (than which nothing can be more poignant) is touched with great force by Martial: He thus addresses the prætor:

“Cum tu laurigeris annum qui fascibus intras

“Mane salutator limina mille teras,

“Hic ego quid faciam? quid nobis, Paule, relinquis

“Qui de plebe Numæ, densaque turba sumus?”

The conclusion is entirely in the spirit and manner of Juvenal:

Should I, on foot, attend my patron's chair,

It boots me little; for I find you there.

Or should I, when he reads his lumbering lays,

Start from my seat, to pour the note of praise,

Still you prevent me; for you never sit,

And shout, at every line, A hit! a hit!

What then remains?—Your purple, fringe, and lace,

Have turn'd our humble togas out of place;

And, stripp'd of clientage, our last resource,

We quit the well-known gate—to starve, of course.

Here freeborn youths wait the rich servant's call,
 And, if they walk beside him, yield the wall ;
 And wherefore ? this, forsooth, can fling away,
 On one voluptuous night, a legion's pay,
 While those, when some Calvina, sweeping by,
 Inflames the fancy, check their roving eye,
 And frugal of their scanty means, forbear,
 To tempt the wanton from her splendid chair.

Produce, at Rome, your witness : let him boast,
 The sanctity of Berecynthia's host,

VER. 209. *The sanctity of Berecynthia's host, &c.*] In the 548th year of Rome, the republick being much terrified by prodigies, the Sibylline books were consulted for the proper expiations: it was there found, that the evil might be averted, if the goddess Berecynthia or Cybele were brought from Phrygia to Rome. Five men of eminence were deputed to fetch this powerful protectress, (a rude and shapeless stone,) and ordered, by the oracle, to place her, at their return, in the hands of the most virtuous man in the commonwealth, till a temple could be prepared for her reception. The senate unanimously declared Scipio Nasica to be this "most virtuous man," and Berecynthia was accordingly lodged with him.

The old Scholiast says, *Hic est Scipio qui oppressit Tiberium Gracchum leges agrarias ferre conantem* :—from which it appears that people wrote notes formerly, as they sometimes do now, without thinking much of the text : since a moment's reflexion must have shewn the good man that he was totally wrong; more than seventy years having passed between the two events. The Scipio of Juvenal, was the grandfather of the Scipio mentioned by the Scholiast; who seems, indeed, to have had few or no pretensions to the honourable distinction in favour of his ancestor.

Of Numa, or of Him, whose zeal divine
 Snatch'd pale Minerva from her blazing shrine :
 To search his rent-roll, first the bench prepares,
 His honesty employs their latest cares :
 What table does he keep, what slaves maintain,
 And what, they ask, and where, is his domain ?
 These weighty matters known, his faith they rate,
 And square his probity to his estate.
 The poor may swear by all the immortal Powers,
 By the Great Gods of Samothrace, and ours,

VER. 210. ——— or of Him, &c.] This was L. Metellus, Pontifex Maximus, who, in a dreadful conflagration which happened at Rome a few years before the last mentioned event, when the fire had seized the temple of Vesta, and the virgins deserted it, ventured his life to save the Palladium, or image of Minerva, whom Juvenal, *more suo*, represents as terrified at the impending danger ! One of his arms was disabled in the attempt, and his sight totally destroyed, yet he effected his purpose. In the sixth Satire, Juvenal mentions him again, by the name of “blind Metellus.” Ovid has some pretty lines on the subject, *Fast.* vi. 444.

VER. 217. *And square his probity to his estate.*] This is a standing complaint of all climes and all ages : “Men’s honesties,” says Barnaby Rich, “are now measured by the Subsidie Book ; he that is rich is honest ; and the more a man doth abounde in wealth, so much he doth exceed, and that as well in honestie as in wit.” *Irish Hubbub.*

VER. 219. *By the Great Gods of Samothrace, &c.*] Macrobius (the only one of the Romans who has written rationally on the Samothracian gods) says, they were Jupiter, Juno, Vesta, and Minerva. With this we must be content ; for it would require a volume, instead of a note to investigate this truly curious subject. Besides, I am warned by that most learned of historians, Diony-

His oaths are false, they cry ; he scoffs at heaven,
 And all its thunders ; scoffs,—and is forgiven !
 Add, that the wretch is still the theme of scorn,
 If the soil'd cloak be patch'd, the gown o'erworn ;
 If, through the bursting shoe, the foot be seen,
 Or the coarse seam tell where the rent has been.
 O Poverty, thy thousand ills combined,
 Sink not so deep into the generous mind,
 As the contempt and laughter of mankind !

“ Up ! up ! these cushion'd benches,” Lectius
 cries,
 “ Befit not your estates : for shame ! arise.”

sus Halicarnassus, of the impiety of inquiring too minutely into so sacred a matter. Those, however, who feel unawed by his admonition, may, after carefully perusing his first and second books, turn to Cumberland's *ORIGINES* ; where, in his Appendix “ *de Cabiris*,” they will find some remarks on the Samothracian worship, that will well reward their pains.

With respect to the sentiment in this and the preceding lines, it has the appearance of being taken from a Greek comedy :

Προσεσιν αρα και τω πενητ' απισια·

Καν σοφος υπαρχη, καν λεγη το συμφερον,

Δοκει τι φραζειν τοις ακουουσιν κακως,

Των γαρ πενητων πιστιν ουκ εχει λογος.

Ανηρ δε πλουτων, καν αγαν ψευδηγορη,

Δοκει τι φραζειν τοις ακουουσ' ασφαλες.

Phil. Frag.

VER. 229. *Up ! up ! these cushion'd benches, &c.*] Umbrilius alludes to a law procured by the tribune L. Otho, for the

For “shame!”—but you say well: the pander’s heir,
The spawn of bulks and stews, is seated there;

assignment of distinct seats in the theatres* to the knights, who used before to sit promiscuously with the people. By this law, fourteen rows of benches, next to those of the senators, were appropriated to their use; by which, says Cicero, (who seems pleased with the regulation,) both their dignity and their pleasure were properly consulted. The people, however, who were as fond of their amusements as the knights, and whose pleasure had not been at all consulted, resented the indignity of being thrust back, with great bitterness: and were only prevented from coming to blows on the spot, by the commanding eloquence of Cicero. The speech he made to them is lost—and I am sorry for it; for who would not wish to know by what arguments he convinced them that they had not been injured? and by what artifice he suddenly turned (as he says he did) their violent censure of Otho into applause?

This happened in the 685th year of Rome: the senators, it should be observed, had obtained the same privilege about 130 years before, through the influence of the elder Africanus; a distinction in a free city, which even then irritated the lower orders exceedingly, and as Val. Maximus observes, *favorem Scipionis magnopere quassavit*, mightily shook his popularity. It appears from Livy, that Africanus repented of what he had done; this, however, had no weight with the senators, who

* I say theatres, because the regulation did not extend to the Circus, where the people were still suffered to mix indiscriminately with the knights. By an oversight very unusual with the excellent translator of Tacitus, the two places are confounded, (Ann. xv. 52.) The senators were first separated from the rest, by Claudius: and Nero brought forward the knights: he did not, however, content himself with assigning them fourteen benches only, but ordered the whole body of them to take place of the plebeians; who were thus driven to the very top of the building.

The cry'r's spruce son, fresh from the fencer's school,
And prompt the taste to settle and to rule.—
So Otho fix'd it, whose preposterous pride,
First dared to chase us from their Honours' side.

In these curs'd walls, devote alone to gain,
When do the poor a wealthy wife obtain?
When are they named in wills? when call'd to share
The Ædile's council, and assist the chair?—

kept their seats; and in due time were followed by the knights.

The invidious separation had now subsisted more than a century; yet it still rankled in the breasts of the poorer citizens: but there is a peculiar propriety in its being mentioned here; for Domitian had revived the distinction, which, from its odious nature, was growing obsolete; and out of pure hatred to the people, appointed overseers of the theatres, to enforce it. Martial takes frequent notice of this law, and incidentally gives us the name of one of the overseers:

“Quadringenta tibi non sunt, Chærestrate, surge,

“LECTIUS ecce venit: sta, fuge, curre, late!”

Thou lack'st, Chærestratus, the legal sums,—

Which seat folks here; hence, then, ere thou art driven.

LECTIUS has spied thee—See! he comes, he comes!

Up, scamper, flee, sculk, for the love of heaven!

VER. 337. *In these curs'd walls, &c.*] More literally,

Who to his daughter, here, a mate prefers,

Unless his birth and fortune equal hers?

For the Ædile, see Sat. x. In the following lines, Umbrilius alludes to the secession of the people to the Sacred Mount, in the days of Menenius Agrippa, by whose persuasions they were brought back to the city. At that time the poor had to struggle

Long since should they have ris'n, thus slighted,
spurn'd,

And left their home, but—not to have return'd !

Depress'd by indigence, the good and wise,

In every clime, by painful efforts rise ;

HERE, by more painful still, where scanty cheer,

Poor lodging, mean attendance,—all is dear.

In earthen ware HE scorns, at Rome, to eat,

Who, call'd abruptly to the Marsian's seat,

against the cruelty of the patricians ; they had now to complain of their insolent contempt. The high and independent spirit of Juvenal thought this, perhaps, the greater evil of the two : and we must not, therefore, wonder at his recommending a second, and more effectual migration.

VER. 243. *Depress'd by indigence, &c.*] Whether the condition of the “good and wise” was much improved in the time of Claudian, may be very reasonably doubted, from the genuine history of that period. Had we no better information, indeed, than the poet's, we should be inclined to think that it was, from the following elegant apostrophe to Stilicho :

“ ————— non obruta virtus

“ Paupertate jacet : lectos ex omnibus oris

“ Evehis, et meritum, non quæ cunabula, quæris ;

“ Et qualis, non unde satus.”——

The turn of the expression, and the choice of the circumstances, lead me to think that Claudian had Juvenal in his thoughts, and that he aimed at contrasting our author's times with his own. For a compliment the idea is good ; for a hint it is better : I hope that some worthy man was benefited by it.

VER. 253. *In earthen ware, &c.*]

“ Fictilibus cœnare pudet, quod turpe negavit

“ Translatus subito ad Marsos,” &c.

From such, well pleased, would take his simple food,
Nor blush to wear the cheap Venetian hood.

There's many a part of Italy, 'tis said,
Where none assume the toga, but the dead :

Holyday (to say nothing of the rest) supposes that the allusion is to the story of Curius Dentatus, (Sat. xi.) but I cannot be of his opinion. I doubt whether Juvenal would have designated this good old man by so odd a phrase as *translatus subito*, because, as they say, he was *suddenly* sent into Samnium : and I am very sure that it was not necessary ; since his plainness and frugality were habitual, and he would as soon have eaten out of an earthen dish at Rome, as in the most secluded corner of Italy. It seems to me, that the author had nothing in view but general observation. At Rome every thing is extravagantly dear, yet we dare not contract our expenses for fear of being despised : in the country we should have none of those prejudices to encounter ; we might be poor without becoming the objects of scorn, and frugal without being thought ridiculous : and so Seneca. *Non ego ambitiosus sum, sed nemo aliter Romæ potest vivere. Non sum sumptuosus, sed urbs ipsa magnas impensas exigit.* L. i. The example is confined to the same individual. "He who, at Rome, &c. as it stands in the text. To this the *subito* alludes ; no interval of time works the alteration, but a mere change of place. In any other supposition, I see many difficulties. Yet, says Holyday, if this had been the poet's meaning, he might have said *negabit* : he might so ; and even then, would be less correct than he probably was : *negarit* here, as well as in Sat. xiv. 134, should, surely, be *negarit*.

VER. 252. *Where none assume the toga, but the dead :*] The toga was the dress of ceremony, and worn by the poor when they paid their respects to the rich ; hence Martial calls the laborious attendance which was exacted from him by his patron, *operam togatam* : and in a little poem which he addressed to

There, when the toil forgone and annual play,
 Mark, from the rest, some high and solemn day,
 To theatres of turf the rusticks throng, [so long ;
 Charm'd with the farce which charm'd their sires

Juvenal from Spain, seems to hint that the chief happiness of his retreat consisted in its ignorance of the *toga*:

“ Ignota est toga : sed datur petenti

“ Rupta proxima vestis a cathedra.”

I need no toga : but can dress me here,

In the first vest, twitch'd from my crazy chair.

It was also the dress of business ; and Pliny reckons it not one of the least advantages of his Tusculan villa, that he was not obliged to appear there in the *toga*:—*ibi nulla necessitas togæ*.

With business or ceremony these happy villagers had little to do ; and the sumptuous habiliment was, therefore, appropriated to the dead : for it should be observed, to their honour, that the ancients (the Romans more particularly) paid a sacred regard to the remains of their friends, which they dressed with more than common care, and committed to the earth with superfluous but pious cost.

VER. 255. *To theatres of turf, &c.*] Though the Romans had always been excessively fond of such stage-shows as the times produced, they could boast, for many ages, of no better theatres than the rusticks of the text. Even when they began to frame them of more durable materials than turf, they considered them as merely temporary, and, as such, commonly removed them as soon as the exhibition was over.

Pompey first built a permanent theatre at Rome, about three-score years before the Christian æra. It was of hewn stone, and though a very noble structure, appears to have given great offence to the old people, (Tacit. Ann. xiv. 20,) who looked upon it as a dangerous innovation on the practice of their forefathers. This, however, did not prevent them from being

While the pale infant, of the mask in dread,
Hides, in his mother's breast, his little head.
No modes of dress high birth distinguish THERE ;
All ranks, all orders, the same habit wear,

multiplied ; and when Juvenal wrote, they were to be found in every quarter of the city.

Ferrarius says, he does not see why Juvenal might not mean by *herboso*, a theatre overgrown with weeds, on account of its being so little frequented. *Papæ* ! these theatres were temporary, and raised for the occasion. Refinement frequently reverts to the old simplicity : there is no country on earth where there are so many of those turfy theatres, as in modern Italy.

Ovid has a charming picture of the simplicity of past times, in those edifices ; which he artfully contrasts with the luxury and magnificence of the present :

“Tunc neque marmoreo pendebant vela theatro,” &c.

Arte Aman. Lib. i. v. 103.

No veils were then o'er marble structures spread,
No liquid odours on the audience shed ;
The nearest grove supplied its choicest green,
And clustering branches form'd the artless scene ;
Rude seats of turf in order rose around,
Where sat the swains with oaken garlands crown'd.

Warton has somewhere observed, that every true poet must be a lover of antiquity. Were our author's pretensions to be determined by this criterion, they would be readily admitted ; for, with the exception of Ovid, I know no one who has more frequent allusions to the “olden time,” or who appears to dwell on it with greater delight.

VER. 259. *No modes of dress, &c.*]

“ ————— similemque videbis

“Orchestram, et populum,” ———

And the dread Ædile's dignity is known,
 O sacred badge ! by his white vest alone.
 But HERE, beyond our power, array'd we go,
 In all the gay varieties of show ;
 And when our purse supplies the charge no more,
 Borrow, unblushing, from our neighbour's store :

In the divisions of the Roman theatre (for those of the Greek were different) orchestra signified the place where the dances were performed ; it was next the pulpitum or stage, but not on a level with it ; and, as affording a good view of the actors, was usually frequented by the senators, who had chairs placed for them there. In the seventh Satire, Juvenal makes his poet borrow those chairs to accommodate his audience at a private house :

“ Quæque reportandis posita est orchestra cathedris.”

Our rustick theatre had no such orchestra, of course ; and Umbritius here uses the word figuratively for the space nearest the actors, where the wealthier villagers sat.

In the next line the poet pursues the contrast between the luxury and extravagance of Rome, and the frugality of the country : there the meanest of the people assisted at the theatre, dressed in white ; here the Ædiles only, under whom the plays were acted, and whose importance is, according to custom, ironically magnified.

It is singular that this should have escaped Dryden :

“ ——— clari velamen honoris,

“ Sufficiunt tunicæ summis Ædilibus albæ,”

he renders,

“ In his white cloak the magistrate appears,

“ The country bumkin the same livery wears ;”

which is directly contrary, not only to the intent, but to the words of his author.

Such is the reigning vice; and so we flaunt,
 Proud in distress, and prodigal in want!
 Briefly, my friend, here all are slaves to gold,
 And words, and smiles, and every thing is sold.
 What will you give for Cossus' nod? how high,
 The silent notice of Veiento buy?
 —One favourite youth is shaved, another shorn;
 And, while to Jove the precious spoil is borne,

VER. 271. *What will you give for Cossus' nod? &c.*] I know nothing of Cossus. Veiento is mentioned in the fourth Satire, and again in the sixth. He had been a great favourite with Nero; which probably recommended him to Domitian, in whose reign this Satire appears to have been written. After the death of his execrable master, he fell into disesteem, and lived, I believe, to see the day when neither his silence, nor his speech, was worth the purchase.

VER. 273. *One favourite, &c.*] It was the custom of the wealthier Romans to dedicate the first shavings of their beard, and pollings of their hair, after they arrived at a state of manhood, to some deity. Suetonius and Dio, among a variety of other instances, observe that Nero enclosed his in a golden *pix*, adorned with pearls, and offered it with great state to the Capitoline Jove, ἀνεθήκε τῷ Διὶ τῷ Καπιτωλινῷ. The day on which this took place, was kept as a festival, and complimentary presents were expected from relations, friends, and clients, as on birthdays, &c. This, however, is not what provoked the spleen of Umbricius: he complains, and justly, that these presents should be exacted from the poor client, not only when his patron, but when his patron's minions first polled and shaved! He is indignant, that it should be necessary to pay them tribute, as he calls it; since, possessing the ear of their lord, no means of access were left, but through the good pleasure of these proud slaves, which could only be purchased by bribes. Something

Clients are tax'd for offerings, and, (yet more,
To gall their patience,) from their little store,
Constrain'd to swell the minion's ample hoard,
And bribe the page, for leave to bribe his lord.

Who fears the crash of houses in retreat?
At simple Gabii, bleak Præneste's seat,
Volsinium's craggy heights, embower'd in wood,
Or Tibur, beetling o'er prone Anio's flood?
While half the city here by shores is staid,
And feeble cramps, that lend a treacherous aid:
For thus the stewards patch the riven wall,
Thus prop the mansion, tottering to its fall;
Then bid the tenant court secure repose,
While the pile nods to every blast that blows.

O! may I live where no such fears molest,
No midnight fires burst on my hour of rest!
For here 'tis terroure all: midst the loud cry
Of "water! water!" the scared neighbours fly,
With all their haste can seize—the flames aspire,
And the third floor is wrapt in smoke and fire,
While you, unconscious, doze: Up, ho! and know,
The impetuous blaze which spreads dismay below,

like this had been said long before by Davus, on an occasion not altogether so humiliating:

"Quom inique comparatum est, ii qui minus habent

"Ut semper aliquod addant divitioribus," &c. *Phorm.*

By swift degrees will reach the aerial cell,
Where, crouching, underneath the tiles you dwell,
Where your tame doves their golden couplets rear,
“And you could no mischance, but drowning fear!”

“Codrus had but one bed, and that, too short,
For his short wife;” his goods, of every sort,
Were else but few:—six little pipkins graced
His cupboard head, a little can was placed
On a snug shelf beneath, and near it lay,
A Chiron, of the same cheap marble,—clay.
And was this all! O no: he yet possest,
A few Greek books, shrined in an ancient chest,
Where barbarous mice through many an inlet crept,
And fed on heavenly numbers, while he slept.—
“Codrus, in short, had nothing.” You say true;
And yet poor Codrus lost that nothing, too!

VER. 301. “*Codrus had but one bed, and that, too short,
For his short wife,*”] *Lectus erat Codro Procula minor.*
—i. e. says Lubin, *Lectulus brevior Procula conjuge sua brevissima.*
Where the criticks learned this circumstance, I cannot tell; but
they all agree in it. Ant. Mancin. one of the oldest and best of
them, terms her a dwarf: “*Procula parvi corporis mulier et
nana fuit.*”

VER. 311. “*Codrus, in short, had nothing.*”] This is said by his
friend, who may be supposed to interrupt him in his impatience
at hearing such an elaborate catalogue of nothing. With respect
to Codrus, the Commentators will have him to be the person men-
tioned in the first Satire: but to me it seems doubtful. Be he
who he will, however, his poverty was so notorious, that it became

One curse alone was wanting, to complete
His woes : that, cold and hungry, through the street,

proverbial. Codrus might have furnished our author with a striking illustration of a remark in this very Satire—*Quid, quod materiam præbet causasque jocorum, &c.*; for jests and witticisms were poured upon him from all quarters. Here is one, which is neither the best, nor the worst of the set. I hope it had more ill-nature than truth in it :

“ Plus credit nemo tota quam Codrus in urbe :

“ Cum sit tam pauper, quomodo ? cæcus amat.”

It is a play on words which cannot be easily conveyed to the English reader : this is not much unlike it, i. e. in sense, not in poetry :

Riddle me this : Codrus *trusts* more

Than any man in Rome : but how ?

How may this be, when he's so *poor* ?—

He's blind, yet loves : You have it now.

The inventory of this unfortunate man is drawn up with humour, and, perhaps, with accuracy; the trifles which he possesses are all described by diminutives: they are, besides, so few in number, that they can scarcely be said, like the weeds of Otway's old woman, to speak “ *variety* of wretchedness.”

It is impossible to read this passage, in which poor Codrus, after seeing his little collection of curiosities (for such, I am persuaded, they were) totally destroyed, is turned out to starve in the streets without being tempted to exclaim with Martial, on another occasion—

“ O scelus, O magnum facinus, crimenque deorum,

“ Non arsit pariter quod domus, et dominus !”

O crime ! O Gods, remorseless, in your doom

That with the house, did not the host consume !

The wretch should beg, and, in the hour of need,
Find none to lodge, to clothe him, or to feed !

But should the raging flames on grandeur prey,
And low in dust Asturius' palace lay,
The squalid matron sighs, the senate mourns,
The pleaders cease, the judge the court adjourns ;
All join to wail the city's hapless fate,
And rail at fire with more than common hate.
Lo ! while it burns, the obsequious courtiers haste,
With rich materials, to repair the waste :

VER, 319. *The squalid matron sighs, the senate mourns, &c.*] We have here a very accurate description of a publick mourning for any signal calamity. The women laid aside their ornaments, the senate put on black, the courts of Justice deferred all business, &c. That all this would be done on such an occasion as the present, may be reasonably doubted :—and yet, if we duly attend to the state of Rome in our author's time, we shall not be inclined to suspect him of much exaggeration ; for to be rich and childless gave the person so circumstanced the utmost consequence. Asturius was the richest of those, *orbis lautissimus*, and therefore an object of no common consideration.

Morals must have been long declining at Rome ; for Augustus had found it necessary, even in his time, to introduce a law (*lex Papia Poppæa*) which conferred many privileges on matrimony, and subjected a single life to a variety of vexations, penalties, and inconveniences : notwithstanding which, celibacy still prevailed ; and with the rapid degeneracy of manners under the succeeding emperours, became daily more common, and more reputable : insomuch, that there are instances of people of both sexes proving too powerful for the laws, because they were, like Asturius, rich, old, and childless !

This, brings him marble, that, a finish'd piece,
 The far-famed boast of Polyclete and Greece ;
 This, ornaments, which graced of old the fane
 Of Asia's gods ; that, figured plate and plain ;
 This, cases, books, and busts the shelves to grace,
 And piles of coin his specie to replace—
 So much the childless Persian swells his store,
 (Though deem'd the richest of the rich before,)
 That all ascribe the flames to thirst of pelf,
 And swear, Asturius fired his house himself.

O, had you, from the Circus, power to fly,
 In many a halcyon village, might you buy

VER. 334. *And swear Asturius, &c.*] Martial has the same thought on a similar event, expressed with no less elegance than brevity :

“ *Empta domus fuerat tibi, Tongiliane, ducentis :*

“ *Abstulit hanc nimium casus in urbe frequens.*

“ *Collatum est decies. Rogo, non potes ipse videri*

“ *Incendisse tuam, Tongiliane domum ?*”

You purchased, Vulpes, for two thousand pound,

A house at Rome ; a chance too common there,

Stretch'd it, in smoking ruins, on the ground ;

And TEN are raised, your losses to repair.

Fire well laid out ! nor think it strange, my friend,

If all surmise, 'twas kindled to this end.

The singular art with which the different fate of Codrus and Asturius is contrasted, has not, I trust, escaped the notice of the reader ; any more than the dexterity with which it is made conducive to the great, indeed the sole, object of the Satire.

Some elegant retreat, for what will, here,
 Scarce hire a gloomy dungeon through the year !
 There wells, by nature form'd, which need no rope,
 No labouring arm, to crane their waters up,
 Around your lawn their facile streams shall shower,
 And cheer the springing plant, and opening flower.
 There live, delighted with the rustick's lot,
 And till, with your own hands, the little spot ;
 The little spot shall yield you large amends,
 And glad, with many a feast, your Samian friends.

VER. 335. *O had you from the Circus, power to fly, &c.]* This is not addressed to Juvenal, who had a house at Tivoli, (to say nothing of his paternal estate at Aquinum,) but is thrown out as a general observation. The original is *Si potes avelli*, which implies something of force ; and, indeed, the fondness of the Romans for the sports of the Circus, well warrants the expression. Juvenal has many allusions to this extravagant attachment. In his sixth Satire, after observing that Hippia had abandoned her husband, her children, and her country, to follow a blear-eyed gladiator, he adds, with a dignity of sarcasm peculiar to himself,

“ Utque magis stupeas, ludos, Paridemque reliquit !”

He is not less severe on the whole Roman people, in the tenth Satire, where he represents them as careless of the loss of their political importance, and only solicitous for two things, of which the Circus is one. It is needless to multiply instances : they will occur in the course of the translation. One however, may now be given from Quintilian. Augustus (for even in his days the frenzy had begun to manifest itself) said, with some spleen, to a Roman knight, who was taking his meal on the benches of the

And, sure,—in any corner we can get,
To call one lizard ours, is something yet!

amphitheatre, “If I wanted to dine, I would go home.” And so you might, replied the man, for you would not be afraid of losing your place!

Succeeding emperours were more indulgent: under some of them regular distributions of bread and wine were made to the different orders, who remained from morn to night immoveably fixed to their seats.

VER. 347. *And, sure,—in any corner we can get,*

To call one lizard ours, is something yet !] “We asked Doctor Johnson,” says Boswell, “the meaning of that expression in Juvenal, *unius domini lacertæ*. Johnson.—I think it clear enough: it means as much ground as one may have a chance of finding a lizard upon.” And so it does! and this, the Doctor might have added, is very little more in Italy than would suffice, in this country, “to swing a cat in.” Poor Boswell was a man of infinite curiosity; it is a pity that he never heard of the ingenious conjecture of a Dutch critick, who would exchange *lacertæ* for *lacerti*, which he accurately translates *een hand vol landts*, and still more accurately interprets, “a piece of ground equal in extent to the space between the shoulder and the elbow,”—of a middle-sized man, I presume; though the critick has unaccountably forgotten to mention it.*

But O! the fallacy of criticism! This *lacertus*, which was pronounced to mean *een hand vol landts*, by one commentator, is proved by another, (a countryman of the former,) to mean a salt fish! *Similes deliciæ in salsamentis lacerti, &c. pari modo “lacerti dominum” dixit Juv. sic enim malo quam lacertæ: lacertæ perperam nunc circumfertur,* (could Burman possibly be ignorant that *lacertus*

* Sir Edward Coke puts this rather more simply: “And where,” says this learned annotator on Juvenal, “you shall read in Records, *de lacerta in profunditate aquæ salsæ*, there *lacerta* signifieth a fathom.”

Flush'd with a mass of indigested food,
 Which clogs the stomach, and inflames the blood,
 What crowds, with watching wearied and o'erprest,
 Curse the slow hours, and die for want of rest!
 For who can hope his languid lids to close,
 Where brawling taverns banish all repose?

and *lacerta*, were both used for a lizard?) *quod ipse damnat* Sat. XIV. "*cum parte lacerti*;" *neque enim lacertæ inter edulia habitæ*! Bur. Ovid. Tom. III. p. 126.

A staunch critick, we know, never looks an inch on this side, or on that, of the object before him; Burman may therefore be excused for giving the poet *a salt fish* to season his repast, notwithstanding he had just said that it was the produce of his own garden, where such delicacies seldom grow; and was to be served up to his Samian friends, who lived on vegetables!

But Burman silences his adversaries by observing, that lizards are not eaten: this, whether true or not, may safely be granted here. Assuredly, there was no necessity for retiring to a secluded corner of Italy to eat lizards; since every wall in Rome is well known to pasture abundance of such cattle: but neither, as they might have retorted, was there, to eat salt fish; which could undoubtedly be procured with more ease in the Suburra, than at the "villages" of Fabrateria or Frusino.

Ruperti likes none of these interpretations. *Nihil horum*, he says, *mihi satisfacit, et crediderim potius Juvenalem scripsisse "tabernæ," h. e. casæ, quo sensu "tabernas pauperum" dixit Horatius. O bone!*—there is as little taste in the conjecture, as probability in the emendation. Briefly, nothing but a rage for illustrating themselves, and obscuring their author, (a very prevalent disease,) could have led the criticks to waste a word upon an expression sufficiently simple in itself, and to be found, with a trifling variation of terms, in the proverbial list of every country.

Sleep, to the rich alone, “his visits pays :”
 And hence the seeds of many a dire disease.
 The carts loud rumbling through the narrow way,
 The drivers’ clamours at each casual stay,
 From drowsy Drusus would his slumber take,
 And keep the calves of Proteus broad awake!

VER. 359. *From drowsy Drusus, &c.*] Some will have this to be the Emperour Claudius, who, to say the truth, if he had not, long ere this was written, fallen into the *νηγρετον ὑπνον*, would not be much injured by the supposition. It was more probably some well known character alive at the time. There is a considerable degree of humour in those unexpected, and gratuitous strokes of satire, so frequent in our author; and one can hardly help wondering at the want of taste in the commentators, who seldom appear to comprehend, and seldomer still to feel them. Thus Britannicus, *vir gregis ipse caper*, would alter *Druso* to *Urso*, because bears, as Pliny somewhere says, are “very good sleepers:” and it seems most natural to proceed from one drowsy animal to another!

Seals, or sea-calves, mentioned in the next line, are proverbially lethargick and sluggish. This, it must be confessed, is no very recondite observation; and, indeed, I only make it for the sake of introducing the following remarks on the passage, by the learned Grævius: “How sea-calves, *vitulis marinis*, could be waked at Rome, let those tell who have seen them there, or elsewhere: every one must allow that the place is corrupt. It should be *vetulis maritis*; old men being naturally drowsy; besides, there is another reason why old bridegrooms, married to young brides, should sleep sound.” And yet there are criticks sceptical enough, forsooth, to doubt the authenticity of the far-famed “restorations” of Martinus Scriblerus!

If business call, obsequious crowds divide,
 While o'er their heads the rich securely ride,
 By tall Illyrians borne, and read, or write,
 Or (should the early hour to rest invite,)
 Close the soft litter, and enjoy the night.

Yet reach they first the goal ; while, by the throng
 Elbow'd and jostled, scarce we creep along ; [feel ;
 Sharp strokes from poles, tubs, rafters, doom'd to
 And plaister'd o'er with mud, from head to heel :
 While the rude soldier gores us as he goes,
 Or marks, in blood, his progress on our toes !

See, from the Dole, a vast tumultuous throng,
 Each follow'd by his kitchen, pours along !

VER. 361. *If business call, obsequious crowds divide, &c.* We have here another lively picture of the misery attending the great inequality of fortunes in a state so constituted as that of Rome. The rich rapidly, and almost without consciousness of impediment, moving to the levees of the old and childless ; while the poor, whose sole support probably depended upon their early appearance there, are hopelessly struggling with dangers and difficulties which spring up at every step, to retard them.

VER. 363. *By tall Illyrians borne.* People from the eastern side of the Venetian Gulf, who, on account of their bulk and strength, appear to have been much employed at Rome, as porters, chairmen, &c. See Sat. iv.

VER. 372. *See from the Dole, &c.* Umbricius shifts the scene. The difficulties of the morning are overpast, and the streets freed from the crowds of levee-hunters, &c. New perils now arise, and the poor are obstructed in the prosecution of

Huge pans, which Corbulo could scarce uprear,
With steady neck a puny slave must bear,

their evening business, by the prodigious numbers of clients returning from the houses of their patrons with the *sportula*, or supper.

As he observes, that each was followed by his kitchen, (*sequitur sua quemque culina*,) and, as it further appears, preserved some state at home; it is probable that his view here, as well as in the first Satire, was to expose the meanness and avarice of the rich, who were content to swell the train of the vain or ambitious, and to exact the dole in consequence of it, to the manifest injury of the poorer claimants, in whose favour the distribution was instituted.

The “kitchen” was a larger kind of chafingdish, divided into two cells, in the uppermost of which, they put the meat, and in the other, fire to keep it warm. It was to cherish this, that the slaves made such haste:—to bustle through the smoke and heat of such an eager throng, must have been no less difficult than disagreeable. How often have I been reminded of the *sportula*, by the firepans, and suppers of the Neapolitans! As soon as it grows dark, the streets are filled with twinkling fires, glancing about, in every direction, on the heads of those modern “Corbulos;” and suddenly disappearing, as they enter their houses with their frugal meal.

VER. 374. *Huge pans, which Corbulo, &c.*] Corbulo, says the old Scholiast, was a famous wrestler;—but he was something better: he was a great and successful commander under Nero, by whom, when his services grew too great for reward, he was basely decoyed to Cenchreæ, (a small town near Corinth, of which it was the port,) and condemned unheard.

He is called a faithful and wary chief, by Amm. Marcellinus, no ill judge of military merit: and Tacitus, who relates his actions, speaks of him with great respect. He terms him one of the most illustrious men of that age, not deficient surely in such characters; and describes him of a gigantick stature,

And, lest amid the way the flames expire,
 Glide nimbly on, and gliding, fan the fire;
 Through the close press with sinuous efforts wind,
 And, piece by piece, leave his botch'd rags behind.

Hark! groaning on, the unwieldy waggon spreads
 Its cumbrous load, tremendous! o'er our heads,
 Projecting elm or pine, that nods on high,
 And threatens death to every passer by. [weight
 Heavens! should the axle crack, which bears a
 Of huge Ligurian stone, and pour the freight
 On the pale crowd beneath, what would remain,
 What joint, what bone, what atom of the slain?

and of inconceivable strength. He fell on his sword, like a Roman.

VER. 380. *Hark! groaning on, the unwieldy waggon spreads, &c.* This seems to be an oblique attack on the frenzy of the emperours for building; it was chiefly for their use, that these immense beams, masses of stone, &c. were brought to Rome. Juvenal, however, lived to see the evil, in some degree, lessened, at least, if we may credit Pliny, who celebrates Trajan (Paneg. c. li.) for his moderation in this respect. Here is the passage, and it is a very pertinent one. He first commends him for being *tam parcus in ædificando, quam diligens in tuendo*; and he immediately adds, *Itaque non, ut ante, immanium transvectione saxorum urbis tecta quatiuntur: stant securæ domus, nec jam templa nutantia*. Lipsius says, the allusion here is to Domitian. Of this there can be no doubt; and this, if there were no other circumstance, would serve to determine under whose reign this satire was written.

The body, with the soul, would vanish quite,
 Invisible as air, to mortal sight!—
 Meanwhile, unconscious of their fellow's fate,
 At home, they heat the water, scour the plate,
 Arrange the strigils, fill the cruise with oil,
 And ply their several tasks with fruitless toil:
 For he who bore the dole, poor mangled ghost,
 Sits pale and trembling on the Stygian coast,
 Scared at the horrors of the novel scene,
 At Charon's threatening voice, and scowling mien;
 Nor hopes a passage, thus abruptly hurl'd,
 Without his farthing, to the nether world.

VER. 392. *Arrange the strigils, &c.*] The strigil was an instrument with which the Romans scraped the sweat from their bodies after bathing. Britannicus says, it was made of iron; this, I suppose, was usually the case; but we read of brass, silver, and even of gold strigils. Holyday has given a print of one; it appears to be an orbicular rim of metal, fixed to a long tapering handle.

There are some who will have the strigil to be a coarse shaggy napkin; and others again, an artificial sponge: probably the rich had them of all these different kinds. Whatever it might be, the application of it was peculiarly grateful to the Romans, since we find that several of them, and Augustus among the rest, injured their skin by too constant an application of it.

VER. 399. *Without his farthing, &c.*] The ancients believed, that the souls of the deceased could not cross the Styx without paying a trifling fare to Charon for their passage; which they were therefore careful to put into the mouths of the dead, previously to their being carried out for interment. This idle

Pass we these fearful dangers, and survey,
 What other evils threat our nightly way.
 And first, behold the mansion's towering size,
 Where floors on floors to the tenth story rise ;
 Whence heedless garretteers their pots herds throw,
 And crush the unwary wretch that walks below !
 Clattering the storm descends from heights unknown,
 Ploughs up the street, and wounds the flinty stone !
 'Tis madness, dire improvidence of ill,
 To sup abroad, before you sign your Will ;
 Since fate in ambush lies, and marks his prey,
 From every wakeful window in the way :

notion, the Romans borrowed, together with other fooleries, from the Greeks : it does not, indeed, appear to have been general ; but the vulgar, who adopted it, adhered to the custom with scrupulous pertinacity, and feared nothing so much, as being consigned to the grave without their farthing.

Lucian frequently sneers at this : and Juvenal, who, amidst his belief of a future state, had good sense enough to mark the folly of the prevailing system, evidently points his ridicule at the monstrous absurdity of the practice.

VER. 400. *Pass we these fearful dangers, &c.*] Having gone through the difficulties and dangers which attended the poor in their morning and evening walks through the city, Umbritius completes his design by a description of the further evils which awaited them at night. There is every reason, from the testimony of contemporary writers, to believe that the picture is as faithful as it is animated ; it is nearly that, in short, of every overgrown and vicious capital, which is not protected by a nightwatch, or a vigilant police.

Pray, then,—and count your humble prayer well sped,
If pots be only—emptied on your head.

The drunken bully, ere his man be slain,
Frets through the night, and courts repose in vain ;
And while the thirst of blood his bosom burns,
From side to side, in restless anguish, turns,
Like Peleus' son, when, quell'd by Hector's hand,
His loved Patroclus prest the Phrygian strand.

There are, who murder as an opiate take,
And only, when no brawls await them, wake :

VER. 417. *From side to side, in restless anguish, turns,*] This is literally from Homer :

Αλλοτ' ἐπὶ πλευρᾷ κατακειμενός, αλλοτε δ' αὖτε
ὕπτιός, αλλοτε δὲ πρηγῆς —

Now prone, and now supine, the hero lay,
And toss'd from side to side, and groan'd for day.

A passage, by the way, for which he is censured by Plato, who thinks that the son of a goddess should have been made to bear his affliction with more dignity. From the terms of the comparison, it would seem that Juvenal thought so too. The old bard, I believe, knew more of these matters than either of them.

VER. 426. *There are, who murder as an opiate take, &c.*] There is a surprising similarity between this passage, and one in the Proverbs of Solomon : “Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men : for they sleep not except they have done mischief, and their rest is taken away unless they cause some to fall.” Chap. iv. 14.

The description which follows ; the humorous, but strong and indignant picture of the miseries to which the poor were exposed by the brutal insolence of midnight debauchees, roaming in

Yet even these heroes, flush'd with youth and wine,
 All contest with the purple robe decline ;
 Securely give the lengthen'd train to pass,
 The sun-bright flambeaux, and the lamps of brass.—

quest of objects on whom to exercise their cruelty, is no exaggeration of our author: grave historians have delivered the same accounts. It appears, indeed, from an incidental passage in Albinovanus, that the practice of wantonly annoying the street passenger, prevailed in the times of Augustus; but Nero was probably the first who sanctioned it by the example of an emperor. “In the garb of a slave, (says Tacitus,) he roved through the streets, attended by a band of rioters, who offered violence to all that fell in their way. In these mad frolicks he was sometimes wounded;” not with impunity, however, for it appears that Julius Montanus was put to death for repelling his insults. Tacitus does not tell us to whom they were offered, but Dio, who has the same story, says it was to his wife, *αγανακτησας ὑπὲρ τῆς γυναίκης προσέπεσε τε αὐτῇ, κ. τ. α.*) “but from the moment it was known that the Emperor was become a night-brawler, the mischief grew truly alarming. Men of rank were insulted, and women of condition suffered gross indignities: private persons took the opportunity to annoy the publick; every quarter was filled with tumult and disorder, and Rome at night resembled a city taken by storm!”

It seems from Suetonius, that the evil continued to increase. Otho and others, he tells us, constantly sallied forth at night for the humorous purpose of beating such as they met, and tossing them in the sagum, a coarse garment worn by the soldiery; and we learn from the Augustan history, that the *joke* was repeated with improvements, by those outcasts of human nature, Commodus, Heliogabalus, Verus, &c. It was little discouraged, probably, by any of the succeeding emperours, until the introduction of Christianity inspired humaner sentiments, and showed the necessity of establishing something like a regular system of protection.

Me, whom the moon, or candle's paler gleam,
 Whose wick I husband to the last extreme,
 Guides through the gloom, he braves, devoid of
 The prelude to our doughty quarrel hear, [fear:
 If that be deem'd a quarrel, where, heaven knows,
 He only gives, and I receive, the blows!
 Across my path he strides, and bids me STAND!
 I bow, obsequious to the dread command;
 What else remains, where madness, rage, combine
 With youth, and strength superiour far to mine?

“Whence come you, rogue?” he cries; “whose
 beans, to-night,
 Have stuff'd you, thus? what cobbler clubb'd his mite,
 For leeks, and sheep's-head porridge? Dumb!
 quite dumb!

Speak, or be kick'd.—Yet, once again! your home?
 Where shall I find you? At what beggar's stand,
 (Temple, or bridge) whimp'ring, with outstretch'd
 hand?”

Whether I strive some humble plea to frame,
 Or steal in silence by, 'tis just the same;
 I'm beaten first, then dragg'd in rage away;
 Bound to the peace, or punish'd for the fray!

Mark here the boasted freedom of the poor!
 Beaten and bruis'd, that goodness to adore,
 Which, at their humble prayer, suspends its ire,
 And sends them home, with yet a bone entire!

Nor this the worst; for when deep midnight reigns,
 And bolts secure our doors, and massy chains,
 When noisy inns a transient silence keep,
 And harass'd nature woos the balm of sleep,
 Then, thieves and murderers ply their dreadful trade;
 With stealthy steps our secret couch invade:—
 Roused from the treacherous calm, aghast we start,
 And the flesh'd sword—is buried in our heart!

Hither from bogs, from rocks, and caves pursued,
 (The Pontine marsh, and Gallinarian wood,)
 The dark assassins flock, as to their home,
 And fill with dire alarms the streets of Rome.
 Such countless multitudes our peace annoy,
 That bolts and shackles every forge employ,
 And cause so wide a waste, the country fears
 A want of ore for mattocks, rakes, and shares.

VER. 459. (*The Pontine marsh, &c.*) The Pontine marsh was a noted harbour for thieves, in Latium. It is at present too pestiferous for this, or any other purpose. The Gallinarian wood lay in the neighbourhood of Cumæ, Umbricius' purposed place of residence, and, like the former spot, was a well-known receptacle for footpads, robbers, &c.

When their numbers became so great as to render travelling altogether unsafe, it was customary to send a body of soldiers from the capital to scour their retreats: the inevitable consequence of which was, that they escaped in crowds to Rome, where they continued to exercise their old trade of plunder and blood, and probably carried on their depredations with more security and effect than before.

O ! happy were our sires, estranged from crimes ;
 And happy, happy, were the good old times,
 Which saw, beneath their kings, their tribunes' reign,
 One cell the nation's criminals contain !

Much could I add, more reasons could I cite,
 If time were ours, to justify my flight ;
 But see ! the impatient team is moving on,
 The sun declining ; and I must be gone :
 Long since, the driver murmur'd at my stay,
 And jerk'd his whip, to beckon me away.
 Farewell, my friend ! with this embrace we part :
 Cherish my memory ever in your heart ;
 And when, from crowds and business, you repair,
 To breathe at your Aquinum, freer air,
 Fail not to draw me from my loved retreat,
 To Elvine Ceres, and Diana's seat :—

VER. 479. ———— *Aquinum, &c.*] This is the only passage, in which we find any mention of our author's birthplace. Aquinum was a small town of the Volsci, (Lubin says a great one, but he mistakes,) on the Latin road. It is now a bishop's see.

VER. 481. *To Elvine Ceres, and Diana's seat:*] The commentators are not agreed upon the meaning of the epithet Elvine. The most probable opinion seems to be that which derives it from a fountain or streamlet, of that name, in the neighbourhood of which both Ceres and Diana had temples. Diana, it should be observed, was regarded with peculiar veneration at Aquinum ; hence Umbricius says, *vestramque Dianam* : she is now superseded by some female saint, whose name has escaped

For your bleak hills my Cumæ I'll resign,
 And (if you blush not at such aid as mine)
 Come well equipp'd, to wage, in angry rhymes,
 Fierce war, with you, on follies and on crimes.

my memory. Britannicus tells us, that the vestiges of three temples were yet to be seen there; but I would not advise the traveller of the present day to spend much time in looking for them. The country round Aquinum, though fertile, was humid, from the number of springs, and is therefore called chilly, (*gelidum*), by the poet.

VER. 484. *Come well equipp'd,*] *Caligatus*: that is, says Holyday, in arms like a soldier; which is the sense given to it by the whole body of commentators. Dr. Ireland, however, differs from them. "You have fallen," he says, "into the opinion expressed by Britannicus: *Umbritius ergo habitu militari ostendit se venturum ad Juv. ut proinde mirum videri non debeat ipsis satiris, si non satis idoneus auditor visus fuerit, quum habitu non poetico sed militari venerit*. But the extraordinary harshness of *caligatus*, if used here in a sense strictly military, makes it desirable that another meaning should be found for it. Nor is it necessary that Umbritius should be a soldier, notwithstanding his shoes. Dio says, that when Caligula took the shoe from which he derived his name, he wore it to mark his renunciation of his former town shoes: *αντι των ασικων (υποδηματων)*. And we know that, after Juvenal's time, the wearing of shoes of an effeminate softness, and of various colours, became the object of publick prohibition. May not Umbritius mean, therefore, that his assumption of the Caliga was only a mark of his renunciation of the manners of Rome? This inference will be the same, whether the Caliga was worn by the soldiers only, or by the peasants in common with them. It is the use of it beyond the walls of the city, or in opposition to the customs of it, to which the thought is principally directed. Umbritius, therefore, is made to persevere in his preference of the country, by telling

his friend, that he will visit him in a dress which shall mark his determination never to live in Rome again. In this sense, the last line of the Satire agrees with the general purpose of it, and keeps up the idea with which it began."

I have retained nearly the whole of this note, as it stood in the first edition. Although unconvinced of the correctness of Dr. Ireland's explanation, (whatever may be thought of its ingenuity,) I have much less confidence in my own than I once had. Both of us may have gone too far for the real meaning of the author, who probably thought only of the damp and chilly nature of the soil of Aquinum, and merely intended to connect *caligatus* with *gelidos agros*, and shew that Umbricius was earnest in his visit, and had prepared himself accordingly.

There is something exquisitely beautiful in the conclusion of this Satire: the little circumstances which accelerate the departure of Umbricius, the tender farewell which he takes of his friend, the compliment which he introduces to his abilities, and the affectionate hint which he throws out, that, in spite of his attachment to Cumæ, he may command his humble assistance in the noble task in which he is engaged, all contribute to leave a pleasing impression of melancholy on the mind, and interest the reader deeply in the fate of this neglected, but virtuous and amiable exile.

SATIRE IV.

Argument.

IN this Satire, which was probably written under Nerva, Juvenal indulges his honest spleen against two most distinguished culprits, Crispinus, already noticed in his first Satire, and Domitian, the constant object of his scorn and abhorrence.

Considered as a whole, this is not a very extraordinary performance: yet no particular division of it is without merit: the principal defect seems to be its sudden transition from the shocking enormities of Crispinus to his gluttony and extravagance. Even this, inartificial as it certainly is, appears in some degree necessary to the completion of his design—the introduction of Domitian.

The whole of this part is excellent. The mock solemnity with which the anecdote of the turbot is introduced, the procession of the affrighted counsellors to the palace, and the ridiculous debate which terminates in as ridiculous a decision, show a masterly hand: and though the mere reader may be tempted to cry out with Desdemona, “O most lame and impotent conclusion!” yet the critick will acquit the poet of any great want of judgment, since he most probably gives the circumstances as he found them.

What is more peculiarly his own, is the striking picture of the state of the empire under the suspicious and gloomy tyranny of Domitian; which he boldly dashes out by briefly, but ingeniously touching on the character and conduct of the chief courtiers, as they pass in review before him:—nor should we overlook the indignant and high-spirited apostrophe with which he concludes the Satire; an apostrophe, which under some of the emperours would be fatal, and under none of them without danger.

SATIRE IV

Argument

In this Satire, which was probably written under Nero, Juvenal satirizes his friend, whom he calls "my dear" (meum), the con-
spicuous, lively, and in his day, famous, and brilliant, the con-
stant object of his own and others' eyes.
Considered as a whole, this is not a very extraordinary poem.
It is not a particular instance of it in its kind; the poetical
style seems to be in the middle ground between the classical
of Crassus to the lively and satirical of Juvenal. From this
as it certainly is, appears in some degree necessary to the completion
of his design—the introduction of Crassus.
The whole of this poem is written in a most satirical style,
which the character of the subject is determined, the poetical of the
satirical connection to the subject, and the satirical style which
terminates in an epigrammatic style, which is certainly best, and
though the poet's style is satirical, it is not the style of Juvenal,
"O most famous and important connection," yet the style will appear
the poet of our great poet of Juvenal, since he most probably gives
the circumstances as he found them.
What is more, probably the poet, in the satirical picture of the
state of the empire under the emperor and glowing picture of the
satire, which he depicts, shows not only the satirical, but satirical, satirical,
but on the character and conduct of the chief characters, as they were
in Rome before him.—not that he overlooks the indignity and
high spirited opposition with which he combats the satire, as
satirical, which under mode of the emperor would be fatal, and
under none of them without danger.

SATIRE IV.

V. 1—6.

AGAIN Crispinus comes ! and yet again,
And oft, shall he be summon'd to sustain
His dreadful part :—the monster of the times,
Without ONE virtue to redeem his crimes !
Diseased, emaciate, weak in all but lust,
And whom the widow's sweets alone disgust.

VER. 1. *Again Crispinus comes ! &c.*] Crispinus has been already noticed in the notes to the first Satire. All that need be added of him here is, that he continued in great favour during the whole reign of Domitian, and amassed immense riches ; which he squandered in the gratification of the most vicious passions.

The usual explanation of the sixth line does not satisfy me : “ *Ostendit illum jucundiora tantum sectari adulteria, nam qui viduas sequebantur, id lucri gratia faciebant.* ” I rather think the author means to insinuate, that Crispinus cared not to indulge his lust, unless he could add to it a crime of some peculiar heinousness. To corrupt virgin innocence, to invade the sanctity of the marriage bed, was his delight : intrigues with widows, therefore, had too little turpitude in them to gratify his singular depravity.

Avails it then, in what long colonnades
 He tires his mules? through what extensive glades
 His chair is borne? what vast estates he buys,
 What splendid domes, that round the Forum rise?
 Ah, no!—Peace visits not the guilty mind,
 Least his, who incest to adultery join'd,
 And stain'd thy priestess, Vesta;—whom, dire fate!
 The long dark night and living tomb await.

VER. 10. ————— *round the Forum, &c.*] The situation of this property is not mentioned without reason. The Forum (emphatically,) which is the place meant, was the most frequented part of Rome; (Sat. I. v. 203,) a vast estate, therefore, in its vicinity, must have cost a prodigious sum, and the purchase of it is well calculated to show the overgrown wealth of this odious upstart.

Indeed, it is not improbable (for Juvenal's satire frequently extends beyond the apparent point) that we have here a covert allusion to the presumption of Crispinus, in following the example of the Cæsars, whose palace and gardens, which also consisted of many acres, (*tot jugera*,) were in the neighbourhood of the Forum.

VER. 13. *And stain'd thy priestess, Vesta; &c.*] If a Vestal violated her vow of chastity, she was interred alive. The solemnity is thus described by Plutarch. At the Colline Gate, within the city, in a subterraneous cavern, there were first placed a bed, a lamp, a pitcher of water, and a loaf. The offender was then bound alive upon a bier, and carried through the Forum with great silence and horror. When they reached the place of interment, the bier was set down, and the poor wretch unbound; a ladder was then brought, by which she descended into the excavation, when, upon a signal given, it was suddenly with-

Turn we to slighter vices :—yet had these,
In others, Seius, Titius, whom you please,

drawn, and the mouth of the opening completely filled up with stones, earth, &c.

It is doubtful, whether the Vestal debauched by Crispinus really underwent this punishment. Juvenal's words do not necessarily imply so much; the participle involving the moral fitness of the future event, and not exclusively the certainty of its accomplishment: *terram subitura*, i. e. who ought to be buried alive. For the rest, the severity exercised by Domitian against the Vestals was so dreadful, (whether their guilt was proved or not,) that one of the Pontifices, Elvius Agrippa, is related to have expired through the terroure of it.

The word, incest, used by Juvenal, is applied to the same act by Suetonius and Pliny; and is, say the criticks, the appropriate term for cohabitation with a Vestal. This, however, is a mistake; it is an improper term: but such was the respect for religion, that they transferred to it a word which was only appropriate in other acceptations; and the violator of a Vestal virgin was placed upon a par, in criminality, with the violator of all natural decorum.

VER. 16. *Seius, Titius*,] “It does not appear,” says Madan, “who these were: but probably they were some valuable men, *claras illustresque animas*, who had been persecuted by the Emperour for a supposed crime.” These “valuable men” had, indeed, been persecuted for many a supposed crime; but, to give the devil his due, not by the Emperour. It is surprising the translator should not know, that they were men of straw, fictitious personages, like our John Doe and Richard Roe, and, like them, inserted into all law-processes. Thus Plutarch, to quote no other, τοῖς δὲ ὀνομασί τούτοις ἀλλῶς κεχρηνται κοινοῖς οὖσιν, ὥσπερ οἱ νομικοὶ Γαῖον, Σηιον, καὶ Τίτιον. *Quæst. Rom.* 30.

The Censor (or *judex morum*, as Juvenal calls him,) frequently interfered in cases of extravagance in dress, living, &c. but

The Censor roused; for what the good would shame,
 Becomes Crispinus, and is honest fame.
 But when the actor's person far exceeds,
 In native loathsomeness, his loathsom'st deeds,
 Say, what can satire? For a fish that weigh'd
 Six pounds, six thousand sesterces he paid!
 As those report, who catch, with greedy ear,
 And magnify the mighty things they hear.

Crispinus was a favourite, and might, therefore, trample on the sumptuary laws with impunity.

VER. 23. *As those report, &c.*] There is some awkwardness here. It is of importance to the subject, that the extravagance of Crispinus should be as strongly marked as possible: all doubts, therefore, respecting the authenticity of the fact, are equally impertinent and injudicious. *Facit indignatio versus* should have been the motto of this satire: for this passion, while it invigorates the fancy, corrupts the judgment; and there are more instances of defective taste to be found in it, than in many of the longer pieces.

The fish purchased by Crispinus, was a sur-mullet. Barbel, the common translation of the original, (*mullus*,) is a coarse fish, and could never be worth any thing. Mullet is still more incorrect: the proper word for that, being *mugilis*. There is something extremely whimsical in the conduct of the Romans respecting their tables; sur-mullets, as it appears from the elder Pliny, were exceedingly plentiful, and consequently cheap; but then, they seldom weighed above two pounds. In proportion as they exceeded this, they grew valuable; till at last they reached the sum mentioned in the text, (about *L.50.*) and even went beyond it.

One would think that nature had fallen in with the caprice of the Romans, for the fish seems to have grown larger in the

Had this expense been meant, with well-timed skill,
 To gull some childless dotard of a Will;
 Or bribe some rich and fashionable fair,
 Who flaunts it in a close, wide-window'd, chair;

decline of the empire, as if to humour the extravagance of this degenerate people. Horace thought he had pretty well stigmatized the frantick folly of his glutton, by a mullus of three pounds weight, (Lib. ii. Sat. 2,) the next reign furnished one of four and a half;* here we have one of six pounds; and we read elsewhere of others larger still! How long the passion for these enormous fish continued, I know not; but Macrobius, speaking with indignation of one that was purchased under Claudius, by Asinius Celer, for a greater sum than any we have mentioned, (L 56. 10s.) adds, that in his time such mad prices were happily unknown: *pretia hæc insana nescimus*.

VER. 28. ————— a close, wide-window'd, chair;]—*clauso latis specularibus antro*: A close chair with wide windows, is a singular expression; it is one of those, however, in which Juvenal delights. His meaning is not very obvious: perhaps, (for I can think of nothing better,) he might design to satirize the affectation of the lady, who pretended to conceal herself in a vehicle which, by its splendour, must have attracted universal

* The story is in Seneca; it is curious, and, as it seems to illustrate a passage in the next page, worth subjoining. Some one has presented Tiberius with a mullus of four pounds and a half! The Emperour ordered it to be carried to market, observing, at the same time, to his friends, that he should not be much surprised if it were bought either by P. Octavius or Apicius. His expectations were more than fulfilled; for these two gluttons bade one upon another for it. The victory fell at length to Octavius, who acquired a prodigious reputation among his acquaintance, for giving L 40. for a fish which the Emperour sold, and which Apicius could not afford to buy!

'Twere worth our praise:—but no such plot was here.
 'Twas for HIMSELF he bought a treat so dear!
 This, all past gluttony from shame redeems,
 And even Apicius poor and frugal seems.
 What! You, Crispinus, brought to Rome, erewhile,
 Lapt in the rushes of your native Nile,
 Buy scales, at such a price! you might, I guess,
 Have bought the fisherman himself for less;

notice. Holyday appears to have found no difficulty in the passage, which he translates, (without a note,) “in her close cave, *unseen* ;” but it could scarcely be for the purpose of concealment that such expense was incurred. I incline to think that the allusion, like a thousand others in this author, was personal; and that both the lady and her chair were well known to his contemporaries.

VER. 34. *Lapt in the rushes, &c.*] Pliny the Elder says that the Ægyptians manufactured the stalks of the papyrus, not only into mats and sails, but into garments, *vela tegetesque, nec non et vestem*. I once thought Crispinus might have obtained one of these; but I am now persuaded that he was not quite so fortunate. He was girt, in short, round the middle with the papyrus coarsely strung, or plaited together, as the savages of the new-discovered islands are said to be, and as his countrymen are at this day. Rear Admiral Perrée, who certainly had no intention of illustrating Juvenal, mentions this circumstance, which, to my mind, does it very happily: *La férocité des habitans est pire que les sauvages; majeure partie habillés en paille*. The ferocity of the natives exceeds that of savages; most of them appear to be clothed in reeds or rushes. *Intercept. Lett.*

The contrast between Crispinus thatched with rushes, and Crispinus clothed in Tyrian purple, is not overlooked by our author.

VER. 35. *Buy scales at such a price!*] *Hoc pretium squamæ!*

Bought, in some countries, manors at this rate,
And, in Apulia, an immense estate !

How gorged the Emperour, when so dear a fish,
Yet, of his cheapest meals, the cheapest dish,
Was guttled down by this impurpled lord,
Chief knight, chief parasite, at Cæsar's board,
Whom Memphis heard so late, with ceaseless yell,
Clamouring through all her streets—"Ho ! shads
to sell !"

Pierian MAIDS, begin ;—but, quit your lyres,
The fact I bring, no lofty chord requires :
Relate it, then, and in the simplest strain,
Nor let the poet style you MAIDS, in vain.

When the last Flavius, drunk with fury, tore
The prostrate world, which bled at every pore,
And Rome beheld, in body as in mind,
A bald-pate Nero rise, to curse mankind ;

Juvenal seems to have chosen this word, for the purpose of marking his indignation at the shameless extravagance of Crispinus.

VER. 52. *A bald-pate Nero rise, &c.*] This Nero, as, with some injury to his worthy prototype, Juvenal calls Domitian, is said by Suetonius to have been so sore on the subject of his baldness, that it was not safe to mention a want of hair in his hearing. By a strange obliquity of reasoning, as soon as his hair was gone, he set about composing a treatise on the method of taking care of it : and it should seem, from the short extract which Suetonius has preserved of the work, that Sir Fretful himself

It chanced, that where the fane of Venus stands,
Rear'd on Ancona's coast by Grecian hands,

could not have borne his misfortunes with greater fortitude, or talked of them with greater sincerity:—*forti animo fero comam in adolescentia senescentem. Scias nec gratius quidquam decore, nec brevius, &c.* Domit. 18. Be this as it may, the designation which our author has given of this last and worst of the Flavian family, is a masterly one: it seems to have grown into a proverb, for Ausonius thus repeats it:

“ Et Titus imperii felix brevitatem; sequutus
“ Frater, quem Calvum dixit sua Roma Neronem.”

The old Scholiast says that this passage provoked the Emperor to send Juvenal into banishment. This is a judicious thought, as it must be allowed to be much more offensive than the short reflection on Paris, (in the seventh Satire,) which is commonly cited as the cause of his exile. There are, however, two objections, which have their weight with me; first, that Domitian would have thrown the author of so severe a satire from the Tarpeian Rock, instead of sending him into Egypt; and secondly, that he was dead (as the critick would have found, if he had read a few lines further) when it was written.

It seems very probable that Petronius meant to ridicule Nero, or, at least, to parody some composition of his, on his baldness, in what Eumolpus affectedly calls “*capillarum elegidarium*.”

“ Infelix, modo crinibus nitebas,
Phœbo pulchrior et sorore Phœbi:
At nunc lævior ære, vel rotundo
Horti tubere, quod creavit unda;
Ridentes fugis, et times puellas.
Ut mortem citius venire credas,
Scito jam capitis perîsse partem.”

A turbot, wandering from the Illyrian main,
 Fill'd the wide bosom of the bursting seine.
 Monsters so bulky, from its frozen stream,
 Mæotis renders to the solar beam,
 And pours them, fat with a whole winter's ease,
 Through the bleak Euxine, into warmer seas.

The mighty draught the astonish'd boatman eyes,
 And, to the Pontiff's table, dooms his prize :
 For who would dare to sell it? who to buy?
 When the coast swarm'd with many a practis'd spy,

VER. 62. *And to the Pontiff's &c.*] Britannicus thinks that Juvenal calls Domitian Pontiff, in allusion to his condemnation of the Vestals, which was the peculiar province of the high-priest. Others again suppose that there is an allusion to the sottish vanity of the Emperour, in accumulating upon himself every office of power, and every title of honour. But can Britannicus be right? Surely there were vices enough belonging to Domitian, and appropriate to his character. Our author could hardly impute it to him as a crime that he was Pont. Max. when he assumed that title only in compliance with the custom of his predecessors. He might, indeed, mean to contrast the real viciousness of his character with the outward sanctity of his office :—after all, Juvenal's taste in the selection of this word is not to be admired; he should rather have fixed on some title, by virtue of which the fish might be claimed. The charge, indeed, of assuming dignities improperly, might have been justly urged against him in the case of the Consulate and Censorship. He was Consul for ten years together, and Censor for life; and he was the first of the Romans that so usurped these honours, *πρωτος δη και μονος, και ιδιωτων και αυτοκρατορων*

Mud-rakers, prompt to swear the fish had fled
 From Cæsar's ponds, ingrate ! where long it fed,
 And thus recaptured, claim'd to be restored,
 To the dominion of its ancient lord !
 Nay, if Palphurius may our credit gain,
 Whatever rare or precious swims the main,
 Is forfeit to the crown, and you may seize
 The obnoxious dainty, when and where you please.
 This point allow'd, our wary boatman chose
 To give—what else, he had not fail'd to lose.

Now were the dogstar's sickly fervours o'er,
 Earth, pinch'd with cold, her frozen livery wore ;

VER. 69. *Nay, if Palphurius, &c.*] This is not much unlike what we find in Blackstone, that sturgeon and whale were anciently called royal fish with us, on account of their excellence, and, as such, appropriated to the sovereign :

“ Hath not strong reason mov'd the legist's minde,

“ To say, the fayrest of all nature's kinde

“ The prince, by his prerogative, may clayme ?”

Very good, Master Marston. Palphurius and you “are both in a tale.”

The history of this person is curious. He had been a buffoon and a parasite at the court of Nero ; occupations for which Vespasian turned him out of the Senate : when he commenced Stoick in spite, and talked (which, Suetonius says, he could do very eloquently) of abstinence and virtue ; till Domitian, who wanted little other recommendation of a man, than the having justly incurred the contempt and anger of his father, made him his own lawyer, and gave him the management of his informations, proscriptions, &c. ; in which, says my author, he bestirred himself to some purpose.

The old began their quartan fits to fear,
 And wintry blasts deform'd the beauteous year,
 And kept the turbot sweet: yet on he flew,
 As if the sultry South corruption blew.—

And now the lake, and now the hill he gains,
 Where Alba, though in ruins, still maintains
 The Trojan fire, which, but for her, were lost,
 And worships Vesta, though with less of cost.

The wondering crowd, that gather'd to survey
 The enormous fish, and barr'd the fisher's way,
 Sate, at length retires; the gates unfold!—
 Murmuring, th' excluded senators behold

VER. 82. *Where Alba, &c.*] Alba, where Domitian now was, stood on the declivity of a hill, near a pretty spacious lake, famous in Roman story. It was built by Ascanius, after the death of his mother Lavinia, (Sat. XII.) and the Trojans seem to have deposited there the sacred fire brought from Ilium. When the city was destroyed, and Rome made the capital of the nation, a remnant of this fire was still left there from some superstitious motive, and piously preserved through all the vicissitudes of the commonwealth.

Domitian, as is elsewhere observed, was attached to Alba. Here he spent much of his time, and here he usually kept the Quinquatria, or festival of Minerva, whom, with matchless propriety, he had chosen for his protectress. Madan, in the true spirit of a commentator, tells us, that the occasion of Domitian's being there at this time, might be the celebration of this holiday. This is excellent: the Quinquatria began on the 19th of March, and Juvenal has just told us, that the fish was presented at the close of autumn!

The envied dainty enter :—On the man
To great Atrides press'd, and thus began.

“ This, for a private table far too great,
“ Accept, and sumptuously your Genius treat :

VER. 91. “ *This, for a private table &c.*] The Anconian might have found a precedent for his conduct in Herodotus, who gives an account of a very fine fish which was taken, and brought to Polycrates the tyrant of Samos. The presentation speech is preserved by the historian: it is very civil, as might be expected, but far short of this before us. Herodotus adds, that Polycrates invited the fisherman to sup with him: a trait of politeness which, we may be pretty confident, Domitian did not think it necessary to imitate. I suppose that no one ever expected to see this sublime flight of the Anconian seriously copied; and yet there is something extremely like it, in a little poem written by a very grave doctor of the 16th century :

“ ———— Lycidas ad sese lina reducens,
“ Exeruit salientem udo de carcere piscem,
“ Quem nulli casses, quem nulla incendia terrent
“ Non ingrata tuæ modo sint sua viscera mensæ !”

But what shall we say of Claudian ?

“ Telis jacebunt sponte tuis feræ,
“ Gaudensque sacris vulneribus leo
“ Admittet hastam morte superbior !”

In Nupt. Hon. v. 15.

Fletcher, as might be expected, plays with this idea :

“ She used to take delight, with her fair hand,
To angle in the Nile, where the glad fish,
As if they knew who 'twas sought to deceive them,
Contended to be taken.” *The False One.*

And Jonson, whose learning occasionally overpowered his judgment, has also taken this unnatural thought, (unnatural, when seriously addressed to a man of sense,) and expanded it thus :

"Haste to unload your stomach, and devour,
 "A turbot, destined to this happy hour.
 "I sought him not;—he mark'd the toils I set,
 "And rush'd, a willing victim, to the net."

Was flattery e'er so rank! yet he grows vain,
 And his crest rises at the fulsome strain.
 When, to divine, a mortal power we raise,
 He looks for no hyperboles in praise.

But when was joy unmix'd? no pot is found,
 Capacious of the turbot's ample round:
 In this distress, he calls the chiefs of state,
 At once the objects of his scorn and hate,

"Fat aged carps, that run into thy net,
 "And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,
 "As loth the second draught, or cast to stay,
 "Officiously at first themselves betray."

Forest, Lib. ii. 2.

VER. 99. *When to divine, &c.]*

"O what is it proud slime will not believe
 "Of his own worth, to hear it equal prais'd
 "Thus with the gods?"

Sejanus.

But Ben was not so much the imitator as the translator of the
 ancients. Ruperti has strangely mistaken the sense of this pas-
 sage. The fisherman was evidently no fool; yet he makes him
 talk like an arrant driveller.

VER. 103. *In this distress, he calls the chiefs of state, &c.]* This
 brings to my recollection an anecdote of Nero, worthy, in every
 respect, to be placed by the side of this before us. When the
 empire was now in a state of revolt against him, (a revolt which
 was soon followed by his flight and death,) he affected to despise

In whose pale cheeks distrust and doubt appear,
And all a tyrant's friendship breeds of fear.

Scarce was the loud Liburnian heard to say,
“He sits,” ere Pegasus was on his way;

the general commotion. One day, however, he summoned the senate in great haste: they assembled (as Domitian's counselors did) *εξαπινης σπούδης*, expecting to hear something about the alarming state of publick affairs. To their utter amazement, he merely wanted to inform them of an improvement which he had made on the hydraulick organ! *Εξευρηκα* (for I will use, says the historian, his very words) *πως ἡ ὑδραυλις καὶ μείζον καὶ ἐμμελεσέρον φθεγγέται!*

VER. 107. — *the loud Liburnian*] The same as the Illyrians mentioned in the preceding Satire, (p. 127) the people of this country seem to have been as notorious for the strength of their lungs, as of their backs.

VER. 108. — *ere Pegasus, &c.*]

“*Pegasus attonitæ positus modo villicus urbi.*”

“I consulted,” Mr. Gibbon says, “the first volume de l'Academie des Belles Lettres, for the meaning of *attonitæ*. De Valois applies it to the astonishment which prevailed at Rome on the revolt of L. Antonius.” This is not impossible. But he has not drawn from it the only conclusion that could render it interesting. “Antonius' revolt (he adds,) happened in the year of Rome 840: the tyranny of Domitian had then reached its meridian,” (no, not quite,) “yet the Romans had the baseness to endure it nine years longer!”

This is good; and yet the observation on which it is founded, is not altogether correct. Fuscus, who was present at this famous council, fell in battle about the same time that Antonius revolted in Lower Germany: some other cause of the affright must, therefore, be sought. It need not be long in finding; for, besides the Dacians, who were now keeping Rome in a constant

Yes :—the new bailiff of the affrighted town,
(For what were Præfects more ?) had snatch'd his
gown,

state of alarm, the Catti, the Sicambri, and other barbarous nations, were on the eve of commencing hostilities.

After all, little more, perhaps, is meant by the expression than that the town was amazed and terrified at the suddenness of the summons. The caprices of the Emperour were always bloody : and, indeed, Pliny mentions it, as a striking instance of the happiness which the senate enjoyed under Trajan, that when they met, they did it without fear of losing their heads !

VER. 110. (*For what were Præfects more ?*) Præfects were first appointed by Romulus, and his regal successours, and after them by the Consuls ; but their authority was so much enlarged by Augustus, that he may be almost considered as having instituted them. He is said to have done this by the advice of Mæcenas ; and the choice of those on whom he successively conferred the office, shows his opinion of its importance.

The Præfect was, indeed, trusted with extraordinary powers. His jurisdiction was no longer confined, as before, to the city, but extended a hundred miles beyond it—*intra centesimum lapidem*.—He decided in all causes between masters and slaves, patrons and clients, guardians and wards, &c. ; he had the inspection of the mints, the regulation of the markets, and the superintendence of the publick amusements.

But this was in better days : the Præfect, like every other popular magistrate, was now reduced to insignificance ; and the expressions of Juvenal contain a bitter sarcasm on the supineness of the Romans, who had carelessly seen this great officer degraded, by the overbearing tyranny of Domitian, and his immediate predecessors, to the humiliating situation of a bailiff, or country steward.

Lubin says that Pegasus was made Præfect of the city by Vespasian. I know not how to reconcile this to our author's *mode*

And rush'd to council : From the ivory chair,
 He dealt out justice with no common care ;
 But yielded oft to those licentious times,
 And where he could not punish, wink'd at crimes.

Then old, facetious Crispus tript along,
 Of gentle manners, and persuasive tongue :

propositus, just appointed ; and I suspect the accuracy of the critick, who is, however, followed by Holyday. For the rest, Pegasus was an upright and worthy magistrate ; and according to the Scholiast, had presided over many of the provinces with honour to himself, and satisfaction to the people. He was, besides, a man of great learning, and a profound lawyer. Pegasus was, I believe, succeeded by Rutilius Gallicus, a person of extraordinary merit ; in that case, the adventure of the turbot must have taken place before the year of C. 87.

VER. 115. *Then old, facetious Crispus &c.*] Crispus is characterized nearly in the same manner by Statius. One of his good things is on record. He was met by a friend coming out of the palace, and asked whether any body was with the Emperour. “No,” replied he, “not even a fly :”—for Domitian, to keep himself in practice, used to amuse his leisure hours with chasing these poor insects, and sticking them upon a style or sharp pointed instrument for writing.

Tacitus, from what motives it is not easy to guess, speaks less favourably of Crispus than our author. It could not surely be for his cautious conduct ; for this is what he expressly commends in his life of Agricola. “He did not choose,” says he, “to imitate the zeal of those who by their intemperance provoked their fate, and rushed on sure destruction, without rendering any kind of service to their country.”—Happily for mankind, the historian himself had the prudence to copy his father-in-law's example. But whatever the demerits of Crispus might be, we may be sure, from the language of Juvenal, who, though not so good a politician as

None fitter to advise the Lord of All,
 Had that pernicious pest, whom thus we call,
 Allow'd a friend to sooth his savage mood,
 And give him counsel, wise at once and good.
 But who shall dare this liberty to take,
 When, every word you hazard, life's at stake?
 Though but of stormy summers, showery springs—
 For tyrants' ears, alas! are ticklish things.
 So did the good old man his tongue restrain;
 Nor strove to stem the torrent's force in vain.
 Not one of those, who, by no fears deterr'd,
 Spoke the free soul, and truth to life preferr'd,
 He temporized—thus fourscore summers fled,
 Even in that court, securely, o'er his head.

Next him, appear'd Acilius hurrying on,
 Of equal age,—and follow'd by his son;

Tacitus, was as honest a man, and as sincere a hater of tyranny in all its modes and forms, that a base compliance with any dangerous caprice of the Emperour was not one of them. Like Pegasus, where he could not approve, he was probably silent.

The old Scholiast makes a pleasant mistake about this man: he confounds him with Crispus Passienus, who was put to death by Claudius.

VER. 131. *Next him, appear'd Acilius &c.*] Little is known of Acilius, but that little is favourable. How he could become dangerous to Domitian, at the advanced age of eighty, is not easily explained; but we find in Suetonius, that soon after the event here so worthily celebrated, he was driven into banishment

Who fell, unjustly fell, in early years,
A victim to the tyrant's jealous fears :

on a suspicion of treason. His treasons were probaby his virtues ; for Pliny, speaking of him many years after his death, describes him as a man of singular prudence and worth. In the next line I have supposed, with most of the commentators, that the young man who followed Acilius was his son : this, however, is doubtful.

Why the youth, be he who he may, was induced to feign fatuity, after the example of the elder Brutus ; and for what crime, real or pretended, he finally fell, are circumstances which have not come down to us. Juvenal lightly touches on the fact, as one well known to his contemporaries and the multiplied murders of Domitian unfortunately took away all inclination, and indeed all power, from the historians to particularize them.

There is, however, a story in Dio which I have been sometimes tempted to think might allude to the person who accompanied Acilius. Acilius Glabrio (the name seems to correspond) was put to death by Domitian, on an accusation of impiety, and of having fought in the arena. The impiety is explained by his attachment to what Dio calls *τα των Ιουδαιων ηθη*, perhaps Christianity. The fighting (*ὅτι και θηριοις εμαχετο*) was thus : when he was Consul, (to this his youth is no objection, considering the times in which he lived,*) Domitian sent for him to Alba, and compelled him to engage a lion at the celebration of the Juvenilia. He killed the beast, and Domitian put him to death some time after, through envy of the applause which he acquired by it. This also agrees with the text, *profuit ergo nihil misero*, &c. What follows, however, in Juvenal, seems to show, unless something occurred which the historians of that period have agreed in omitting, that he and Dio do not speak of the same person :—but I leave it to the reader.

* He was Consul with Trajan, who must also have been young.

But long ere this, were hoary hairs become,
 A prodigy, among the great, at Rome ;
 Hence, had I rather owe my humble birth,
 Frail brother of the giant-brood, to earth.
 Poor youth ! in vain the ancient sleight you try ;
 In vain, with frantick air, and ardent eye,
 Fling every robe aside, and battle wage,
 With bears and lions, on the Alban stage.
 All see the trick : and, spite of Brutus' skill,
 There are who count him but a driveller still ;
 Since, in his days, it cost no mighty pains,
 T' outwit a prince, with much more beard than
 brains.

Rubrius, though not, like these, of noble race,
 Follow'd with equal terrour in his face ;

VER. 135. *But long ere this, were hoary hairs become*

A prodigy, &c.] This is bitter ; but the language of Tacitus is not less so : “ *Per idem tempus L. Piso pontifex, rarum in tanta claritudine, fato obiit.*” Ann. vi. 10. When the sober testimony of the historians supports the fiercest attacks of the Satirist, what must be the condition of the times !

VER. 147. *Rubrius, &c.]* Who this was is also doubtful. There were several of the name ; but the enquiry is not worth pursuing. His terrours, notwithstanding his obscure birth, might have taught our author that there was not so much safety in being a son of nobody, or “ of earth,” as he just before appears to have imagined. Tyranny knows no distinctions.

Holyday has a long note on his “ fault,” which “ to name,” as he poetically phrases it, “ is no wit” : and indeed, so it would

And, labouring with a crime too foul to name,
More, than the pathick satirist, lost to shame.

Montanus' belly next, and next appear'd
The legs, on which that monstrous pile was rear'd.
Crispinus follow'd, daub'd with more perfume,
Thus early ! than two funerals consume.

seem ; for, what he says of it, is at variance with his author, Juvenal has purposely wrapped it in obscurity, and his commentators will do well to leave it there :

“ Non ego variis obsita frondibus

“ Sub dio rapiam.”

The “ pathick satirist” is supposed to be Nero.

VER. 151. *Montanus' belly, &c.*] If this be the Montanus mentioned by Tacitus, (Hist. iv. 42,) of which there can be little doubt, he must have deviated widely from that firm and honourable conduct which he is there represented as pursuing, to provoke the contempt of Juvenal. The designation of him by his overgrown belly, fully prepares us for the part he takes in the memorable debate which ensues.

VER. 153. *Crispinus follow'd, &c.*] *Ecce iterum Crispinus!* But he now makes his appearance in a subordinate character, *matutino sudans amomo*, dripping with early ointments. Holyday says, that some of the commentators take *matutino* for eastern, and some for morning, and that both are right. This I doubt. He himself properly takes it in the last sense ; but he misrepresents the manners of the Romans, (a thing altogether unusual with him,) and totally overlooks the sense of his author. It was the custom of the Romans, he says, to bathe in the morning, and then to use ointments. Now, it was not the custom of the Romans to bathe in the morning, but at two or three in the afternoon ; and the satire is evidently levelled at this voluptuous upstart, for a scandalous breach of that practice, by bathing and anointing himself at so early an hour. In the eleventh Satire,

Then bloodier Pompey, practised to betray,
And hesitate the noblest lives away.

Then Fuscus, who in studious pomp at home,
Plann'd future triumphs for the Arms of Rome.

Blind to the event! those arms, a different fate,
Inglorious wounds, and Dacian vultures, wait.

Last, sly Veiento with Catullus came,
Deadly Catullus, who, at beauty's name,

indeed, Juvenal tells his friend Persicus, that he may go into the bath before noon without scandal. But Persicus was an old man, and the concession was professedly meant as an extraordinary indulgence.

VER. 155. *Then bloodier Pompey, &c.*] Of this wretch nothing is known, but what Juvenal tells us. Fuscus (v. 157) seems to have been a favourite with the Emperour, by whom he was raised to the command of a pretorian cohort, and trusted with the conduct of the Dacian war, in which he perished, with a great part of his army. Martial honoured his memory with a very good epitaph, (lib. vi. 76,) from which it appears, that his successour in the command had better fortune. He probably studied the art of war in the field.

Juvenal doubtless enjoyed this passing allusion to the Dacian war—but see Sat. vi.

VER. 161. *Last, sly Veiento with Catullus came,*] For Veiento, see Sat. iii. and vi. The only circumstance worth recording of him in this place is, that though he appears here as a base and servile flatterer, he was once in the greatest danger of losing his life for a crime of a very different nature. He was accused (Tacit. Ann. xiv. 50) in the reign of Nero, of drawing up and publishing what he called the last Wills of persons deceased, in which he inserted strokes of satire on several of the senate, and, as it would seem, from the report of T. Germinus, his accuser, on the Emperour himself! He escaped with banishment.

Took fire, although unseen: a wretch, whose crimes
Struck with amaze even those prodigious times.

Catullus is mentioned by Pliny, and the character which he gives of him is not a whit more favourable than this of Juvenal. He was a wretch, he says, who added to the loss of sight, a most savage disposition; he was equally void of pity and remorse, of shame and fear; and therefore used by Domitian as his most formidable weapon in the destruction of all that was virtuous.

His death may be added to the innumerable instances of retribution, which “vindicate the ways of God to man.” He was afflicted with an incurable disease, attended by the most excruciating, and unremitting torture: yet the agonies of his body were perfect ease, compared to those of his mind. He was constantly haunted with the thoughts of his past cruelties: the ghosts of those whom he had accused seemed ever before him, and he used to leap from his bed with the most dreadful shrieks, as if avenging flames had already seized upon it. Worn out at length by his bodily and mental sufferings, he expired one livid mass of putrefaction!

This note is already too long;—but in the dearth of virtue, to which the subject condemns me, I cannot resist the temptation of recording one instance of noble-mindedness, to which the man just mentioned gave birth; and I do it the rather, as it is connected with the history of the last two names quoted above. Nerva was supping with a few select friends. Veiento lay next him, and almost in his bosom; the conversation turned on the crimes and cruelties of the execrable Catullus, of whom all the guests spoke with the greatest freedom: when the Emperour (who was probably warmed by the conversation into a momentary contempt for such characters) exclaimed, “I wonder what would be his fate, were he now alive.” ‘His fate,’ replied Junius Mauricus, (casting his eyes on Veiento, who was little less criminal than Catullus,) ‘his fate,’ replied he, with the dauntless spirit of an old Roman, ‘would be to—sup with us!’ *Plin. Epist. iv. 22.*

In his translation of this epistle, Lord Orrery observes that the

A base, blind parasite, a murderous lord,
 From the bridge-end, raised to the council-board ;
 Yet fitter still to dog the traveller's heels,
 And whine for alms to the descending wheels !
 None dwelt so largely on the turbot's size,
 Or raised, with such applause, his wondering eyes ;
 But to the left (O, treacherous want of sight)
 He pour'd his praise ;—the fish was on the right !
 Thus would he at the fencer's matches sit,
 And shout with rapture, at some fancied hit ;

answer of Mauricus “ was levelled at Veiento.” No: it was levelled at the Emperour, and well levelled too.

VER. 166. *From the bridge-end, &c.*] Bridges appear to have been the usual stands for beggars among the Romans. Juvenal seldom introduces a beggar without mentioning a bridge at the same time. Other favourite stations were those steep descents in the high road, which, by obliging the traveller to proceed step by step, subjected him for a longer period to importunate clamour. The descent mentioned in the text was that which led from Aricia, a village in the Appian Way, a few miles from Rome. This stand is mentioned by Martial :

“ Debet Aricino conviva recumbere clivo,
 “ Quem tua felicem, Zoile, cœna, facit.”

Lib. II. 19.

Those only, Zoilus, thy cheer delights,
 Whom hunger from the Arician steep invites.

And to this Persius declares that he will have recourse for an heir, if his next of kin should displease him :

“ ————— accedo Bovillas,
 “ Clivumque ad Virbî.”

And thus applaud the stage-machinery, where
The youths were rapt aloft, and lost in air.

VER. 175. *And thus applaud the stage-machinery, &c.*] This stage-machinery, or *pegma*, as Juvenal calls it, I am utterly unable to describe, so as to convey an adequate idea of what it really was. It seems to have been a huge frame or platform of light materials, which on its gradually projecting arms, supported men and boys, who by the pressure of enormous weights on the machinery below, were suddenly forced upwards to a considerable height.

The Roman theatres were open at the top: during the performance, however, they were usually covered with an immense veil (*velarium*) which was stretched across, and formed a kind of ceiling. Immediately under this, where the extremities were fastened to the wall, sat the common people, and, as I collect from the poets, the ladies of a gayer turn. Thus Ovid says to Corinna:

“Sive ego marmorei respexi summa theatri,

“Eligis e multis unde dolere velis.

And the querulous Cynthia, to Propertius,

“Colla cave inflectas ad summum obliqua theatrum.”

Holyday calls the *velarium* a feigned cloud. If he supposed that it bore any analogy to the painted ceilings of our theatres, he evidently mistook, for there was no idea of deception in it: he has, however, misled Dryden, who strangely renders the passage,

“So did the scenes, and stage machines, admire,

“And boys that flew through canvas clouds in wire.”

To return to the *pegma*; when it was to be lowered, and the boy at the top brought down again, the weights were removed, and the machine gradually reduced itself, and took another form:

“Mobile ponderibus descendat *pegma* reductis,

“Inque chori speciem spargentes ardua flammæ

“Scena rotet.”

Claudian, de Cons. M. Theod.

Nor fell Veiento short :—as if possest,
 With all Bellona's rage, his labouring breast
 Burst forth in prophecy ; “ I see, I see,
 “ The omens of some glorious victory !
 “ Some powerful monarch captured !—lo, he rears,
 “ Horrent on every side, his pointed spears !

Whatever the *pegma* was, it was always a favourite exhibition. In Calph. Siculus, a clown is introduced giving an account to his companions of the wonders he had seen at Rome, among which this is not forgotten :

“ Vidimus in cœlum trabibus spectacula textis
 “ Surgere, Tarpeium prope despectantia culmen,
 “ Immensosque gradus et clivos lene jacentes.” *Ecl. 7.*

Holyday thinks it was commonly used in playing the Rape of Ganymede. I do not well see how this could be :—and yet it is highly probable from a passage in St. Augustin, who was present, when a young man, he says, at a play of those *arreptitios*, or “ rapt boys,” that it was appropriated to something of the same disgraceful nature ; to some amour, in short, of those opprobria of common sense, and common decency, the stage divinities of Rome.

VER. 182. ————— lo, he rears,

Horrent, on every side, his pointed spears !] Our acquaintance with the ichthyology of the ancients, is very imperfect. The rhombus (here translated turbot), is said in the text to erect the spears (*in terga*) on his back. If Veiento's eyes, in a fine frenzy rolling, saw this, it is well, if not, some other term must be sought. Whatever fish the rhombus was, however, it was certainly looked upon as a great delicacy, and in particular those of the species which were found in the Venetian gulf, whither this “ monster” was straying.

“ Arviragus hurl’d from the British car :

“ The fish is foreign, foreign is the war.”

Proceed, great Seer, and what remains untold,
The turbot’s age and country, next unfold ;
So shall your lord his fortunes better know,
And where the conquest waits, and who the foe.

The Emperour now the important question put,
“ How say ye, Fathers, SHALL THE FISH BE CUT ?”

VER. 184. *Arviragus, &c*] Holyday (from our monkish historians) says that he was the younger son of Cymbeline, that he began his reign in the fourth year of Claudius, whose daughter he married at Gloucester, that he then revolted from his father, was brought back to his duty by Vespasian, reigned many years in great glory, and left his crown to his son, a prince not less valorous, and rather more wise than his father.

All this is evidently fabulous ; yet I have nothing more worthy of credit to substitute in its place. It is sufficient to observe with Owen, that there is an allusion to some chief, who made himself formidable to the Romans after the recall of Agricola. The person known by the name of Arviragus had now been dead many years.

In the “ monarch,” (*regem aliquem*,) the other person, about whom the commentators so egregiously trifle, our author might sarcastically hint at Decebalus, whose name he could not bring into verse, but whose actions were the opprobrium of Domitian’s reign. He opposed the Emperour in the Dacian war in which Fuscus fell, and was, indeed, no contemptible enemy.

VER. 193. *No, let a pot, &c.*] Montanus has devised an expedient for dressing the fish : but how is it to be served up ? I do not know that this “ tun of man” recollected it ; but there was a dish at hand which would not have disgraced his pot.

Vitellius had collected, at an enormous expense, a prodigious quantity of the brains of birds, and livers of fishes ; these he was

“ O, far be that disgrace,” Montanus cries ;
 “ No, let a pot be form’d, of amplest size,
 “ Within whose slender sides, the fish, dread Sire,
 “ May spread his vast circumference intire !
 “ Bring, bring the temper’d clay, and let it feel
 “ The quick gyrations of the plastick wheel :—
 “ But, Cæsar, thus forewarn’d, make no campaign,
 “ Unless your potters follow in your train !”

Montanus ended ; all approved the plan,
 And all, the speech, so worthy of the man !
 Vers’d in the old court luxury, he knew,
 The feasts of Nero, and his midnight crew ;

desirous of bringing to table in a single dish. The kitchen treasures were ransacked, as in the present case, for one of an adequate size ; but none could be found : nor would the potters undertake to make such a one. In this distress, the Emperour applied to the silversmiths ; who succeeded to his wishes. In honour of the achievement, the dish was preserved as a sacred deposit, ὥσπερ τι ἀναθήμα ! Adrian had the good sense to melt it down.

VER. 202. ————— he knew, &c.] This is explained by Suetonius in his life of Nero. (27.) *Paulatim vero invalescentibus vitiis, jocularia et latebras omisit, nullaue dissimulandi cura, ad majora palam erupit. Epulas a medio die ad mediam noctem protrahabat ; refotus sæpius calidis piscinis, ac tempore æstivo nivatis.* This accounts very naturally for the unwieldy paunch of Montanus, and for the part he has just taken in the debate, which, as Juvenal properly observes, was so worthy of him.

There was another senator at this famous council, whose proficiency in “ the science of good eating ” was at least equal to that of Montanus : I mean, the facetious Vibius Crispus, the

Where, oft, when potent draughts had fired the brain,
 The jaded taste, was spurr'd to gorge again.—
 And, in my time, none understood so well,
 The science of good eating: he could tell,
 At the first relish, if his oysters fed
 On the Rutupian, or the Lucrine bed;
 And from a crab, or lobster's colour, name,
 The country, nay the district, whence it came.

Here closed the solemn farce. The Fathers rise,
 And each, submissive, from the presence hies:—
 Pale, trembling wretches, whom the Chief, in sport,
 Had dragg'd, astonish'd, to the Alban court;
 As if the stern Sicambri were in arms,
 Or the fierce Catti threaten'd new alarms;

favourite of Vitellius, and the constant associate of his scandalous excesses. When a friend once condoled with him on a fit of sickness, which had detained him from the palace, Rather congratulate me, he replied, for if I had not fallen ill, I should have died! Εἰ μὴ ἐνενοσσηκεῖν κ. τ. α. Dio, Lib. lxxv. c. 2. The historian adds, that Vitellius supported his eternal gluttony by emeticks, while his less provident companions dropt off one by one.

Holyday justly remarks, on the following lines, that the wanton luxury of the Romans may be discerned by the variety of their oysters, which were brought from every sea. Those from Rutupia (or the coast of Kent) were highly valued at Rome for their sweetness (*dulcetudo*); but there are several others mentioned in our author, Circæan, Gauran, Lucrine, &c. all distinguished by their peculiar excellencies.

As if ill news by flying posts had come,
 And gathering nations sought the fall of Rome!
 O! that such scenes, (disgraceful at the most,)
 Had all those years of cruelty engrost,
 Through which, his rage pursued the great and good,
 Uncheck'd, while vengeance slumber'd o'er their
 blood!
 And yet he fell!—for when he changed his game,
 And first grew dreadful to the vulgar name, [gore,
 They seized the murderer, drench'd with Lamian
 And hurl'd him, headlong, to the infernal shore!

VER. 218. *As if ill news by flying posts, &c.*] Flying posts,—in the original *præcipiti penna*; which has been variously interpreted. Britannicus thinks that it alludes to the ancient custom of sending intelligence by pigeons, of which there are numerous instances in history. This is not very probable. Holyday understands the words metaphorically, for a “letter of ill news, which is usually swift-winged.” The Scholiast explains them literally: *Antea si quid nuntiabant Consules in urbe, per epistolas nuntiabant. Si victoria nuntiabatur, laurus in epistola figebatur; si aliquid adversi, penna.* The former observation is certainly just; if the latter be so, which I doubt, we need look no further for the meaning of Juvenal: at any rate, the translation is sufficiently correct.

VER. 226. *They seized the murderer, drench'd with Lamian gore,*] “The Lamian familie,” Holyday says, “was most noble, being sprung from Kings, which by the testimonie of Homer, reign'd at Cajeta.” Of this family was Ælius Lamia, whose wife Domitian took away, and afterwards put Lamia himself to death.

Beaumont and Fletcher have imitated, or rather translated, the concluding lines thus:

“ Princes may pick their suffering nobles out,
“ And one by one, employ them to the block;
“ But when they once grow formidable to
“ Their clowns, and cobblers, ware then!”——

The indignant sarcasm on the tameness of the nobility, who suffered themselves to be butchered by this detestable tyrant, without resistance, does honour to the invincible spirit of our author. He himself was one of the vulgar, the *cerdones*, and I have not a doubt, that the exultation with which he mentions their prompt and decisive vengeance, was intended to convey a salutary, but an awful lesson to both parties—to the oppressors, and the oppressed.

SATIRE V.

Argument.

IN this excellent Satire, Juvenal takes occasion, under pretence of advising one Trebius to abstain from the table of Virro, a man of rank and fortune, to give a spirited detail of the mortifications to which the poor were subjected by the rich, at those entertainments to which, on account of the political connexion subsisting between patrons and clients, it was sometimes thought necessary to invite them.

A strain of manly indignation pervades the whole composition:—nor has it any of that exaggeration which some of the commentators have imagined that they perceived in it: since there is scarcely a trait of insult and indignity here mentioned, which is not to be found animadverted upon, with more or less severity, in other writers of that age.

One of Pliny's letters (lib. ii. 6,) is expressly on this subject; and as a better illustration of the Satire before us cannot possibly be desired, a pretty long extract from it is subjoined: “I supped lately with a person with whom I am by no means intimate, who in his own opinion treated us with much splendid frugality; but according to mine, in a sordid yet expensive manner. Some very elegant dishes were served up to himself and a few more of us; while those which were placed before the rest of the company, were extremely cheap and mean. There were in small bottles, three different sorts of wine; not that the guests might take their choice, but that they might not have an option in their power. The best was for himself and his friends of the first rank; the next for those of a lower order; and the third for his own and his guests' freedmen. One who sat near me took notice of this circumstance, and asked me how I approved of it? I answered, Not at all. Pray then, said he, what is

your method on such occasions? When I make an invitation, I replied, all are served alike: I invite them with a design to entertain, not to affront them; and those I think worthy of a place at my table, I certainly think worthy of every thing it affords."

Several pertinent allusions to this Satire occur in the old comedy of The Supposes, by G. Gascoigne.

SATIRE V.

TO TREBIUS.

V. 1—6.

IF—by reiterated scorn made bold,
Your mind can still its shameless tenour hold,
Still think the greatest blessing earth can give,
Is, solely at another's cost to live ;
If—you can brook, what Galba would have spurn'd,
And mean Sarmentus with a frown return'd,

VER. 5. *If,—you can brook, what Galba would have spurn'd,
And mean Sarmentus, &c.]* Galba is probably the person mentioned in the notes to the first Satire, p. 19. He is frequently noticed by Martial; and appears to have been a kind of necessary fool or jester, on whom every one broke his witticisms with impunity.

Sarmentus was a runaway slave, who, instead of being sent back to his mistress to be whipt, as he deserved, was taken into the family of a man, who has been usually supposed to have other and better claims to the gratitude of posterity, than the patronage of a scurrilous buffoon.

In his journey to Brundusium, Horace gives an account of a scolding match which he witnessed, between this Sarmentus, and

At Cæsar's haughty board, dependents both,
I scarce would take your evidence on oath.

The belly's fed with little cost: yet grant,
You should, unhappily, that little want,
Some vacant bridge might surely still be found,
Some highway side; where, grovelling on the
ground,

a fellow of the name of Messius. There was not much humour in the dispute; yet Mæcenas, who was also present at it, found it so agreeable to his taste, that he took the former into his train, carried him to Rome, and recommended him to Augustus, with whom (as we learn from Plutarch) he became a kind of favourite. The old Scholiast gives a long account of him; from which it appears, that what was so unworthily bestowed by the Emperour, was as unworthily spent by his minion; who was again reduced, in the decline of life, to a state of beggary and dependence.

VER. 9. *The belly's fed, &c.*]

“Discite, quam parvo liceat producere vitam,

“Et quantum natura petat.”— *Lucan, iv. 377.*

and Spenser,

“But would men think with how small allowance

“Untroubled nature doth herself suffice,

“Such superfluity they would despise

“As with sad care impeach their native joys.”

Here is the moral of the Satire in three words, and a very fine one it is!—but intemperance, as Cowley says of avarice, has been so pelted with good sayings, that every reader can suggest them to himself.

VER. 11. *Some vacant bridge &c.*] The usual stand for beggars. See Sat. iv. 166. To this the *illic* (there) of the succeeding lines refers.

Your shivering limbs compassion's sigh might wake,
 And gain an alms for "Charity's sweet sake!"
 What! can a meal, thus sauced, deserve your care?
 Is hunger so importunate? when THERE,
 THERE, in your tatter'd rug, you may, my friend,
 On casual scraps more honestly depend;
 With chattering teeth toil o'er your wretched treat,
 And gnaw the crusts, which dogs refuse to eat!—

For, first, of this be sure: whene'er your lord
 Thinks proper to invite you to his board,
 He pays, or thinks he pays, the total sum
 Of all your pains, past, present, and to come.
 Behold the meed of servitude! the great
 Reward their humble followers with a treat,
 And count it current coin:—they count it such,
 And, though it be but little, think it much.

If, after two long months, he condescend
 To waste a thought upon a humble friend,
 Reminded by a vacant seat, and write,
 "You, Master Trebius, sup with me to-night."
 'Tis rapture all! Go now, supremely blest,
 Enjoy the meed for which you broke your rest,
 And, loose and slipshod, ran your vows to pay,
 What time the fading stars announced the day;
 Or at that earlier hour, when, with slow roll,
 Thy frozen wain, Boötes, turn'd the pole;

Yet trembling, lest the levee should be o'er,
And the full court retiring from the door !

And what a meal at last ! such ropy wine,
As wool, which takes all liquids, would decline ;
Hot, heady lees, to fire the wretched guests,
And turn them all to Corybants, or beasts.—

At first, with sneers and sarcasms, they engage,
Then hurl the jugs around, with mutual rage ;
Or, stung to madness by the household train,
With coarse stone pots a desperate fight maintain ;
While streams of blood in smoking torrents flow,
And my lord smiles to see the battle glow !

Not such his beverage : he enjoys the juice
Of ancient days, when beards were yet in use,
Press'd in the Social War !—but will not send
One cordial drop, to cheer a fainting friend.

VER. 48. *With coarse stone pots*] Juvenal never forgets the meanness of the clients' treatment : they do not even fight with the costlier garniture of the table, for this was not within their reach ; but with stone jugs and flagons of Surrentine ware !

VER. 53. *Press'd in the Social War* !] The Social or Marsian war broke out in Italy nearly two centuries before this Satire was written. Can wines be kept so long ? Those of Italy were, indeed, of a roughness and strength that a considerable lapse of time only could subdue :—but such a period ! Pliny the Elder, however, mentions a wine of 200 years, *i. e.* pressed like this of Virro, *bellis socialibus* ; but then it had acquired, he adds, the colour, and, I suppose, the consistency of honey ; and was no longer drinkable. It was kept, he says, for the purpose of

To-morrow, he will change, and, haply, fill
 The mellow vintage of the Alban hill,
 Or Setian ; wines, which cannot now be known,
 So much the mould of age has overgrown
 The district, and the date ; such generous bowls,
 As Thrasea and Helvidius, patriot souls !

flavouring other wines, and sold at the extravagant rate of three guineas and a half an ounce, or nearly at its weight in gold. He adds, that wine cannot be preserved with advantage, beyond the 20th year : *nec alia res majus incrementum sentit ad vigesimum annum, majusve ab eo dispendium.*

Hall has imitated this passage with much humour :

“ What though he quaff pure amber in his bowl
 “ Of March-brew’d wheat ; he slakes thy thirsting soul
 “ With palish oat frothing in Boston clay,
 “ Or in a shallow cruize ; nor must that stay
 “ Within thy reach, for fear of thy craz’d brain,
 “ But call and crave, and have thy cruize again !”

VER. 56. *The mellow vintage of the Alban hill,*] This wine is frequently alluded to by our author, as of peculiar excellency. Addison tells us, in his Italian travels, that Alba still preserves its credit for wine, “ which would probably be as good now as it was anciently, did they preserve it to so great an age.” Setian wine was still more excellent ; at least, if we may trust to the taste of Augustus, who is said, by Pliny, to have preferred it to all others : it grew in Campania. This passage also is well imitated by Hall :

“ If Virro list revive his heartless graine
 “ With some French grape, or pure Canariane ;
 “ While pleasing Bourdeaux falls unto his lot,
 “ Some sowerish Rochelle cuts thy thirsting throat.”

VER. 59. ————— such generous bowls, &c.] *Dulcissimi*

While crown'd with flowers, in sacred pomp, they lay,
To FREEDOM quaff'd, on Brutus' natal day.

Before your patron, cups of price are placed,
Amber and gold, with rows of beryls graced :

versus, as Ruperti truly observes, *qui summum libertatis desiderium odiumque tyrannidis spirant*. And it may be remarked, that Juvenal is never so full of spirit and pathos, as when the old liberty of his country is the theme.

VER. 60. *As Thrasea and Helvidius,*] Of these two eminent men, the former was put to death, and the latter driven into banishment, by Nero. Tacitus dwells with singular complacency on their virtues ; and, indeed, we may gather from the concurring testimonies of historians, that Rome had seldom, if ever, produced two worthier citizens. They fell, in truth, “ on evil days,” but they seem to have “ bated no jot of heart,” and in every circumstance to have acted with dignity and spirit. Helvidius was recalled from banishment by Galba ; (another motive for our author's partiality to that chief ;) he was afterwards prosecuted on a charge of sedition, by Vespasian, but acquitted ; and probably ended his days in peace.

Thraseda was the son-in-law of that Pætus whose wife Arria is so justly celebrated for her heroick constancy in the well-known epigram, *Casta suo gladium, &c.*

There are no data to determine the precise time when this Satire was written. The passage before us certainly evinces a noble spirit of daring ; but it is probably somewhat posterior to the reign of Domitian. The two men whose memory was particularly hateful to that tyrant, were, undoubtedly, Thraseda and Helvidius, who are here indirectly introduced for the sake of a covert censure on the wretch who insulted their fame. Domitian put one person to death for calling Thraseda a man of sanctity, *τον Θράσεαν ἱερὸν ἀνομαζέ* ; and another for writing the life of Helvidius !

Cups, you can only at a distance view,
 And never trusted to such guests as you !
 Or, if they be,—a faithful slave attends,
 To count the gems, and watch your finger's ends,
 You'll pardon him ; but lo ! a jasper there,
 Of matchless worth, which justifies his care :
 For Virro, like his brother peers, of late,
 Has stripp'd his fingers to adorn his plate ;
 And jewels now emblaze the festive board,
 Which deck'd, with nobler grace, the hero's sword,
 Whom Dido prized, above the Libyan lord.
 From such he drinks : to you, the slaves allot
 The Beneventine cobbler's four-lugg'd pot,
 A fragment, a mere shard, of little worth,
 But to be truck'd for matches—and so forth.

VER. 69. ———— *but lo ! a jasper there,*] He alludes, as the commentators have observed, to Virgil, who places such a stone in the hilt of Æneas' sword :

“ ———— *atque illi stellatus iaspide fulva*

“ *Ensis erat.*”

Juvenal has fallen into a little verbiage in what follows ;—so, indeed, has his translator.

VER. 77. *The Beneventine, &c.*] This Beneventine was a drunken cobbler called Vatinius. It would have been well if giving his name to an article of coarse pottery, had been his only claim to celebrity ; but he had, unfortunately, others of a different nature. He possessed, says Tacitus, “a vein of ribaldry and vulgar humour, which qualified him to succeed as a buffoon ; in which character he first recommended himself to notice : but he soon forsook his scurrility for the trade of an informer, and

If Virro's veins with indigestion glow,
 They bring him water cool'd in Scythian snow :
 What ! did I late complain a different wine
 Fell to thy share ? A different water's thine !

Getulian slaves your vile potations pour,
 Or the coarse paws of some huge, raw-boned Moor,
 Whose hideous form the stoutest would affray,
 If met, by moonlight, near the Latian way :

having, by the ruin of the worthiest characters, arrived at eminence in guilt, he rose to wealth and power, the most dangerous miscreant of those dangerous times."

Tacitus adds, that when Nero was on his way to Greece, to earn immortal honour by his musical exertions, he stopped at Beneventum, where Vatinius entertained him with a show of gladiators.

The "four-lugg'd pot" is mentioned by Martial, who is always to be found at the heels of Juvenal :

"Vilia sutoris, calicem monumenta Vatini

"Accipe ; sed nasus longior ille fuit." *Lib. xiv. 96.*

Here the allusion is evidently to the character given of him in the note. The noses or handles of the pot, indeed, were long, but the nose of the inventor was still longer : hinting at his pernicious sagacity in finding out charges against the objects of the Emperour's fear or hate.

"Trucking broken pottery for matches" was an approved custom in the system of domestick œconomy at Rome, and is frequently mentioned by Martial :

"Quæ sulfurato nolit empta ramento,

"Vatiniorum proxeneta fractorum, &c. *Lib. x. 3.*

VER. 87. ————— *near the Latian way :*] Because there, he might be mistaken for a spectre : the Latian way, as I have

On him, a youth, the flower of Asia waits,
 So dearly purchased, that the joint estates
 Of Tullus, Ancus, would not yield the sum,
 Nor all the wealth—of all the kings of Rome!
 Bear this in mind; and when the cup you need,
 Look to your own Getulian Ganymede;
 A page who cost so much, will ne'er, be sure,
 Come at your beck: he heeds not, he, the poor;
 But, of his youth and beauty justly vain,
 Trips by them, with indifference, or disdain.
 If call'd, he hears not, or, with rage inflamed—
 Indignant, that his services are claim'd
 By an old client, who, ye gods! commands,
 And sits at ease, while his superiour stands!
 Such proud, audacious minions swarm in Rome,
 And trample on the poor, where'er they come.

Mark with what insolence another thrusts,
 Before your plate, th' impenetrable crusts,
 Black, mouldy fragments, which defy the saw,
 The mere despair of every aching jaw!
 While manchets, of the finest flour, are set
 Before your lord; but be you mindful, yet,

already observed, (p. 40,) being one of the burying places of the city.

VER. 108. *While manchets, &c.*]

“What though he chires on purer manchet's crown

“While his kind client grinds on black and brown,

And taste not, touch not: of the pantler stand
 In trembling awe, and check your desperate hand—
 Yet, should you dare--a slave springs forth, to wrest
 The sacred morsel from you. "Saucy guest,"
 He frowns, and mutters, "wilt thou ne'er divine,
 "What's for thy patron's tooth, and what for thine?
 "Never take notice from what tray thou'rt fed,
 "Nor know the colour of thy proper bread?"

Was it for this, the baffled client cries,
 The tears indignant starting from his eyes,
 Was it for this, I left my wife ere day,
 And up the bleak Esquilian urged my way,

"A jolly rounding of a whole foot broad,
 "From off the mong-corn heap shall Trebius load."

Hall, Lib. v. Sat. 2.

Manners were strangely altered at Rome since the days of Cæsar, who is said, by Suetonius, (J. Cæs. 48,) to have severely punished his "pantler," for serving his guests with a species of bread inferiour to that which was placed before himself.

VER. 118. *Was it for this, &c.*] The early hour at which the client was expected to attend the levee of his patron was a serious subject of complaint. It is frequently mentioned by Juvenal, and still more frequently by Martial who, like Trebius, had often suffered from the inclemency here so well described. He tells his patron, in one place, that unless he will sleep longer, he must not expect to see him; and in another, expostulates with him in the following sensible and affecting language:

"Si quid nostra tuis adicit vexatio rebus,
 "Mane, vel a media nocte togatus ero.
 "Stridentesque feram flatus Aquilonis iniqui,

While the wind howl'd, the hail-storm beat amain,
And my cloak smoak'd beneath the driving rain !

But lo, a lobster introduced in state,
Stretches, enormous, o'er the bending plate !
Proud of a length of tail, he seems to eye
The humbler guests with scorn, as towering by,
He takes the place of honour at the board,
And crown'd with costly pickles, greets his lord !
A crab is yours, ill garnish'd and ill fed,
With half an egg—a supper for the dead !

“ Et patiar nimbos, excipiamque nives.

“ Sed si non fias quadrante beatior uno,

“ Per gemitus nostros, ingenuasque cruces :

Parce, precor, lasso, vanosque remitte labores,

“ Qui tibi non prosunt, et mihi, Galle, nocent.”

Lib. x. 82.

VER. 131. ——— *a supper for the dead !*] “ They did place,” says Holyday, “ in the sepulchres of the dead, to appease their ghosts (such was the heathens folly) a little milk, honey, water, wine, and olives.” If these were eaten by the dead, it was well ; if not, they were burned, or, what was more generally the case, stolen by a set of starving wretches, who frequented the burying grounds for this purpose.

With all their reverence for the deceased, the ancients seem to have been strangely inattentive to their diet. It was not only of the worst quality, but extremely ill prepared. Plautus (*Pseudolo*, A. III. Sc. 2.) says of a worthless cook, that he was “ merely fit to dress a supper for the dead ;” and those of the living who condescended to share it with them, were universally stigmatized as the most necessitous and miserable of human beings :

“ Uxor Meneni sæpe quam in sepulchretis

“ Vidistis ipso rapere de rogo cœnam.”

Catul.

He pours Venafran oil upon his fish,
 While the stale coleworts in your wooden dish,
 Stink of the lamp ; for such to you is thrown,
 Such rancid grease, as Africk sends to town ;
 So strong ! that when her factors seek the bath,
 All wind, and all avoid, the noisome path ;
 So pestilent ! that her own serpents fly
 The horrid stench, or meet it but to die.

See ! a sur-mullet now before him set,
 From Corsica, or isles more distant yet,
 Brought post to Rome ; since Ostia's shores no more,
 Supply the insatiate glutton, as of yore,
 Thinn'd by the net, whose everlasting throw
 Allows no Tuscan fish, in peace, to grow.
 Still luxury yawns, unfill'd ; the nations rise,
 And ransack all their coasts for fresh supplies :
 Thence come your presents ; thence, as rumour tells,
 The dainties Lenas buys, Aurelia sells.

VER. 149. ————— *Aurelia sells,*] “ Aurelia,” Madan says, “ was probably the name of some famous dealer in fine fish !” It is not in this manner that Juvenal is to be read. Aurelia was a rich and childless old lady, whom Lenas, one of those legacy-hunters who swarmed in Rome, endeavoured to wheedle out of a bequest in his favour, by costly presents of fish, &c. So far, indeed, she might be termed a “ dealer in fine fish,” that, preferring money to sur-mullets, she sent what was given her to market.

Aurelia is mentioned by Pliny, who calls her a respectable

A lamprey next, from the Sicilian straits,
 Of more than common size, on Virro waits—
 For oft as Auster seeks his cave, and flings
 The cumbrous moisture from his dripping wings,
 Forth flies the daring fisher, lured by gain,
 While rocks oppose, and whirlpools threat in vain.
 To you an eel is brought, whose slender make,
 Speaks him a famish'd cousin to the snake ;
 Or some frost-bitten pike, who, day by day,
 Through half the city's ordure, suck'd his way !

Would Virro deign to hear me, I could give
 A few brief hints :—We look not to receive,
 What Seneca, what Cotta used to send,
 What the good Piso, to an humble friend ;—
 For bounty once preferr'd a fairer claim,
 Than birth or power, to honourable fame :

lady, and tells an amusing story of her being obliged to tack a codicil to her will in favour of a more daring, and, apparently, a more successful hæredipeta than Lenas ; the detestable Regulus, *Lib. II. Epist. 20.*

VER. 150. *A lamprey, &c.*] The reader must not always expect literal versions of these and similar words. The *muræna* of the text, strictly taken, is a species of eel found in the Mediterranean, and still in high estimation there : it differs, in some particulars, from the fish which we call a lamprey, but chiefly in the conformation of its head. Our lamprey is principally confined to the Severn : when brought to market, which is very rarely, it fetches an extravagant price.

No ; all we ask (and you may this afford,)
Is simply—civil treatment at your board ;
Indulge us here ; and be, like numbers more,
Rich to yourself, to your dependents poor !

Vain hope ! Near him a goose's liver lies,
A capon, equal to a goose in size ;

VER. 170. ————*a goose's liver*] This was looked upon as a great dainty by the ancient epicures ; who therefore took extraordinary pains to increase its size, by subjecting the animal to a particular kind of regimen.

Brydone says of the Sicilians, that by a *modern* refinement in luxury (the refinement, as the reader sees, is not very *modern*) they contrive to increase the livers of their fowls. Upon which Darwin observes : “ It is to be lamented that he did not procure the secret.” There is no great secret in the matter ; as there is scarcely a town on the continent which is not possessed of it. I have incidentally heard (for I pretend to no knowledge on the subject), that the animals are closely confined, and kept without water—but what ? I am talking Latin before clerks, since both the dainty and the manner of obtaining it, are probably as well known in London as in Sicily, or elsewhere.

It may not be superfluous to remark, that the Doctor, who was but in the first or second form, *ne possède trop bien son Martiale* : the liver was not increased so much by the goose's feeding, as by the cook's stuffing. The distich (in the quotation produced by him to illustrate Brydone)

“ Adspice quam tumeat magno jecur ansere majus !

“ Miratus dices ; hoc, rogo, crevit ubi ?”

Lib. XIII. 58.

Larger than the large goose, this liver view,

And, wondering, you will ask me, Where it grew ?

is a riddle : no very extraordinary one, it must be confessed ; and the solution is—in a kitchen.

A boar, too, smokes, like that which fell, of old,
By the famed hero, with the locks of gold.
Last, if the spring its genial influence shed,
And welcome thunders call them from their bed,
Large mushrooms enter : Ravish'd with their size,
“ O Libya, keep thy grain !” Alledius cries,
“ And bid thy oxen to their stalls retreat,
“ Nor, while thou grow'st such mushrooms, think
of wheat !”

Meanwhile, to put your patience to the test,
Lo ! the spruce carver, to his task addrest,

VER. 172. *By the famed hero with the locks of gold.*] He speaks of Meleager, of whom, as well as of the “ boar” he destroyed, a pretty romantick tale is told in the Iliad, lib. ix. Thomson, who is now and then a little pedantick, calls him the *yellow* hunter, probably from the *flavus* of our author; an epithet which though by no means uncommon, does not seem to please the criticks. It is an idle one, (*epitheton otiosum*,) says Heinsius, and he, therefore, recommends, *validus*, (a silly one,) in its place; while Burman thinks that Juvenal did not mean to apply it to the Meleager who killed the boar, but to the *ministerium delicatum habitu venatorio*, who was to cut it up ! So learnedly can men trifle.

In the lines that follow, there is much genuine humour in the rapturous apostrophe of Alledius to Libya. Africa, it should be remembered, was one of the principal granaries of Rome. See Sat. viii. The superiour excellence of the African mushroom, or rather, perhaps, truffle, is noticed by the elder Pliny, who also mentions the common opinion, (that of the text,) that its growth was accelerated by thunder : *De tuberibus hæc tradunt peculiariter : Cum fuerint imbres autumnales ac tonitrua crebra tunc nasci, et maxime e tonitribus, nec ultra annum durare, tenerrima autem verno esse. Lib. xix. 3.*

Skips, like a harlequin, from place to place,
 And waves his knife with pantomimick grace,
 Till every dish be ranged, and every joint
 Severed, by nicest rules, from point to point.
 You think this folly—'tis a simple thought—
 To such perfection, now, is carving brought,
 That different gestures, by our curious men,
 Are used for different dishes, hare and hen.
 But, think whate'er you may, your comments spare ;
 For should you, like a free-born Roman, dare

VER. 191. *For should you, like a free-born Roman, &c.] Tanquam habeas tria nomina*, as if you had three names : this, when Juvenal wrote, every free-born Roman had, and as is probable from his own case, every *libertinus*, or son of a freedman. These were, the *nomen*, the *prænomen*, and the *cognomen* ! the *nomen* was the family or surname, as Scipio ; the *prænomen* answered to our font-name, as Cornelius, and the *cognomen* was added from some incidental circumstance, or to mark some particular branch of a family, as Publius. To these a fourth name was sometimes superadded, as an honourable distinction, as Africanus.

There seems no great difficulty in this passage, and yet the reader would bless himself, if he knew the ingenious absurdities to which it has given birth. Even Holyday, bewildered in the maze of his own learning, wanders with the rest. He cannot conceive why Juvenal should say of Trebius, “ if thou hadst three names,” when it is evident that, being a freedman, he must have had three names ; and he, therefore, goes back to the first ages of the commonwealth, when none but the nobility were thus distinguished, and explains his author in this manner ; “ thou maist not (though free) talk like a nobleman, (*i. e.*) like a three-named man of the first institution, before the privilege became ordinary.” He did not see, that Juvenal, from the very

To hint your thoughts, forth springs some sturdy
groom,
And drags you straight, heels foremost, from the
room !

Does Virro ever pledge you ? ever sip
The liquor touch'd by your unhallow'd lip ?
Or is there one of all your tribe so free,
So desperate, as to say—" Sir, drink to me ?"
O, there is much, that never can be spoke
By a poor client, in a threadbare cloak !

But should some godlike man, more kind than fate,
Some god, present you with a knight's estate,
Heavens, what a change ! how infinitely dear
Would Trebius then become ! How great appear,

commencement of the Satire, affects to consider Trebius a SLAVE, and that the principal aim of it is to prove that Virro viewed him IN THE SAME LIGHT.

Dr. Ireland differs from me. His explanation is very ingenious, and will probably obtain more suffrages than that which I have hazarded: " Juvenal does not consider Trebius as a slave whose oath is never admitted; his meaning, which is far more satirical, is, I know thou art a freeman, and that thy oath is, by the laws, to be believed; I know too, that thou hast the honour of bearing three names, and therefore mayst use the language of a privileged Roman; such, however, is the servility of thy disposition, that it destroys all the effect of these advantages. Sworn, as thou hast a right to be, (this is the force of *quamvis jurato*,) I will not believe thee: and having a right to liberty of speech, thy supper-hunting draws thee into situations where thou art afraid to use it."

From nothing ! Virro, so reserv'd of late,
 Grows quite familiar : “ Brother, send your plate,
 “ Dear brother Trebius ! you were wont to say,
 “ You liked this trail, I think—Oblige me, pray.”—
 O riches !—this “ dear brother” is your own,
 To you this friendship, this respect is shown :

But would you now your patron's patron be ?
 Let no young Trebius wanton round your knee,
 No Trebia, none : a barren wife procures
 The kindest, truest friends ! such then be yours.—
 Yet, should she breed, and, to augment your joys,
 Pour in your lap, at once, three bouncing boys,
 Virro will still, so you be wealthy, deign
 To toy and prattle with the lisping train ;

VER. 211. *Let no young Trebius, &c.*] This is a pleasant parody of Virgil :

“ ————— si quis mihi parvulus aula

“ Luderet Æneas.”

It would not be easy to point out a piece of more chaste humour than a little tetrastich on the subject of the preceding line, which is to be found amongst the reprobated Greek epigrams : it cannot be translated :

Ἦν ὁ φίλῳ τι λαβῇ, δομινε φράτερ, εὐδὺς ἐγράψεν,

Ἦν δ' αὖ μὴ τι λαβῇ, τὸ φράτερ εἶπε μόνον.

Ὡνία γὰρ καὶ ταῦτα τὰ ῥήματα· αὐτὰρ ἐγώ γε

Οὐκ ἐθέλω δομινε, οὐ γὰρ ἐχω δομεναί.

Will have his pockets too with farthings stored,
And when the sweet young rogues approach his
board,

Bring out his pretty corslets for the breast,
His nuts, and apples, for each coaxing guest.

You champ on spongy toadstools, hateful treat !
Fearful of poison, in each bit you eat :

He feasts, secure, on mushrooms, fine as those
Which Claudius, for his special eating, chose,
Till one more fine, provided by his wife,
Finish'd at once his feasting, and his life !

Apples, as fragrant, and as bright of hue,
As those which in Alcinoüs' gardens grew,
Mellow'd by constant sunshine ; or as those,
Which graced the Hesperides, in burnish'd rows ;
Apples, which you may smell, but never taste,
Before your lord and his great friends are placed :

VER. 224. *He feasts, secure, on mushrooms, &c.*] “The *agaricus cesareus*, or *imperial agaric*, is the most splendid of all the species: it is common in Italy, and is brought to the markets there for sale. The ancient Romans esteemed it one of the greatest luxuries of the table. This is the mushroom with which Claudius was poisoned.” *Miller's Gard. Dict.*

I am sorry that the botanists did not go a step further, when they were naming this article, and call it the *agaricus claudianus*. When every German professor who discovers a new species of dandelion in his walks, is immortalized ; why should not this poor emperour he permitted to take his rank in the everlasting muster-roll, with *Swartzia*, *Krockeria*, and *Wachendorfia* ?

While you enjoy mere windfalls ; such stale fruit,
As serves to mortify the raw recruit,

VER. 234. *While you enjoy mere windfalls ; &c.*]

“ Tu scabie frueris mali, quod in aggere rodit

“ Qui tegitur parma, et galea, metuensque flagelli,

“ Discit ab hirsuta jaculum torquere capella.”

There are few passages in Juvenal, or, indeed, in any other author, which have cost more pains than this. *Scabie mali*, says the old Scholiast, *i. e.* such as apes eat, *qualem simia manducat* : nothing more was necessary to convince the commentators that the whole passage related to an ape : they never reflected that though apes might eat stale fruit, it did not necessarily follow that they monopolized it.—But Claverius had seen an animal of this kind practise his tricks on the back of a goat, at some fair in Germany ! and it is really entertaining to contemplate the delight which this good man received from it : *Dii boni ! quam volupe est spectare hanc bestiolam, ubi præsertim clypeum sinistra, jaculum dextera ostentat, &c.* Let us hope that he completed the picture, by rewarding the poor beast with an apple.

Claverius was the first, says Henninius, who comprehended the Scholiast ; and he was soon followed by Grangæus, Rutgerius, and others.

But though the majority of the learned, referred, with Claverius, the *qui tegitur* to an ape, no two of them agreed about the sense of *hirsuta capella*. One understood it of a thong made of goat's skin, another of a garment, a third of a quiver, and a fourth of I know not what. Titius, who is followed by Bochart, thought it meant a goat on which the tyro was seated, in imitation of the children of kings, who in ancient times were accustomed to learn to ride on rams.—The example of Helle was lost upon them, we see : while Grangæus took it to be the showman, who taught the ape his exercise !

After all this, comes Ferrarius, and tells us, that the notion of an ape seated on a goat, is an old woman's fable. Not so,

When, arm'd with helm and shield, the lance he
throws,

And trembles at the shaggy master's blows.

replies Henninius, the ape was certainly seated on a goat; but to suppose, with Rutgersius and Grangæus, that he was exhibited by a showman, is worse than an old woman's fable.—No, no; he was kept in the prætorian camp, and taught to ride and fling darts by the idle soldiery, who had no better methods of amusing themselves.

Away! quoth Lipsius, with this nonsense about apes. The *qui tegitur* must mean a *bestiarius*, a person who fought with wild beasts in the amphitheatre; and the goat (for a goat there is) was not for him to ride, but to fling darts at, that he might thus acquire sufficient dexterity to attack lions, tigers, &c.

But it is time to draw towards a conclusion. Scaliger, Britannicus, Curio, and Ferrarius, understand the passage nearly as I have given it above; and, as I am persuaded, the old Scholiast understood it before them. *Qui tegitur parma*, he explains by *tyro*, which applies very well to a young recruit, though scarcely so to an ape of any age; and *Discit ab*, &c. by *sene magistro*, which clearly shows, as Ferrarius and Scaliger well observe, that he read *hirsuto*. Capella will then be the name of the *campidoctor*, who taught the young soldiers the use of arms. The propriety of the epithet *hirsutus* applied to such a person, no one, I presume, will dispute.

“But why,” says Lipsius—who returns to the charge, “should the recruit eat vile apples?” Truly, I cannot tell; unless it were that his pay would not enable him to procure better. Indeed, I should be just as much at a loss to tell why the *bestiarius*, or the ape should eat them:—those of the latter which I have seen, being rather delicate in their choice of fruit. To his other questions, why the *tyro* should be armed with a *parma* (a round shield) when they were no longer in use? or be afraid of a scourge, (*flagellum*,) when he could only be

You think, perhaps, that Virro treats so ill,
 To save his gold : no, 'tis to vex you still :
 For, say, what comedy such mirth can raise,
 As hunger, tortured thus a thousand ways ?
 No ; (if you know it not,) 'tis to excite
 Your rage, your frenzy, for his mere delight ;
 'Tis to compel you all your gall to show,
 And gnash your teeth in agonies of woe.
 You deem yourself, (such pride inflates your breast,)
 Forsooth, a freeman, and your patron's guest ;
 He thinks you a vile slave, drawn, by the smell
 Of his warm kitchen, there ; and he thinks well :
 For who so low, so wretched, as to bear
 Such treatment twice, whose fortune 'twas, to wear
 The golden boss ; nay, to whose humbler lot,
 The poor man's ensign fell, the leathern knot !

beaten with a rod ? it might, perhaps, be sufficient to answer,
 that Juvenal writes like a poet, and not like a drill-serjeant :—
 but Holyday goes further, and combats the critick's accuracy.

This learned man, who candidly recapitulates the opinions of
 the commentators, follows that of Rutgersius. I did not expect
 this :—it is but fair, however, to give his reasons for it : “ First,
 because it is without any alteration of the copy ; secondly, be-
 cause it is free from any of those inconveniencies which follow
 the other opinions ; thirdly, because it supposes nothing, but
 what, according to the ordinary custome of such sports, will be
 easily granted ; and lastly, because it is far more quick and sa-
 tyrical, to this sense ; Virro has his curious fruit ; but thou such
 as they feed apes with.”

VER. 252. *The golden boss ;*] This ornament, or rather amulet,

Your palate still beguiles you : Ah, how nice
 That smoking haunch ! now we shall have a slice !
 Now that half hare is coming ! now a bit
 Of that young pullet ! now—and thus you sit,
 Thumbing your bread in silence ; watching still,
 For what has never reach'd you, never will !

No more of freedom ! 'tis a vain pretence :
 Your patron treats you like a man of sense.
 For, if your can, without a murmur, bear,
 You well deserve the insults which you share.

was adopted by the Romans from the Etruscans, (who probably brought it from the East,) and at first worn only by the children of the nobility. In process of time, it became common, like the *tria nomina*, to all who were freeborn. From its Latin name, *bullæ*, it seems to have been a little hollow drop, or globe ;—indicative, as Lubin says, of human fragility. Holyday, who adopts the opinion of Macrobius on the subject, thinks it was shaped like a heart, and worn before the breast as an incitement to virtue ; while Plutarch gives it the form of a crescent, to which, indeed, the heart (if it were moulded like the trinkets of our days) might bear no very distant resemblance.

Whatever the figure of the *bullæ* might be, and probably it was variable, the Romans, as the Scholiast rightly remarks, considered it as a badge of liberty : as such, it was used by the children of all ranks of freemen, till they reached the age of fifteen.

Whether any degree of birth was necessary, at the time our author wrote, to intitle a family to wear the *Hetrustum aurum*, is not easily ascertained : from his own words, I should incline to the negative, and conclude that circumstances alone determined it. In that case we may say, that the rich only had the *bullæ* of gold ; the poor, and the immediate descendants of freedmen, of leather, (as in the text,) and, perhaps, of other cheap materials.

Anon, like voluntary slaves, you'll throw
 Your humbled necks, beneath the oppressor's blow,
 Nay, with bare backs, solicit to be beat,
 And merit **SUCH A FRIEND**, and **SUCH A TREAT** !

* * With what spirit does Juvenal conclude ! and alas, says Dr. Ireland, with what facility does he forget his own purpose ! In his eagerness to lash the guest, he excuses the host, and contradicts some of his former invectives on the inherent meanness of the great men of Rome towards their dependents : *dives tibi, pauper amicis*. Right taste would have directed him to carry on both his purposes together, without sacrificing one to the other : —the servility of the client might have been exposed, while the pride and parsimony of the patron were preserved as qualities necessary to the effect and consistency of his satire.

SATIRE VI.

Argument.

THIS is not only the longest, but the most complete of our Author's works. With respect to his other Satires, some of them are distinguished by one excellence, and some by another; but in this he has combined them all. Forcible in argument, flowing in diction, bold, impassioned, and sublime; it looks as if the poet had risen with his theme, and, conscious of its extent, taxed all his powers to do it justice.

The whole of this Satire is directed against the female sex. It is not without method in its plan, and may be distributed under the following heads: lust variously modified, imperiousness of disposition, fickleness, gallantry, attachment to improper pursuits, litigiousness, drunkenness, unnatural passions, fondness for singers, dancers, &c.; gossiping, cruelty, ill-manners, outrageous pretensions to criticism, grammar, and philosophy; superstitious and unbounded credulity in diviners and fortune-tellers, introducing supposititious children into their families, poisoning their step-sons to possess their fortunes, and lastly, murdering their husbands.

These, it must be confessed, form a dreadful catalogue of enormities, and seem to have terrified the translators. Even Dryden, who was never suspected of sparing the sex, either in his poems or plays, deems it necessary to apologize here, and assures the world that he was compelled to translate this formidable Satire, because "no one else would do it." "Sir C. S." he says, "had undertaken it, and, though he would have done it better than himself, he unfortunately gave it up!" That Sir C. S. (Sir Charles Sedley I suppose) would have succeeded better than Dryden, no one but Dryden would venture to insinuate.—But sic vivitur, as Cicero says—for his translation, though neither complete nor correct, is a most noble effort of genius.

JUVENAL. V. 104-107.

I know not why such dread should be felt at approaching this Satire. The ashes of the ladies whose enormities are here recorded, have long been covered by the Latian and Flaminian ways; nor have their follies, or their vices, much similarity with those of modern times. If there be any, however, who recognize themselves (for guilt is sometimes ingenuous) in the pictures here drawn, let them shudder in silence, and amend; while the rest gaze with a portion of indignant curiosity, on the representation of a profligate and abandoned race, not more distant in time, than in every virtue and accomplishment, from themselves

It would seem from internal evidence, that this Satire was written under Domitian. It has few political allusions; and might not, from its subject, perhaps, have been displeasing to that ferocious hypocrite, who affected, at various times, a wonderful anxiety to restrain the licentiousness of the age!

SATIRE VI.

TO URSIDIUS POSTHUMUS.

v. 1—8.

YES, I believe that CHASTITY was known,
And prized on earth, while Saturn fill'd the throne ;
When rocks a bleak and scanty shelter gave,
When sheep and shepherds throng'd one common
cave,
And when the mountain wife her couch bestrew'd
With skins of beasts, joint tenants of the wood,
And reeds, and leaves pluck'd from the neighbour-
ing tree :—

A woman, Cynthia, far unlike to thee,

VER. 5. *And when the mountain wife, &c.*] “That is,” says Stapylton, “the wife that dwelt in the mountain before such time as the men, although they came down themselves, durst bring their wives into the level.” This is the strangest idea imaginable. The women here spoken of were not very likely to excite any fears on their account : they were not less bold and adventurous than the men, nay, often, says the poet, more so.—But thus it is, when the author is thinking of one thing, and the translator of another. A few lines below, because Juvenal calls

Or thee, weak child of fondness and of fears,
Whose eyes a sparrow's death suffused with tears :

the children of these primeval women large, Madan tells us that they were suckled till they were near a hundred years old !

This passage is charmingly imitated in the tragedy of Philaster :

“ *Phil.* O, that I had but digg'd myself a cave,
“ Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
“ Might have been shut together in one shed ;
“ And then had taken me some mountain girl,
“ Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rock,
“ Whereon she dwells ; that might have strew'd my bed
“ With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
“ Our neighbours ; and have born at her big breasts,
“ My large coarse issue.” *Act iv.*

Thus did the reading of the old dramatists enable them to enrich their works with passages of perennial beauty, which charmed alike the closet and the stage. The reading of the present race of farce-mongers, seldom, I believe, extends beyond the nursery ; and their productions are, therefore, the disgrace of the one, and the contempt and aversion of the other.

VER. 9. *Or thee, weak child of fondness, &c.*] He means Lesbia, the mistress of Catullus, whose exquisite hendecasyllables on the death of her favourite sparrow are still extant. The lines to which Juvenal particularly alludes, are these,

“ O factum male, O miselle passer,
“ Tua nunc opera meæ puellæ
“ Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.”

Cynthia, mentioned in the preceding line, was the mistress of Propertius.

It may be worth observing, that Juvenal has not made his age of chastity very inviting : he proceeds with too rapid a step

But strong, and reaching to her burly brood [food,
 Her big-swoll'n breasts, replete with wholesome
 And rougher than her husband, gorged with mast,
 And frequent belching from the coarse repast.
 For when the world was new, the race that broke,
 Unfather'd, from the soil or opening oak,
 Lived most unlike the men of later times,
 The puling brood of follies and of crimes.

Haply some trace of Chastity remain'd,
 While Jove, but Jove as yet unbearded, reign'd :
 Before the Greek bound, by another's head,
 His doubtful faith ; or men, of theft in dread,
 from all the savage roughness of innocence, to the morbid delicacy of polish'd vice. The progress of corruption is marked with more distinctness by Horace.

VER. 15. *For when the world was new, &c.*] Juvenal had Lucretius in view :

“ Et genus humanum multo fuit illud in arvis

“ Durius, ut decuit, tellus quod dura creasset ;

“ Et majoribus, &c.” *Lib. v. 923.*

It is not to be supposed that he adopted the ideas of this Epicurean system-monger with his words, and spoke his real sentiments here.—No : he had juster and more elevated notions of the origin of mankind ; and in his 15th Satire, as Owen well observes, almost speaks the language of Holy Writ. But see the Introduction.

VER. 21. *Before the Greek, &c.*] From the multiplied forms of oaths among the Greeks, Juvenal concludes, rationally enough, that this people invented them :—*jurare per caput alterius*, how-

Had learn'd their herbs and fruitage to immure,
 But all was unenclosed, and all secure !
 At length Astrea, from these confines driven,
 Regain'd by slow degrees, her native heaven ;
 With her retired her sister in disgust,
 And left the world to rapine, and to lust.

ever, or swearing by another's head, was in use ages before Greece was known. It is an Asiatick custom, and probably originated in the first great monarchies.

Holyday has a long and learned note on this passage, which is worth consulting : after all, perhaps, the poet only meant, that in those days of innocence, men had not the trick so common in his own times, of binding themselves by the most solemn asseverations to an untruth. It is well known, that the Greeks were as much talked of for their bad faith, as the Carthagenians, and some people think, with much more reason ; and that their usual form of oath was by another's head. It is needless to call the reader's attention to the contemptuous sneer at Jupiter, in the preceding couplet ; it must have pressed itself on his notice. To do the author justice, he treats the vices and follies of the popular divinities with as little ceremony as those of Nero or Domitian, or any other just object of his abhorrence.

VER. 25. *At length Astrea, &c.*] Juvenal seems to have had in view that beautiful passage of Hesiod, Μηκετ' επειτ' ωφειλον, κ. τ λ. of which the concluding lines form the most immediate subject of his imitation :

Και τότε δη προς Ολυμπον απο χθον^Θ ευρυοδειης,
 Λευκοισιν φαρεεσσι καλυψαμενω χροα καλον,
 Αθανατων μετα φυλ' ιτην προλιποντ' ανθρωπους,
 Αιδως και Νεμεσις. Τα δε λειψεται αλγεα λυγρα
 Θνητοις ανθρωποισι· κακου δ' ουκ εσσεται αλκη.

Ερ. και Ήμ. 195.

'Tis not a practice, friend, of recent date,
 But old, establish'd, and inveterate,
 To climb another's couch, and boldly slight
 The sacred Genius of the nuptial rite:
 All other crimes the Age of Iron curst;
 But that of Silver, saw adulterers first.
 Yet thou, it seems, art eager to engage
 Thy witless neck, in this degenerate age!
 Even now, thy hair the modish curl is taught,
 By master-hands; even now, the ring is bought;
 Even now—thou once, Ursidius, hadst thy wits,
 But thus to talk of wiving!—O, these fits!
 What more than madness has thy soul possest?
 What snakes, what Furies, agitate thy breast?
 Heavens! wilt thou tamely drag the galling chain,
 While hemp is to be bought, while knives remain?
 While windows woo thee so divinely high,
 And Tiber and the Æmilian bridge are nigh?—

“O, but the law,” thou criest, “the Julian law,
 “Will keep my destined wife from every flaw;

VER. 47. ——— “the Julian law,] So called because Augustus, the author of it, had been adopted by Julius Cæsar. It was meant to prevent adultery; but the increasing depravity of the times rendered it of little effect, and indeed, it was almost forgotten, when Domitian revived it with all its terrors. Statius calls it a *castum fulmen*; (*brutum* would have been a better word;) but there are not many instances of offenders being struck by it, (one is to be found in Pliny, Lib. vi. 31,) as it was rendered

“ Besides, I die for heirs.” Good ! and for those,
Wilt thou the turtle and the turbot lose,
And all the dainties, which the flatterer, still,
Heaps on the childless, to secure his Will ?

But what will hence impossible be held,
If thou, old friend, to wedlock art impell’d ?
If thou, the veriest debauchee in town,
With whom wives, widows, every thing went down,
Shouldst stretch the unsuspecting neck, and poke
Thy foolish nose into the marriage yoke ?
Thou, famed for scapes, and, by the trembling wife,
Thrust in a chest so oft, to save thy life !—

But what ! Ursidius hopes a mate to gain,
Frugal, and chaste, and of the good old strain :

nugatory, at least as to the spirit of it, by the facility with which
illusory divorces were obtained. Martial has a good epigram
on the subject (Lib. vi. 7.) “ It is hardly thirty days,” says he,
“ since the Julian law was revived, and Thelesina, to escape the
odium of adultery, has already taken her tenth husband !”

Authors are not agreed on the punishment inflicted by this
law ; some maintaining it to be death, and others banishment :
it was most probably the latter.

VER. 57. *Shouldst stretch the unsuspecting neck, &c.*] The ori-
ginal gives a very pleasant and picturesque idea of a beast of
draught or burden, reaching his neck forward to receive the
collar :

“ Stulta maritali jam porrigit ora capistro.”

The allusion in the next couplet, is to a scene in some comedy,
where Latinus (a favourite actor) played the gallant, and was
preserved from the husband’s fury by a contrivance of this kind.

Alas, he's frantick ! ope a vein with speed,
 And bleed him copiously, good doctor, bleed.
 Jewel of men ! thy knees to Jove incline,
 And let a heifer fall at Juno's shrine,
 If thy researches for a wife be blest,
 With one, who is not——need I speak the rest ?
 Ah ! few the matrons Ceres now can find,
 Her hallow'd fillets, with chaste hands, to bind ;
 Few whom their fathers with their lips can trust,
 So strong their filial kisses smack of lust !

Go then, prepare to bring your mistress home,
 And crown your doors with garlands, ere she come.—
 But will one man suffice, methinks, you cry,
 For all her wants and wishes ? Will one eye !

VER. 73. *Go then, prepare to bring thy mistress home,
 And crown thy doors with garlands ere she come :]*

There are frequent allusions to this custom, which it will be sufficient once for all to mention. Previously to bringing home the bride, the door-posts of the bridegroom were adorned with wreaths of flowers, branches of laurel, &c. while scaffolds were erected before the front of the house, and along the streets through which the bride and bridegroom were to pass, for the accommodation of the people who flocked to see the nuptial procession. I speak here of the better sort : though the poor were not altogether without their garlands, and their processions on this important occasion.

VER. 75. *But will one man, &c.]*

“ Unus Iberinæ vir sufficit ? ocyus illud

“ Extorquebis, ut hæc, &c.

Holyday thinks that *hæc* and *illud* are used emphatically to

And yet there runs, 'tis said, a wondrous tale,
 Of some pure maid, who lives—in some lone vale.
 There she MAY live ; but let the phoenix, placed
 At Gabii or Fidenæ, prove as chaste,
 As at her father's farm !—Yet who will swear,
 That nought is done in night and silence there ?
 Time was, when Jupiter and Mars, we're told,
 With many a nymph, in woods and caves made bold ;
 And still, perhaps, they may not be too old.

Survey our publick places ; see you there,
 One woman worthy of your serious care ?
 See you, through all the crowded benches, one,
 Whom you might take securely for your own?—

express the author's suspicions of Ursidius' destined wife ; while Jortin says, they serve only as props to keep up the verses. Jortin is evidently right ; the lines are careless and unpoetical.

VER. 80. *At Gabii or Fidenæ, &c.*] The translators do not appear to have felt the full force of the satire. Stapylton calls Gabii and Fidenæ “ great towns,” and Holyday seems to admit, that though exceedingly inferiour to Rome they were yet likely, from the number of their inhabitants, to corrupt the maiden's virtue. But these “ great towns” had scarcely any inhabitants. Even in Horace's time they were proverbial for their deserted state, *Gabiis desertior, atque Fidenis* : and that they had not improved when Juvenal wrote, appears from the way in which he speaks of them in the tenth Satire. In short, they were wretched hamlets, and almost abandoned by every body. What the poet, therefore, means to insinuate is, that though these places differed but little, in point of populousness from her father's farm ; yet that little, such was the frail texture of female purity, was sufficient to endanger it.

Lo ! while Bathyllus, with his flexile limbs,
Acts Leda, and through every posture swims,

VER. 90. *Lo ! while Bathyllus, &c.*] As Juvenal has frequent allusions to these amusements, and to the extravagant fondness of the people for them, I will endeavour to give the best account I can find, of their rise, progress, and final disappearance.

Before the time of Augustus, the Romans were acquainted with no intermedial amusements but mimes and farces of the lowest and most desultory kind. Buffoons from Tuscany were the performers in these pieces, which were introduced between the acts of their tragedies and comedies, and consisted of little more than coarse and licentious ribaldry, and the most ridiculous and extravagant gestures.

In this state the stage was found by Pylades and Bathyllus ; the latter of whom was a native of Alexandria, and one of Mæcenas' slaves. He had seen Pylades dance in Cilicia, and spoke of him in such terms to his master, that he sent for him to Rome. Here these two men formed the plan of a new kind of spectacle, which pleased Mæcenas so much, that he gave Bathyllus his freedom, and recommended both him and his friend to Augustus.

This new spectacle was a play performed by action alone ; it was exhibited on a magnificent theatre raised for the purpose, and being accompanied by a better orchestra than Rome had yet seen, it astonished and delighted the people so much, that they forsook, in some measure, their tragick and comick poets, for the more expressive ballets of Pylades and Bathyllus.

To say the truth, these were very extraordinary men. The art which they introduced, they carried to the highest pitch of perfection ; and however skilful their followers may have been, they do not appear to have added any thing to the magnificence of the scene, or the scientific movements of the first performers.

We can form no adequate idea of the attachment of the Romans

Tuccia delights to realize the play,
And in lascivious trances melts away ;

to these exhibitions ; it degenerated into a kind of passion, and occupied their whole souls. Augustus regarded it with complacency, and either from a real love for the art, or from policy, conferred honours and immunities on its professors. By an old law, magistrates were allowed to inflict corporal punishment on mimi and players ; pantomimi (such was the expressive name given to these new performers) were exempted from this law : they were besides allowed to aspire to honours from which the former were excluded. Such protection produced its natural effects : insolence in the dancers, and parties among the people. Pylades excelled in tragick, and Bathyllus in comick subjects : hence arose disputes on their respective merits, which were conducted with all the warmth of a political question. Augustus flattered himself that he should re-establish tranquillity by banishing the former ; but he was mistaken : the people found they had lost one great source of amusement by his absence, and their clamours occasioned his immediate recall.

The death of Bathyllus, soon after this event, left Pylades without a rival. He did not bear his faculties meekly ; he frequently insulted the spectators for not comprehending him, and they endeavoured, in their turn, to make him feel the weight of their resentment. He had a favourite pupil named Hylas ; this youth they opposed to the veteran, who easily triumphed over his adversary, though he could not humble him. We hear no more of Pylades ; but Hylas fell under the displeasure of the Emperour soon after, and, if I rightly understand Suetonius, was, “contrary to the statute in that case made and provided,” publicly whipped at the door of his own house.

It appears from this, that Augustus kept the superintendence of these people in his own hands. Tiberius left them to themselves, and the consequence of his indifference was, that the theatres were frequently made a scene of contention and blood, in which numbers of all ranks perished. A variety of regulations,

While rustick Thymelè, with curious eye, [sigh,
 Marks the quick pant, the lingering, deep-drawn
 And while her cheeks with burning blushes glow,
 Learns this—learns all the city matrons know.

as we learn from Tacitus, were now made to check the evil, which they only served to exasperate; and in conclusion, the Emperour was obliged to shut up the theatres, and banish the performers.

In this state were things at the accession of Caligula. His first care was to undo every thing that had been done. Under this profligate madman, the ballets took a licentious turn, and hastened the growing degeneracy of manners. Claudius left them as he found them; but under Nero, the bloody disputes to which they constantly gave birth, reluctantly compelled that prince to banish them once more. He was too fond of the fine arts, however, to suffer such a capital branch of them to languish in neglect, and therefore, speedily brough back the exiles. From this time, the pantomimi seem to have flourished unmolested, until Paris, the Bathyllus of Domitian's reign, raised the jealousy of that wretched tyrant, who put him, and a young dancer who resembled him, to death, and drove the rest from Rome. They were recalled the instant the Emperour was assassinated, and continued through the whole of Nerva's, and some part of his successour's reign; but they were now become so vitiated by the shameful indulgence of Caligula and Nero, that, if we may believe Pliny (which I am not fully inclined to do in this case,) Trajan finally suppressed them, at the unanimous desire of the people.

But to my text. In a profound treatise on dancing (see the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,) the author cites this passage, to prove that there was a female dancer of the name of Chironomon. Papæ! the Chironomon here mentioned, was a ballet of action founded on the well known amour of Leda, in which some favourite dancer (probably Paris) was the principal per-

Others, when of the theatres bereft,
 When nothing, but the wrangling bar, is left,
 In the long, tedious months, which interpose
 'Twixt the Cybelian and Plebeian Shows,
 Sicken for action, and assume the airs,
 The mask and thyrsus, of their favourite players.
 —Midst peals of mirth, see Urbicus advance,
 (Poor Ælia's choice,) and, in a wanton dance,
 Burlesque Autonoë's woes! the rich engage
 In higher frolicks, and defraud the stage;
 Take from Chrysogonus the power to sing,
 Loose, at vast prices, the comedian's ring,

former. Whether he played the swan or the lady, cannot now be told; but in a story so wantonly framed, and in an age where so little restraint was imposed on an actor, enough might be done in either to interest and inflame the coldest spectator.

VER. 101. *'Twixt the Cybelian and Plebeian Shows.*] The former were celebrated on the 5th of April, and the latter on the 15th of November; so that here really was a long interval to exercise the patience of the ladies.

VER. 105. ——— *In a wanton dance, &c.*] In the original, *gestibus Autonoës*. All that is known of Autonoë is, that she was daughter to an unhappy father, (Cadmus,) and mother to an unhappy son (Actæon.) How such a "lamentable tragedy" as her life presents, could be "mixed full of pleasant mirth," as we find it was, is not easy to conceive. Probably it was a burlesque of some serious ballet on the subject. Ælia, mentioned in the same verse, was of a noble family, long since fallen into decay. If Rome had been less corrupt, or furnished fewer instances of "prodigality in want," I should have taken her to be the person mentioned in another part of the Satire, by the name of Ogulnia.

Tempt the tragedian—but I see you moved —
 Heavens! dream'd you that QUINTILIAN would be
 Then hie thee, Lentulus, and boldly wed, [loved!
 That the chaste partner of thy fruitful bed
 May kindly single from this motley race,
 Some sturdy Glaphyrus, thy brows to grace:

VER. 109. *Loose at vast prices, &c.*] “*Il s'agit,*” says Dusaux, “*d'une opération pratiquée par les anciens pour conserver aux jeunes gens la santé, aux gladiateurs la force, aux acteurs la voix: elle s'appelloit infibulation, son objet étoit d'empêcher ceux que l'on boucloit (car l'infibulation n'étoit rien autre chose) d'avoir commerce avec les femmes,*” i. e. the object of the ring was to prevent a favourite actor from having any connection with women. A useless precaution, it appears, for the publick, though sufficiently profitable for himself.

It is not unamusing to see how sedulously the early Christian writers accommodated their language to the habits and manners of the people whom they wished to convert. Thus when Tertulian, in conformity to the precepts of the Gospel, enjoins the “mortifying of our lusts,” he expresses himself by an “infibulation of the flesh,”—*fibulam carni imponere*.

VER. 111. ————— *Quintilian*] Juvenal always speaks with great respect of this most learned and excellent man, whom he is fond of introducing, and whose name he uses in this place, as the representative of all that is wise and good. Some of the commentators say that our author studied rhetoric under him, but I know not on what authority. See more respecting him in the next Satire.

VER. 112. *Then hie thee, Lentulus, &c.*] In the name which Juvenal here gives his friend Posthumus, he had in view a very curious anecdote, which is handed down to us by Valerius Maximus, and which Grangæus, I believe, was the first to notice. Lentulus and Metellus (Consuls A. U. C. DCXCVI.) were observed by all the spectators at a play, to be extremely like a second and third rate actor, then on the stage! Lib. ix. c. 14. sec. iv.

Haste ; in the narrow streets long scaffolds raise,
 And deck thy portals with triumphant bays ;
 That, in thy heir, as swath'd in state he lies,
 The guests may trace Mirmillo's nose and eyes !

Hippia, who shared a rich patrician's bed,
 To Egypt, with a gladiator, fled,
 While rank Canopus eyed, with strong disgust,
 This ranker specimen of Roman lust.

The reader now sees the malicious archness of the allusion. Madan's idea, (which indeed is that of most of the commentators except Owen,) that Lentulus was a famous fencer of those days, is too absurd for notice. Did he not know that Lentulus was the name of one of the noblest families of Rome ?

VER. 115. *Some sturdy Glaphyrus, &c.* We learn from Martial that Glaphyrus was a popular performer upon some musical instrument. This poet has taken up Juvenal's idea, and formed a laughable epigram on it. It is too long to be inserted here, but is worth turning to. Lib. vi. 39.

VER. 120. *Hippia, who shared a rich patrician's bed, To Egypt, &c.* It is not clear when this elopement took place, but it could not be much later than the middle of Domitian's reign ; about which time, too, this Satire must have been composed. Paris, who is mentioned in it, was put to death not long after ; and the pantomimick performers, here spoken of as the minions of the ladies, were ignominiously driven from the city.

Veiento, the patrician here noticed, has been mentioned twice before. (Sat. iii. and iv.) He survived his disgrace many years, though he was not young when it happened. He talked of himself as a very old man in a succeeding reign, when upon being prevented from speaking in a cause which concerned himself and his friend Certus, by the clamours of the senate, he exclaimed, in the words of Tydides to Nestor,

Ω γερων, η μαλα δη σε νεοι τειρουσι μαχηται.

Without one pang, the profligate resign'd
 Her husband, sister, sire ; gave to the wind
 Her children's tears ; yea, tore herself away,
 (To strike you more,)—from PARIS and the PLAY !
 And though, in affluence born, her infant head
 Had press'd the down of an embroider'd bed,
 She braved the deep, (she long had braved her fame ;
 But this is little—to the courtly dame,)
 And, with undaunted breast, the changes bore
 Of many a sea, the swelling and the roar.

The criticks will not allow Hippia to be the real name of his precious moiety. Juvenal calls her so, they say, for two reasons : first, for her lustful disposition, (in allusion to that passage of Virgil, *Scilicet ante omnes*, &c.) and secondly, for the sake of concealing her real name, out of respect to her noble family. The first may be right, for aught I know ; but the second is absurd enough. To give a woman a fictitious name, and then to bring forward her husband, a senator of high rank, and relate at length the most remarkable occurrences of her life, with an idea of concealing her, seems just such another happy contrivance as that of Bottom's comrade ; who, after being dressed out at all points like a lion, wanted to thrust his head through the animal's neck, “ and tell the audience plainly that he was Snug the joiner !”

Nothing can be more full of bitterness than the remark which follows, that even Canopus was disgusted at the profligacy of the Roman ladies,—*et mores urbis damnante Canopo*,—since that town (p. 11) surpassed in dissoluteness of manners, every part of Egypt, and, perhaps, of the empire.

VER. 133. *Of many a sea,*] This alludes to the various names given to the subdivisions of that part of the Mediterranean which flows between Rome and Egypt, such as the Tuscan, Ionian, Carpathian, and other seas.

Have they an honest call, such ills to bear?
Cold shiverings seizethem, and they shrink with fear;
But set illicit pleasure in their eye,
Onward they rush, and every toil defy!

Summon'd by duty, to attend her lord,
How, cries the lady, can I get on board?
How bear the dizzy motion? how the smell?
But—when the adulterer calls her, all is well!
She roams the deck, with pleasure ever new,
Tugs at the ropes, and messes with the crew;
But with her husband—O, how chang'd the case!
Sick! sick! she cries, and vomits in his face;

But by what youthful charms, what shape, what air,
Was Hippia won, the opprobrious name to bear,
Of FENCER'S TRULL? The wanton well might doat!
For the sweet Sergius long had scraped his throat,
Long look'd for leave to quit the publick stage,
Maim'd in his limbs, and verging now to age.
Add, that his face was batter'd and decay'd;
The helmet on his brow huge galls had made,
A wen deform'd his nose, of monstrous size,
And sharp rheum trickled from his bloodshot eyes:

VER. 150. *Long look'd for leave to quit the publick stage,*] i. e. the arena. Gladiators were the property of the state, and could only be freed from their engagement by special favour. Age and wounds were valid pleas; sometimes, too, they were set at liberty on account of some signal display of courage. The token of discharge was a wand, (*rudis*,) which, at the request of the publick, was sent to them by the prætor.

But then he was a SWORDSMAN! that alone,
 Made every charm, and every grace his own;
 That made him dearer than her nuptial vows,
 Dearer than country, sister, children, spouse.—
 'TIS BLOOD THEY LOVE: Let Sergius quit the sword,
 And he'll appear, at once,—so like her lord!

Start you at wrongs that touch a private name,
 At Hippias's lewdness, and Veiento's shame?
 Turn to the rivals of the immortal Powers,
 And mark how like their fortunes are to ours!
 Claudius had scarce begun his eyes to close,
 Ere from his pillow Messalina rose;
 (Accustom'd long the bed of state to slight
 For the coarse mattress, and the hood of night;)
 And with one maid, and her dark hair conceal'd
 Beneath a yellow tire, a strumpet veil'd!

VER. 170. ————— *her dark hair conceal'd*
Beneath a yellow tire,] Holyday, whose authority
 is always respectable, understands *galerus* of a veil. I take it to
 be an artificial tire or head-dress. The Empress seems to have
 chosen it of a yellow, or rather caroty colour, not only as an
 effectual disguise, but as being in some degree appropriated to
 prostitutes. Ferrarius makes himself merry with Servius for
 saying that black hair (false, it must be understood) was peculiar
 to matrons, and yellow to women of pleasure; but without rea-
 son, for Servius is essentially right. To bring passages where
flavus is applied to Lavinia, Lucretia, &c. is the worst of trifling.
 Who does not know that the ancients availed themselves of such
 epithets as *flavus*, *candidus*, *purpureus*, &c. as mere indicatives

She slipt into the stews, unseen, unknown,
 And hired a cell, yet recking, for her own.
 There, flinging off her dress, the imperial whore
 Stood, with bare breasts and gilded, at the door,

of beauty, and without the smallest reference to the colours respectively signified by them? The sense must always be determined by the context.

In the present case, it is certain that the Roman prostitutes wore a kind of yellow head-dress; nor was this custom peculiar to them; they found it established in Greece, where this coloured hair was deemed as improper for a matron to appear in, as it was at Rome. This is intimated in a fragment of Menander:

Νυν δ' ερρ' απ' οικων τωνδε, την γυναικα γαρ
 Την σωφρον' ου δει τας τριχας ξανθας ποιεειν.

VER. 172. *She slipt into the stews, &c.*] The stews at Rome were constructed in the form of a gallery, along which were ranged, on each side, a number of contiguous cells, or little chambers. Over the door of each of these was written the name, and, in some cases, the price of the tenant, who stood at the entrance, soliciting the preference of the visitors. Messalina, we see, took the cell of Lycisca, whose absence she had probably procured, and who was undoubtedly in some request. She is mentioned by Martial, with whom she seems to have been a favourite.

There are some spirited lines in the fragment usually attributed to Turnus, which, though spoken of Nero, seem not inapplicable to this imperial prostitute:

“ Ah! pudor extinctus, doctæque infamia turbæ!

“ Sub titulo prostant: et quîs genus ab Jove summo,

“ Res hominum supra evectæ et nullius egentes,

“ Asse merent vili, ac sancto se corpore fœdant.”

VER. 175. ——— with bare breasts and gilded, &c.] The criticks do not seem to enter into the sense of this passage:

And show'd, Britannicus, to all who came,
 The womb that bore thee, in Lycisca's name !
 Allured the passers by with many a wile,
 And ask'd her price, and took it, with a smile.
 And when the hour of business now was spent,
 And all the trulls dismiss'd, repining went ;
 Yet what she could, she did ; slowly she past,
 And saw her man, and shut her cell, the last.
 —Still raging with the fever of desire,
 Her veins all turgid, and her blood all fire,
 With joyless pace, the imperial couch she sought,
 And to her happy spouse (yet slumb'ring) brought,
 Cheeks rank with sweat, limbs drench'd with poi-
 sonous dew,
 The steam of lamps, and odour of the stews !
 'Twere long to tell what philters they provide,
 What drugs, to set a son-in-law aside.
 Women, in judgment weak, in feeling strong,
 By every gust of passion borne along,
 Act, in their fits, such crimes, that, to be just,
 The least pernicious of their sins is lust.

they either suppose Messalina's breasts to be bound with golden fillets, or they change *auratis* (gilded) into *ornatis* (beautiful); but Juvenal is to be understood literally:—the nipples were covered with gold leaf, a species of ornament which, however repugnant to our ideas of beauty, is used by many of the dancing girls, and privileged courtesans of the East, to this day. A figure so ornamented, is in the curious cabinet of R. P. Knight, Esq.

But why's Cesennia then, you say, adored,
And styled the first of women, by her lord?

VER. 196. *But why's Cesennia, &c.*] Juvenal is seldom without his appropriate meaning; and while he exposes the overgrown fortunes of the women in his own time, and the vicious liberties they took in consequence of their wealth, he secretly reminds us of the very moderate dowers given to the daughters of the first men of the state in the better times of Rome; and of the domestick virtues for which they were conspicuous. It was usual for the rich wives of his time to hold a considerable portion of their fortune, and a certain number of slaves, at their own disposal. It was not, therefore, the mere gratitude of the husband which made him waive his own authority, and allow the wife to domineer. The Greeks seem to have given the same personal indulgence to women who brought ample dowers with them: "The ornaments of gold which now adorn my head," says Hermione, "and the variety of robes which I possess, came to me neither from Achilles, nor from Peleus. I brought them from Sparta. Menelaus, my father, presented them to me with a dowry still more considerable, in order that I might speak with freedom!" For, as is elsewhere observed,

Νυμφὴ δ' ἀπρὸικῶ οὐκ ἔχει παρρησίαν.

It is amusing to observe the contrast which this custom of the Greeks and Romans forms, with the practice of the rugged nations of the North. These high-spirited barbarians could not bear the idea of dependence even on their wives, and they, therefore, refused to receive any dowries with them: "*Apud Gothos non mulier viro, sed vir mulieri dotem assignat, ne conjux, ob magnitudinem dotis insolescens, aliquando ex placida consorte proterva evadat, atque in maritum dominari contendat.*"

Indeed, the same observation had been previously made by Horace:

———— melius Scythæ

"Vivunt, et rigidi Getæ—

"Illic, matre carentibus

Because she brought him thousands : such the price,
 It cost the lady to be free from vice !—
 Not for her charms the wounded lover pined,
 Nor felt the flame which fires the ardent mind,
 Plutus, not Cupid, touch'd his sordid heart ;
 And 'twas her dower that wing'd the unerring dart.
 She brought enough her liberty to buy,
 And tip the wink before her husband's eye.
 A wealthy wanton, to a miser wed,
 Has all the license of a widow'd bed.

But yet, Sertorius what I say disproves,
 For though his Bibula is poor, he loves.
 True ! but examine him ; and, on my life,
 You'll find he loves the beauty, not the wife.
 Let but a wrinkle on her forehead rise,
 And time obscure the lustre of her eyes ;
 Let but the moisture leave her flaccid skin,
 And her teeth blacken, and her cheeks grow thin ;
 And you shall hear the insulting freedman say,
 “ Pack up your trumpery, madam, and away !
 “ Nay, bustle, bustle ; here you give offence,
 “ With snivelling night and day ;—take your nose
 hence ! ”—

“ Privignis mulier temperat innocens ;

“ Nec dotata regit virum

“ Conjux.”

Lib. iii. Od. xxv.

VER. 217. ——— “ pack up,”] This was the legal form and

But, ere that hour arrive, she reigns indeed !
 Shepherds, and sheep of Canusinian breed,
 Falernian vineyards, (trifles these,) she craves,
 And store of boys, and troops of country slaves ;
 Briefly, for all her neighbour has, she sighs,
 And plagues her doting husband, till he buys.

In winter, when the merchant fears to roam,
 And snow confines the shivering crew at home ;
 She ransacks every shop for precious ware,
 Here cheapens myrrh and crystal vases ; there,
 That far-famed gem which Berenice wore,
 The hire of incest, and thence valued more ;

language of a divorce, according to the law of the Twelve Tables : *Ut si a conjugibus alter nuntium mitteret, eumque res suas sibi habere juberet, divortium esset.*

VER. 229. *Here cheapens myrrh and crystal vases ;*] In the original *myrrhina*, a word about which no two of the commentators are agreed. Pliny the Elder says, that these vases were first introduced by Pompey : *Eadem victoria* (that over Mithridates) *primum in urbem murrhina induxit : primusque Pompeius sex pocula ex eo triumpho Capitolino Jovi dicavit, quæ protinus ad hominum usum transiére—excrescitque indies ejus rei luxus.* Lib. xxxvii. 2. Propertius, who had undoubtedly seen them, says,

“Murrheaque in Parthis pocula cocta focis.”

This seems a very good description of what we call porcelain, and with this we might have been content, had not Pliny, who could not be ignorant of it, added, *Oriens murrhina mittit : inveniuntur enim ibi in pluribus locis, nec insignibus, maxime Parthici regni ; præcipue tamen in Carmania.* Here it is manifest that Pliny took them for gems : and so, indeed, he elsewhere terms them ; in which he is followed by Martial, and others. Hardouin inclines to Propertius.

A brother's present, in that barbarous State,
Where kings the Sabbath, barefoot, celebrate ;

I am aware that all this is very unsatisfactory : but I know not where to look for any thing more to the purpose. Salmasius is confused and contradictory on the subject, and Scaliger, who agrees with Propertius, introduces a circumstance which is incompatible with his own explanation. Ainsworth says, *murra* is a "stone of divers colours, of which cups are made : " this is well enough ; yet he refers to this passage of Juvenal, under another word, *myrrhina* ; i. e. says he, " of myrrh, or scented with myrrh." In some modern travels, I find that the districts mentioned by Pliny still afford a gem which answers, in some measure, to his description : it is a species of agate ; and this, after all, may be the substance in question.

VER. 230. *Berenice, &c.*] Jortin observes, on a passage in the 14th Satire, that the commentators have poured out a flood of nonsense or profaneness in attempting to explain it. He might have said the same of this before us, with equal justice. Briefly, (for here is nothing, after all, very obscure, though Dusaulx thinks it, "beyond doubt the most difficult place in Juvenal,") the *Berenice* mentioned above, was the daughter of Agrippa, whose youngest son, called after his father,* was more than suspected of an incestuous commerce with her. She was a woman equally celebrated for her lewdness and her beauty ; and had prevailed on Titus to promise her marriage ; a promise which nothing but the dread of an insurrection prevented him from carrying into execution : *tum reginam Berenicem dimisit, invitum invitam*. The incidents that enhanced the value of this ring, convey a forcible picture of the capricious and profligate extravagance which distinguished the women of Juvenal's time.

VER. 232. ——— in that barbarous State,] That is, says

* This young Agrippa was the Tetrarch of Galilea who heard Saint Paul at Cæsarea, during his visit to the Proconsul.

And old indulgence grants a length of life
To hogs, that fatten fearless of the knife.

What! and is none of all this numerous herd,
Worthy your choice? not one, to be preferr'd?
Suppose her nobly born, young, rich, and fair,
And (though a coal-black swan be far less rare)
Chaste as the Sabine wives, who rush'd between
The kindred hosts, and closed the unnatural scene;
Yet who could bear to lead an humbled life,
Curs'd with that veriest plague, a faultless wife!—
Some simple rustick at Venusium bred,
O let me, rather than Cornelia, wed,

the old Scholiast, in Judæa, where the Synagogue is, and where they spare the old hogs because they prefer eating the young ones! This is very good: eating young hogs is certainly not the way to have old ones. The truth, however, is, that this honest man knew not what he was saying. Juvenal himself is sufficiently incorrect. The ancients observed that the Jews did not eat swine's flesh, and they conjectured, therefore, that swine were held by them in reverent estimation:—but they neither ate old nor young; they kept them indeed, but it was for their neighbours' eating; and hogs in Judæa, appear to have enjoyed no particular immunities.

In the next line Juvenal says, *mero pede*; (barefoot;) if it were not for his general ignorance of the Jewish ritual, I should be almost tempted to think, with Holyday, that he had looked into Josephus for this circumstance. See Bell. Jud. Lib. II.

VER. 245. *O let me, rather than Cornelia, wed,*] This Cornelia was the daughter of Scipio Africanus, the wife of Cornelius, and the mother of Caius and Tiberius Gracchus. She had, as

If, to great virtues, greater pride she join,
 And count her ancestors as current coin.
 Take back, for mercy's sake, thy Hannibal !
 Away, with vanquish'd Syphax, camp and all !
 Troop, with the whole of Carthage ! I'd be free,
 From all this pageantry of worth—and thee.

the reader sees, some reason to be proud, and it appears that she was not wanting to herself. Plutarch says that she was fond of boasting of the victories of her father over Hannibal and Syphax. To this Juvenal alludes ; he had also in view, perhaps, a circumstance which seems to have escaped the criticks. So great was her haughtiness, that when Ptolemy King of Egypt asked her in marriage, after the death of her husband, she was seriously offended, and rejected the proposition with every mark of indignation. The unhappy fate of her two sons has been already mentioned. (Sat. II.) Their eloquence and spirit were her's ; their turbulence, I hope, was their own :—not that she seems altogether to have disapproved of it, for on the basis of a statue raised to her memory, we find CORNELIA MATER GRACCHORUM ; the very words of Juvenal.

Boileau has imitated this passage very happily :

“ Ainsi donc au plutôt délogeant de ces lieux,
 “ Allez, princesse, allez avec tous vos aïeux,
 “ Sur le pompeux débris des lances Espagnoles,
 “ Coucher, si vous voulez, aux champs de Cerizoles.”

Sat. x. 479.

VER. 246. *Take back thy Hannibal, &c.*] Cornelia's dowry was the victories of her family ; these she is humourously supplicated to take up, and return to her father's house. *Tolle tuum*, is a parody on the *res tuas tibi habe*, &c. see p. 220.

“ O let, Apollo, let my children live,
 “ And thou, Diana, pity, and forgive ;”
 Amphion cries ; “ they, they are guiltless all :
 “ The mother sinn’d, let then the mother fall.”
 In vain he cries ; Apollo bends his bow,
 And, with the children, lays the father low ?
 They fell ; while Niobe aspired to place
 Her birth and blood above Latona’s race ;
 And boast her womb,—too fruitful, to be named
 With that WHITE Sow, for thirty sucklings famed.
 Beauty and worth are purchased much too dear,
 If a wife force them hourly on your ear ;

VER. 255. *And with the children, lays the father low.*] *Extulit ergo gregem natorum, ipsumque parentem.* This, Owen translates, “ and sons, and mother slew :” perhaps it is an error of the press ; though I observe the same expression in Dryden. The satire evidently requires that we should understand it of Amphion, who fell upon the bodies of his sons, *ferro per pectus adacto*, as Ovid says. It is true, Niobe herself perished not long after ; but this Juvenal purposely drops : his object was to show the fatal consequences of her pride, on those who had no share in her guilt.

VER. 249. *With that WHITE Sow, &c.*] This famous sow, who is introduced more than once, was found by Æneas near Lavinium, on the spot where Alba was afterwards built. Ridiculous as the incident appears, it makes a conspicuous figure in the Æneid, where it is given with wonderful gravity. Juvenal has fallen into an anachronism in mentioning it ; but of this he was well aware ; he produced it to vex Domitian (whom he never forgets,) who being, as Owen observes, extremely attached to

For, say, what pleasure can you hope to find,
 Even in this boast, this phoenix of her kind,
 If, warp'd by pride, on all around she lour,
 And in your cup more gall than honey pour?
 Ah! who so blindly wedded to the state,
 As not to shrink from such a perfect mate,
 Of every virtue feel the oppressive weight,
 And curse the worth he loves, seven hours in eight?
 Some faults, though small, no husband yet can
 'Tis now the nauseous cant, that none is fair, [bear:
 Unless her thoughts in attick terms she dress;
 A mere Cecropian of a Sulmoness!
 All now is Greek: in Greek their souls they pour,
 In Greek their fears, hopes, joys;—what would you
 more?

Alba, and probably interested in its glory, might be mortified at having this idle story so frequently brought forward, and ridiculed.

VER. 275. *A mere Cecropian of a Sulmoness!*] The satire of this line will be understood by recollecting, that the inhabitants of Sulmo, a town of Pelignum, spoke a barbarous Latin dialect: while the Cecropians, or people of Attica, made use of the purest and most elegant Greek.

After this line, there follows in the original, *Cum sit turpe magis nostris nescire Latine*; which I believe to be spurious, and have therefore omitted. The commentators say, that the poet alludes to Cicero;—"Non enim tam præclarum est scire Latine quam turpe nescire;" it seems rather a clumsy adoption of his idea by some officious scholiast.

In Greek they clasp their lovers. We allow
 These fooleries, to girls : but thou, O thou,
 Who tremblest on the verge of eighty-eight,
 To Greek it still !—’tis, now, a day too late.
 Foh ! how it savours of the dregs of lust,
 When an old hag, whose blandishments disgust,
 Affects the infant lisp, the girlish squeak,
 And mumbles out, “ My life ! My soul ! ” in Greek !
 Words, which the secret sheets alone should hear,
 But which she trumpets in the publick ear. [woo
 And words, indeed, have power—But though she
 In softer strains than e’er Carpophorus knew,
 Her wrinkles still employ her favourite’s cares ;
 And while she murmurs love, he counts her years !

But tell me ;—if thou CANST NOT love a wife,
 Made thine by every tie, and thine for life,
 Why wed at all ? why waste the wine and cakes,
 The queasy-stomach’d guest, at parting, takes ?
 And the rich present, which the bridal right
 Claims for the favours of the happy night ?

VER. 287. *And mumbles out, “ My life ! My soul ! ” in Greek.]*
Ζωή και ψυχή. These expressions were familiar to the Roman
 ladies. We find them again in Martial, in an epigram patched
 up from the passage before us ;

“ Cum tibi non Ephesos, nec sit Rhodos, aut Mitylene,

“ Sed domus in vico, Lælia, patricio,—

“ *Ζωή και ψυχή* lascivum congeris usque,

“ Proh pudor ! Hersiliæ civis, et Egeriæ.” *Lib. x. 68.*

The charger, where, triumphantly inscroll'd,
 The Dacian Hero shines in current gold !
 If thou CANST love, and thy besotted mind
 Is, so uxoriously, to one inclined,
 Then bow thy neck, and with submissive air,
 Receive the yoke—thou must for ever wear.

To a fond spouse, a wife no mercy shows :—
 Though warm'd with equal fires, she mocks his
 woes,
 And triumphs in his spoils : her wayward will
 Defeats his bliss, and turns his good to ill !

VER. 299. *The Dacian Hero, &c.*] *Dacicus* (says the Scholiast), *hoc est, solidi ita signati, qui pro virginitate deposita novæ nuptæ donantur.* The custom was not peculiar to Rome : it prevailed under the name of *morgengab*, or morning present, over a great part of the North of Europe ; where indeed some traces of it are still to be found.

The kind of money which was given to the bride, is not specified without reason. It was coined, we may suppose, in consequence of Domitian's boasted victories in the Dacian war ; and there is no doubt, as I have already said, (p. 161,) that Juvenal mightily enjoyed this indirect allusion to them.

The Dacian war was one of the most dishonourable circumstances of Domitian's reign. He aspired to the conduct of it himself : and the consequences were precisely such as might have been predicted. His cowardice kept him at a distance from danger, and his voluptuousness ruined the discipline of the camp : thus every thing went on ill under his auspices. Happily for the army, he left it at last : yet not till he had dispatched his "laurell'd letters" to Rome ; where the senate (nearly as contemptible as their master) decreed that MEDALS

Nought must be given, if she opposes ; nought,
 If she opposes, must be sold or bought ;
 She tells him where to love, and where to hate,
 Shuts out the ancient friend, whose beard his gate
 Knew, from its downy, to its hoary state :
 And when pimps, parasites, of all degrees,
 Have power to will their fortunes as they please,
 She dictates his ; and impudently dares,
 To name his very rivals for his heirs !

“ Go, crucify that slave.” For what offence ?
 Who the accuser ? Where the evidence ?
 For when the life of MAN is in debate,
 No time can be too long, no care too great ;
 Hear all, weigh all with caution, I advise—
 “ Thou sniveller ! is a slave a MAN ?” she cries.

SHOULD BE STRUCK, and statues raised to his success : and that he should come among them, at all times, in the habit of triumph !

VER. 320. *No time, &c.*] Thus Amm. Marcellinus : *De vita et spiritu hominis laturum sententiam diu multumque cunctari oportere, nec præcipiti studio, ubi irrevocabile sit factum, agitari.* But both Ammianus and our author had been long preceded in this humane sentiment, by the Grecian legislator : Νομος αλλος περι θανατου, μη μιαν μονον ημεραν κρινειν, αλλα πολλας. Plato Apol. de Socrat. I find a very notable piece of advice on this subject, among the wise sayings of D. Cato :

“ Nil temere uxori de servis crede querenti,”
 which every husband should get translated and hung over his parlour chimney.

“ He’s innocent ! be’t so :—’tis my command,

“ My will ; let that, sir, for a reason stand.”

Thus the virago triumphs, thus she reigns :

Anon she sickens of her first domains,

And seeks for new ; husband on husband takes,

Till of her bridal veil one rent she makes.

Again she tires, again for change she burns,

And to the bed she lately left returns,

While the fresh garlands, and unfaded boughs,

Yet deck the portal of her wondering spouse.

Thus swells the list ; EIGHT HUSBANDS IN FIVE YEARS :

A rare inscription for their sepulchres !

VER. 333. ————— EIGHT HUSBANDS IN FIVE YEARS.]

I have already mentioned the facility with which divorces might be obtained (v. 47,) it only remains to add here, that the license was most grievously abused. Women of fashion do not now, says Seneca, reckon their years by the number of Consuls, but by the husbands they have taken.

Britannicus, interpreting an epigram of Martial too literally, (Lib, vi. 7,) affirms that Juvenal mentions eight husbands, because the law allowed no more ; all beyond that number being esteemed adultery. In this he is followed by Holyday ; but surely both are wrong : no such licentiousness ever was, or ever could be, allowed by law. But Juvenal adds, *titulo res digna sepulchri*. Upon which Lubin says, it was customary to inscribe the number of husbands that a woman had taken, on her sepulchre ; and he pretends to prove it by this distich, which is little more than a transcript from our author :

“ Inscriptis tumulo septem celebrata virorum

“ Se fecisse Chloe.—Quid pote simplicius?”

Chloe, however, gets rid of her husbands by a process somewhat

While your wife's mother lives, expect no peace.
 She teaches her, with savage joy, to fleece
 A bankrupt spouse : kind creature ! she befriends
 The lover's hopes, and, when her daughter sends
 An answer to his prayer, the style inspects,
 Softens the cruel, and the wrong corrects :
 Experienced bawd ! she blinds, or bribes all eyes,
 And brings the adulterer, in despite of spies.
 And now the farce begins ; the lady falls
 " Sick, sick, oh ! sick ;" and for the doctor calls :
 Sweltering she lies till the dull visit's o'er,
 While the rank lecher, at the closet door,
 Lurking in silence, maddens with delay,
 And in his own impatience melts away.

more violent than that of the text, by poisoning them ! and on this the sting of the epigram depends ; but the fact is doubtful. To have been the wife of one man only, was looked upon as an honourable distinction, and therefore carefully noted on the tombs of such as were entitled to it ; indeed, it is mentioned by Propertius as the boast of Cornelia :

" In lapide hoc UNI nupta fuisse legar :"

And again, in the same elegy, Lib. iv. 12 :

" Filia, tu specimen censuræ nata paternæ,

" Fac teneas UNUM, nos imitata, virum ;"

but, that a lady's executors ever recorded that she had buried seven or eight husbands, I cannot bring myself to believe. The exclamation of Juvenal is a bitter, perhaps an overcharged, sarcasm on the wives of his time, who were so lost to every sense of the ancient honour, as to be ready to perpetuate their want of chastity on their tomb-stones !

Nor count it strange : What mother e'er was known,
To teach severer morals than her own ?—

No ;—with their daughters' lusts they swell their
stores,

And thrive as bawds, when out of date as whores !

Women support the BAR : they love the law,
And raise litigious questions for a straw ;

They meet in private, and prepare the Bill,

Draw up the Instructions with a lawyer's skill,

Suggest to Celsus where the merits lie,

And dictate points for statement, or reply. [oil,

Nay more, they FENCE ! who has not mark'd their
Their purple rugs, for this preposterous toil ?

VER. 357. *Suggest to Celsus, &c.*] An orator of those times, says the Scholiast, who left behind him seven books of Institutes. If by "those times" be meant the age of Juvenal, there is a manifest error, for Celsus died in the reign of Tiberius. He is now better known as a physician than a lawyer.

There is, indeed, a Junius (Juventius) Celsus mentioned by Grangæus ; and this, perhaps, may be the person to whom the Scholiast alludes. But as he flourished under Adrian, (some-what too late a period for the date of this Satire,) I still incline to believe that our author gives, as is customary with him, the name of the well-known rhetorician, to some contemporary master of the art.

VER. 360. *Their purple rugs, &c.*] These rugs (*endromidæ*) have been already noticed. (p. 100.) They were usually put on after violent exercise. It only remains to note with what ingenuity the ladies contrived to make even their tilting pursuits

Room for the lady—lo ! she seeks the list,
 And fiercely tilts at her antagonist,
 A post ! which, with her buckler, she provokes,
 And bores and batters with repeated strokes ;
 Till all the fencer's art can do she shows,
 And the glad master interrupts her blows.
 O worthy, sure, to head those wanton dames,
 Who foot it naked at the Floral Games ;

subservient to their vanity. Their rugs are ornamental, and they grow cool in Tyrian purple ! How happened it that this escaped Martial ?

VER. 368. ———— *the Floral Games ;*] Flora, the Romans say, was a lady of pleasure, who, having acquired an immense fortune (at a time when a few pounds of brass constituted all the wealth of the state) in the honest way of trade, left it to the people, on condition that the interest of it should be annually laid out in a merry meeting, which was to be held on her birthday, and called, after her own name, Floralia. The senate took the money, and, out of gratitude (out of shame, Lactantius thinks) to so exquisite a benefactress, made her a goddess forthwith, and put the flowers under her protection. The people, good souls ! made no objection to the promotion of their old friend, and kept her birthday, now her festival, more zealously than ever. Except the audacious claim put in by Greece, on behalf of Rhodope, (“ a customer,” like the former,) to the erection of one of the pyramids, which was built before that country had yet given shelter to a few naked savages ; nothing was ever more impudently urged than this idle story. The flowers of Italy had a presiding Power, ages before Rome or her senate was heard of. Varro supposes Flora to have been a Sabine deity ; and adds, that Numa first gave her a priest. Ovid puzzles himself sorely to account for the singular manner

Unless, with nobler daring, she aspire,
And tempt the Arena's bloody field—for hire!

in which she was worshipped in his time, but is at no loss about the rest of her story. He translates her name into Greek, proves her to have acted as a midwife at the birth of Mars, &c. and has some beautiful verses on her marriage with Zephyrus, who gave her the charge of blossoms and flowers for a dowry.—But enough of this.

The Floralia were first sanctioned by the government in the consulship of Claudius Centho, and Sempronius Tuditanus, (A. U. C. DXIII.) out of the fines then exacted for trespasses on the grounds belonging to the people: (this is Ovid's story:) even then they were only occasional; but about eighteen years afterwards, on account of an unfavourable spring, the senate decreed that they should be celebrated annually, as the most effectual method to propitiate the goodness of the season.

This is the best account which I can find of them: my own opinion is, that they had their rise in a very remote age, and, like the Lupercalia, were the uncouth expressions of gratitude of a rude and barbarous race, handed down by tradition, adopted by a people, as yet but little refined, and finally, degenerating into licentiousness amidst the general corruption of manners.

These games were celebrated on the last day of April, and the first and second days of May; and with an indecency hardly credible amongst a civilized people. Strumpets taken from the dregs of the populace, appeared upon the stage, and exhibited a variety of obscene dances, feats of activity, &c. The people claimed a privilege of calling upon these miserable wretches, to strip themselves quite naked: which was regularly done with immense applause! Val. Maximus says, that when Cato once happened to be present at these games, the spectators were ashamed to call upon the ladies as usual; Cato, who, I suppose, expected it, asked his friend Favorinus why they delayed; and was answered, Out of respect to him; upon which

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What sense of shame is to that female known,
 Who envies our pursuits, and hates her own?
 Yet would she not, though proud in arms to shine,
 (True woman still) her sex for ours resign;
 For there's a thing she loves beyond compare,
 And we, alas! have no advantage there.—

Heavens! with what glee a husband must behold
 His wife's accoutrements, in publick, sold;

he immediately left the theatre, to the great joy of the people, who proceeded to indemnify themselves for their reluctant forbearance. Martial has an epigram on this story, in which he puts a very pertinent question: "Why," says he to Cato, "since you knew the nature of these games, did you go into the theatre? was it merely that you might come out again!" A word more. Among the many puzzling circumstances in the Roman History, it is not one of the least, to account for the high character which Cato obtained from his countrymen. A parent without affection, a husband without attachment, a master without humanity, and a republican without political honesty, he has yet come down to us, as one of the most virtuous men of his age! I have frequently considered his actions; but found little more in them, than proofs of a hard heart, a wily head, and an impudence that would have scandalized a cynick.

Holyday tells us, that these vile strumpets were wont to dance naked through the streets to the sound of a trumpet, to which our poet here alludes more particularly." I cannot find it "so set down;" but they were certainly assembled by the sound of a trumpet; and, at any rate, the leader of this immodest band must have required all the impudence, and all the profligacy, which Juvenal sees in his female fencer.

And auctioneers displaying to the throng,
 Her crest, her belt, her gauntlet, and her thong !
 Or, if in wilder frolicks she engage,
 And take her private lessons for the stage,
 Then three-fold rapture must expand his breast,
 To see her greaves “a-going,” with the rest.

Yet these are they, the tender souls ! who sweat
 In muslin, and in silk expire with heat.—
 Mark, with what force, as the full blow descends,
 She thunders “hah !” again, how low she bends
 Beneath the opposer’s stroke ; how firm she rests,
 Poised on her hams, and every step contests :
 How close tuck’d up for fight, behind, before,
 Then laugh—to see her squat, when all is o’er !

Daughters of Lepidus, and Gurgés old,
 And blind Metellus, did ye e’er behold
 Asylla (though a fencer’s trull confest)
 Tilt at a stake, thus impudently drest !

VER. 399. *Tilt at a stake, &c.*] We have now seen the ladies exhibiting as fencers, prize-fighters, gladiators, &c. occupations so abhorrent to the nature of the sex, that the mere difficulty of conceiving it possible they should ever engage in them, has probably led many to imagine the whole to be the invention of the poet. But this is to be ignorant of the history of those times. We have but to open the pages of contemporary writers to be convinced that, far from inventing, he does not even exaggerate.

'Tis night; yet hope no slumbers with your wife;
 The nuptial bed is still the scene of strife:
 There lives the keen debate, the clamorous brawl,
 And quiet "never comes, that comes to all."
 Fierce as a tigress plunder'd of her young,
 Rage fires her breast, and loosens all her tongue,
 When, conscious of her guilt, she feigns to groan,
 And chides your loose amours, to hide her own;
 Storms at the scandal of your baser flames,
 And weeps her injuries from imagined names,
 With tears that, marshall'd, at their station stand,
 And flow impassion'd, as she gives command.
 You think those showers her true affection prove,
 And deem yourself—so happy, in her love!
 With fond caresses strive her heart to cheer,
 And from her eyelids suck the starting tear:
 —But could you now examine the scrutore,
 Of this most loving, this most jealous whore,
 What amorous lays, what letters would you see,
 Proofs, damning proofs, of her sincerity!

But these are doubtful—Put a clearer case:
 Suppose her taken in a loose embrace,
 A slave's or knight's. Now, my Quintilian, come,
 And fashion an excuse. What! you are dumb?
 Then, let the lady speak. "Was't not agreed
 "The MAN might please himself?" It was; proceed.

“ Then, so may I”—O, Jupiter! “ No oath:

“ MAN is a general term, and takes in both.”

When once surprised, the sex all shame forego ;

And more audacious, as more guilty, grow.

Whence shall these prodigies of vice be traced ?

From wealth, my friend. Our matrons, then, were

chaste,

When days of labour, nights of short repose,

Hands still employ'd the Tuscan wool to tose,

Their husbands arm'd, and anxious for the State,

And Carthage hovering near the Colline gate,

Conspired to keep all thoughts of ill aloof,

And banish'd vice, far from their lowly roof.

Now, all the evils of long peace are ours ;

Luxury, more terrible than hostile powers,

Her baleful influence wide around has hurl'd,

And well avenged the subjugated world !

—Since Poverty, our better Genius, fled,

Vice, like a deluge, o'er the State has spread.

Now, shame to Rome ! in every street are found,

The essenced Sybarite, with roses crown'd,

The gay Miletan, and the Tarentine,

Lewd, petulant, and reeling ripe with wine !

Wealth first, the ready pander to all sin,

Brought foreign manners, foreign vices in ;

Enervate wealth, and with seductive art,

Sapp'd every homebred virtue of the heart ;

Yes, every :—for what cares the drunken dame,
 (Take head or tail, to her 'tis just the same,)
 Who, at deep midnight, on fat oysters sups,
 And froths with unguents her Falernian cups ;

VER. 451. *And froths with unguents her Falernian cups ;*] This most extravagant custom of pouring precious ointments into wine, and drinking them off together, is mentioned in terms of great indignation by the Elder Pliny. (lib. XIII. 3.) *At hercule, jam quidam etiam in potus addunt (unguenta). . . . ut odore prodigo fruuntur ex utraque parte corporis!*

It was then, we see, confined to a few ; but it swiftly spread, with every other vicious excess, and when Martial wrote was common enough :

“ Hac licet in gemma, quæ servat nomina Cosmi,
 “ Luxuriose bibas, si foliata sitis.”

Cosmus seems to have been a celebrated compounder of this unguent. I do not know his ingredients ; but the commentators on Martial say, they consisted of the leaves of *nardus*, *costus*, &c. This is likely enough ; and when we are so happy as to know what the leaves of *nardus*, *costus*, &c. are, our perfumers may hope to rival Cosmus.

This monstrous luxury continued in fashion to the decline of the empire. It is casually mentioned by Ælian, (Hist. lib. XII.) *μυσφ οινον μίγνυντες ούτως επινον ;* and introduced more than once by Claudian. In a note on this hemistich,—*Te foliis Arabes ditent*,—his critick says, *Odoratis scilicet foliis, quæ erant, et nunc sunt quoque, inter aromata. Ex his foliis faciebant unguentum quod foliatum usurpabatur ; pretiosissimum erat.*

It is not very easy to conceive the motives for this singular practice. Savage nations, it is well known, are fond of having recourse to the most nauseous mixtures, for the sake of procuring a temporary delirium : strong infusions of aromatick ointments in wine, are said to produce giddiness : and it is not

Who swallows oceans, till the tables rise,
And double lustres dance before her eyes !

Thus flush'd, conceive, as Tullia homeward goes,
With what contempt she tosses up her nose,
At Chastity's hoar fane ! what impious jeers,
Collatia pours in Maura's tingling ears !
Here stop their litters, here they all alight,
And squat together in the Goddess' sight :—
You pass, aroused at dawn your court to pay,
The loathsome scene of their licentious play.

Who knows not now, my friend, the secret rites
Of the GOOD GODDESS ; when the dance excites

altogether improbable, that this corrupt and profligate people (as the extremes of barbarism and refinement sometimes meet) might be influenced by considerations of a similar nature, to adopt so disgusting and extravagant an expedient, for the mere purpose of accelerating and heightening the effects of intoxication,

VER. 456. *With what contempt, &c.*] “They are not pleased,” says Stapylton, “with all the variations of wantonness, unless they do show their spite to, and contempt of the Goddess of Chastity, at her antiquated, and neglected altars.” There were two temples of Chastity at Rome ; one consecrated to Pudicitia Patricia in the *Forum Boarium*, or ox-market, the other to Pudicitia Plebeia, in the *Vicus Longus*, or high-street. The former, (which was also the most ancient,) was the scene of these nocturnal impurities.

I find no mention of Tulla or Collatia elsewhere, but Maura is brought forward again in the tenth Satire : and in a manner every way worthy of her introduction here.

The boiling blood ; when, to distraction wound,
 By wine, and musick's stimulating sound,
 The mænads of Priapus, with wild air,
 Howl horrible, and toss their flowing hair !
 Then, how the wine at every pore o'erflows !
 How the eye sparkles ! how the bosom glows !
 How the cheek burns ! and, as the passions rise,
 How the strong feeling bursts in eager cries !—
 Saufeia now springs forth, and tries a fall
 With the town prostitutes, and throws them all ;
 But yields, herself, to Medullina, known
 For parts, and powers, superiour to her own.
 Maids, mistresses, alike the contest share,
 And 'tis not always birth that triumphs there.
 Nothing is feign'd in this accursed game :
 'Tis genuine all ; and such as would inflame
 The frozen age of Priam, and inspire,
 The ruptur'd, bedrid Nestor with desire.
 Stung with their mimick feats, a hollow groan
 Of lust breaks forth ; the sex, the sex, is shown !
 And one loud yell re-echoes through the den,
 " Now, now, 'tis lawful ! now admit the men !"
 There's none arrived. " Not yet ! then scour the street,
 " And bring us quickly, here, the first you meet."
 There's none abroad, " Then fetch our slaves."
 They're gone. [one !"—
 " Then hire a waterman." There's none. " Not

Nature's strong barrier scarcely now restrains
The baffled fury in their boiling veins !

And would to heaven our ancient rites were free !—
But Africa and India, earth and sea,
Have heard, what singing-wench produced his ware,
Vast as two Anti-Catos, there, even there,

VER. 495. ————— *what singing-wench, &c.*] This was Clodius. The affair to which Juvenal alludes was a remarkable one, and happened thus. Clodius, then a very young man, had an intrigue with Pompeia, the wife of Julius Cæsar. As the lady was narrowly watched by her mother-in-law, Aurelia, they had few opportunities of meeting ; this irritated their impatience, and forced them upon an expedient as flagitious as it was new. The mysteries of the Bona Dea, as every one knows, were so respected by the Romans, that none but women had the privilege of officiating at them ; every male, even of animals, was driven from the house, and every statue, every picture, of the masculine kind, scrupulously veiled. Clodius dressed himself like a woman, and knocked at the door of Cæsar's house, where the mysteries were then celebrating.—One of Pompeia's maids, who was in the secret, let him in ; but unluckily, while she was gone to acquaint her mistress with his arrival, the impatient Clodius advanced towards the assembly. On the way, he was met by another domestick, who taking him for one of her own sex, began to toy with him. Clodius was confused ; which the other perceiving, insisted on knowing who, and what he was. His voice, and still more his agitation, betrayed him. The women, struck with horror at the profanation, covered the altar and the implements of sacrifice with a veil, and drove the intruder from the house. They left it themselves immediately after, and went to acquaint their husbands with the unprecedented abomination. Clodius was instantly accused, and would have been condemned, but for the clandestine influence of Pompey and Cæsar (of whom he was a necessary tool,) and a species of bribery almost too

Where the he-mouse, in reverence, lies conceal'd,
 And every picture of a male is veil'd.
 And who was THEN a scoffer? who despised
 The simple rites by infant Rome devised,
 The wooden bowl of pious Numa's day,
 The coarse brown dish, and pot of homely clay?
 Now, woe the while! religion's in its wane;
 And daring Clodii swarm in every fane.

I hear, old friends, I hear you: "Make all sure:
 "Let spies surround her, and let bolts secure."

infamous for belief, though Cicero asserts it as a fact: *Jam vero (O Dii boni!) rem perditam; etiam noctes certarum mulierum, atque adolescentulorum nobilium introductiones nonnullis judicibus pro mercedis cumulo fuerant!*

VER. 501. *The wooden bowl, &c.*]

————— Quis tunc
 Simpuvium ridere Numæ, nigrumque catinum,
 Et Vaticano fragiles de monte patellas
 Ausus erat?—

For these vessels, we have nothing but general terms: among the ancients their names were as distinct, as their uses: suffice it to say, that they were all used in sacrifice, either for the offering, or the libation:—from motives of religion, or, perhaps, from respect to the memory of Numa, by whom they were introduced, the Romans long continued to give them the original form, which was probably not much indebted to taste or elegance.—Before this was written, however, they had given way to Epicurean refinement, and, as Persius (whom Juvenal seems to follow) informs us, were replaced by utensils of gold and other costly materials:

Aurum vasa Numæ, Saturniaque impulit æra,
 Vestalesque urnas, et Tuscum fictile mutat.

But who shall KEEP the KEEPERS? Wives contemn
 Our poor precautions, and begin with THEM.
 Lust is the master passion ; it inflames,
 Alike, both high and low ; alike, the dames,
 Who, on tall Syrians' necks, their pomp display,
 And those who pick, on foot, their miry way.

Whene'er Ogulnia to the Circus goes,
 To emulate the rich, she hires her clothes,
 Hires followers, friends, and cushions ; hires a chair,
 A nurse, and a trim girl, with golden hair,
 To slip her billets :—prodigal and poor,
 She wastes the wreck of her paternal store
 On smooth-faced wrestlers ; wastes her little all,
 And strips her shivering mansion to the wall !
 There's many a woman knows distress at home ;
 Not one who feels it, and, ere ruin come,
 To her small means conforms. Taught by the ant,
 Men sometimes guard against the extreme of want,
 And stretch, though late, their providential fears,
 To food and raiment for their future years :
 But women never see their wealth decay ;
 With lavish hands they scatter night and day,
 As if the gold, with vegetative power,
 Would spring afresh, and bloom from hour to hour ;

VER. 529. *As if the gold, &c.*] None of the commentators seem to have understood this passage, which is represented by some of them as incorrect, and by others as unintelligible. It is

The boiling blood ; when, to distraction wound,
 By wine, and musick's stimulating sound,
 The mænads of Priapus, with wild air,
 Howl horrible, and toss their flowing hair !
 Then, how the wine at every pore o'erflows !
 How the eye sparkles ! how the bosom glows !
 How the cheek burns ! and, as the passions rise,
 How the strong feeling bursts in eager cries !—
 Saufeia now springs forth, and tries a fall
 With the town prostitutes, and throws them all ;
 But yields, herself, to Medullina, known
 For parts, and powers, superiour to her own.
 Maids, mistresses, alike the contest share,
 And 'tis not always birth that triumphs there.

Nothing is feign'd in this accursed game :
 'Tis genuine all ; and such as would inflame
 The frozen age of Priam, and inspire,
 The ruptur'd, bedrid Nestor with desire.
 Stung with their mimick feats, a hollow groan
 Of lust breaks forth ; the sex, the sex, is shown !
 And one loud yell re-echoes through the den,
 “ Now, now, 'tis lawful ! now admit the men ! ”
 There's none arrived. “ Not yet ! then scour the street,
 “ And bring us quickly, here, the first you meet.”
 There's none abroad, “ Then fetch our slaves.”
 They're gone. [one !”—
 “ Then hire a waterman.” There's none. “ Not

Nature's strong barrier scarcely now restrains
The baffled fury in their boiling veins !

And would to heaven our ancient rites were free !—
But Africa and India, earth and sea,
Have heard, what singing-wench produced his ware,
Vast as two Anti-Catos, there, even there,

VER. 495. ———— *what singing-wench, &c.*] This was Clodius. The affair to which Juvenal alludes was a remarkable one, and happened thus. Clodius, then a very young man, had an intrigue with Pompeia, the wife of Julius Cæsar. As the lady was narrowly watched by her mother-in-law, Aurelia, they had few opportunities of meeting ; this irritated their impatience, and forced them upon an expedient as flagitious as it was new. The mysteries of the Bona Dea, as every one knows, were so respected by the Romans, that none but women had the privilege of officiating at them ; every male, even of animals, was driven from the house, and every statue, every picture, of the masculine kind, scrupulously veiled. Clodius dressed himself like a woman, and knocked at the door of Cæsar's house, where the mysteries were then celebrating.—One of Pompeia's maids, who was in the secret, let him in ; but unluckily, while she was gone to acquaint her mistress with his arrival, the impatient Clodius advanced towards the assembly. On the way, he was met by another domestick, who taking him for one of her own sex, began to toy with him. Clodius was confused ; which the other perceiving, insisted on knowing who, and what he was. His voice, and still more his agitation, betrayed him. The women, struck with horror at the profanation, covered the altar and the implements of sacrifice with a veil, and drove the intruder from the house. They left it themselves immediately after, and went to acquaint their husbands with the unprecedented abomination. Clodius was instantly accused, and would have been condemned, but for the clandestine influence of Pompey and Cæsar (of whom he was a necessary tool,) and a species of bribery almost too

Where the he-mouse, in reverence, lies conceal'd,
 And every picture of a male is veil'd.
 And who was THEN a scoffer? who despised
 The simple rites by infant Rome devised,
 The wooden bowl of pious Numa's day,
 The coarse brown dish, and pot of homely clay?
 Now, woe the while! religion's in its wane;
 And daring Clodii swarm in every fane.

I hear, old friends, I hear you: "Make all sure:
 "Let spies surround her, and let bolts secure."

infamous for belief, though Cicero asserts it as a fact: *Jam vero (O Dii boni!) rem perditam; etiam noctes certarum mulierum, atque adolescentulorum nobilium introductiones nonnullis judicibus pro mercedis cumulo fuerant!*

VER. 501. *The wooden bowl, &c.]*

————— Quis tunc
 Simpuvium ridere Numæ, nigrumque catinum,
 Et Vaticano fragiles de monte patellas
 Ausus erat?—

For these vessels, we have nothing but general terms: among the ancients their names were as distinct, as their uses: suffice it to say, that they were all used in sacrifice, either for the offering, or the libation:—from motives of religion, or, perhaps, from respect to the memory of Numa, by whom they were introduced, the Romans long continued to give them the original form, which was probably not much indebted to taste or elegance.—Before this was written, however, they had given way to Epicurean refinement, and, as Persius (whom Juvenal seems to follow) informs us, were replaced by utensils of gold and other costly materials:

Aurum vasa Numæ, Saturniaque impulit æra,
 Vestalesque urnas, et Tuscum fictile mutat.

But who shall KEEP the KEEPERS? Wives contemn
 Our poor precautions, and begin with THEM.
 Lust is the master passion ; it inflames,
 Alike, both high and low ; alike, the dames,
 Who, on tall Syrians' necks, their pomp display,
 And those who pick, on foot, their miry way.

Whene'er Ogulnia to the Circus goes,
 To emulate the rich, she hires her clothes,
 Hires followers, friends, and cushions ; hires a chair,
 A nurse, and a trim girl, with golden hair,
 To slip her billets :—prodigal and poor,
 She wastes the wreck of her paternal store
 On smooth-faced wrestlers ; wastes her little all,
 And strips her shivering mansion to the wall !
 There's many a woman knows distress at home ;
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 To her small means conforms. Taught by the ant,
 Men sometimes guard against the extreme of want,
 And stretch, though late, their providential fears,
 To food and raiment for their future years :
 But women never see their wealth decay ;
 With lavish hands they scatter night and day,
 As if the gold, with vegetative power,
 Would spring afresh, and bloom from hour to hour ;

VER. 529. *As if the gold, &c.*] None of the commentators seem to have understood this passage, which is represented by some of them as incorrect, and by others as unintelligible. It is

As if the mass its present size would keep,
And no expense reduce the eternal heap.

Others there are, who centre all their bliss,
In the soft eunuch, and the beardless kiss :
They need not from his chin avert their face,
Nor use abortive drugs, for his embrace.
But oh ! their joys run high, if he be form'd,
When his full veins the fire of love has warm'd ;
When every part's to full perfection rear'd,
And nought of manhood wanting, but the beard.

But should the dame in musick take delight,
The publick singer is disabled quite :
In vain the prætor guards him all he can ;
She slips the buckle, and enjoys her man.
Still in her hand his instrument is found,
Thick set with gems, that shed a lustre round ;
Still o'er his lyre the ivory quill she flings,
Still runs divisions on the trembling strings,

neither the one nor the other ; but a plain allusion to a notion very generally received amongst the ancients, that mines, after being exhausted, sometimes reproduced their ores.

VER. 540. *And nought of manhood wanting, but the beard,*] In this place Juvenal covertly TAXES the detestable cruelty of his libidinous females, who delayed the operation of emasculation till their slaves were arrived at man's estate. This might elude the observation of the English reader; to miss the obvious sense of the lines, seems barely possible for any reader :—it has, however, been done.

VER. 544. *She slips the buckle.*] See p. 211.

The trembling strings, which the loved Hedymel
 Was wont to strike—so sweetly, and so well !
 These still she holds, with these she sooths her woes,
 And kisses on the dear, dear wire bestows.

A noble matron of the Lamian line,
 Inquired of Janus, (offering meal and wine,)
 If Pollio, at the Harmonick Games, would speed,
 And wear the oaken crown, the victor's meed !

VER. 553. *A noble matron, &c.] Quædam de numero Lamiarum.*
 It has been already observed, (Sat. iv. 223,) that the Lamian family was of great antiquity. Pollio, for whom this high-born lady was so interested, is mentioned by Martial, and appears to have been a favourite performer. The harmonick games at which he proposed to become a competitor, were instituted by that great amateur, Domitian : they were held every fifth year, and, from their being dedicated to Tarpeian Jove, probably in the Capitol. The manner in which Juvenal describes the mode of consulting the Aruspex, is worth noticing ; it is so minute, and, at the same time, so accurate, as to leave little to be added on the subject.

Pliny says, that the stated forms of prayer were adhered to with the most scrupulous exactness, and that a monitor (a minor priest, I suppose) stood by the suppliant, to prevent the slightest aberration. Tertullian, who was intimately acquainted with all such matters, has an observation on the subject of these monitors, in which he nobly contrasts the practices of the Christians with those of their adversaries : “ *Illuc suspicientes Christiani, manibus expansis quia innocuis ;* (the hands of the Heathens were folded;) *capite nudo,* (the heads of the Heathens were covered,) *quia non erubescimus ; denique sine monitore, quia de pectore oramus !* ”

What could she for a husband, more, have done,
 What for an only, an expiring son ?
 Yes ; for a harper, the besotted dame
 Approach'd the altar, reckless of her fame,
 And veil'd her head, and, with a pious air,
 Follow'd the Aruspex through the form of prayer ;
 And trembled, and turn'd pale, as he explored
 The entrails, breathless for the fatal word !
 But, tell me, father Janus, if you please,
 Tell me, most ancient of the deities,
 Is your attention to such suppliants given ?
 If so—there is not much to do in heaven !
 For a comedian, this consults your will,
 For a tragedian, that ; kept standing, still,
 By this eternal route, the wretched priest
 Feels his legs swell, and dies to be releast.

But let her rather sing, than roam the streets,
 And thrust herself in every crowd she meets ;

VER. 574. *And thrust herself in every crowd, &c.*] There is a beautiful passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, which may serve to illustrate this remark of our author :

“ O, these ENCOUNTERERS so glib of tongue,
 “ That give a coasting welcome ere it come,
 “ And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts ;
 “ To every ticklish reader ! set them down
 “ For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
 “ And daughters of the game.”

Chat with great generals, though her lord be there,
With lawless eye, bold front, and bosom bare.

She too, with curiosity o'erflows,
And all the news of all the world she knows ;
Knows what in Scythia, what in Thrace is done ;
The secrets of the step-dame and the son ;
Who speeds, and who is jilted ; and can swear,
Who made the widow pregnant, when and where,
And what she said, and how she frolick'd there.—

She first espied the star, whose baleful ray,
O'er Parthia, and Armenia, shed dismay :
She watches at the gates, for news to come,
And intercepts it, as it enters Rome ;
Then, fraught with full intelligence, she flies
Through every street, and, mingling truth with lies,
Tells how Niphates bore down every mound,
And pour'd his desolating flood around ;

VER. 584. *She first espied the star, &c.*] Lubin, as well as Lipsius, says that the appearance of this blazing star must be referred to the times of Trajan, who undertook an expedition against the Parthians and Armenians. But this Satire was probably written before Trajan began his reign ; I should, therefore, if any necessity existed for ascertaining the precise period when those events took place, rather refer them to the times of Vespasian. It is to be feared, however, that all the pains taken by the commentators to reconcile them to the passages of true history have been thrown away. The author seems to be merely amusing himself with the ignorance of his female gossip, whom he introduces confounding what she had heard, and fabricating what she had not.

How earth, convuls'd, disclosed her caverns hoar,
And cities trembled, and—were seen no more !

And yet this itch, though never to be cured,
Is easier, than her cruelty, endured.

Should a poor neighbour's dog but discompose
Her rest, a moment, wild with rage she grows ;
“ Ho ! whips,” she cries, “ and flay that brute
accurst ;

“ But flay that rascal, there, who owns him, first.”
Dangerous to meet while in these frantick airs,
And terrible to look at, she prepares
To bathe at night ; she issues her commands,
And in long ranks, forth march the obedient bands,
With tubs, cloths, oils :—for 'tis her dear delight,
To sweat in clamour, tumult, and affright.

When her tired arms refuse the balls to ply,
And the lewd bath-keeper has rubb'd her dry,
She calls to mind each miserable guest,
Long since with hunger, and with sleep opprest,
And hurries home ; all glowing, all athirst,
For wine, whole flasks of wine ! and swallows, first,

VER. 606. *When her tired arms, &c.*] This alludes to the custom of swinging two heavy masses of lead, (dumb-bells as we term them,) to procure a profuse perspiration, after coming out of the bath ;—no very delicate fashion for a lady ; though full as delicate, perhaps, as that of having a male bath-keeper to anoint and rub her dry.

Two quarts, to clear her stomach, and excite
 A ravenous, an unbounded appetite ! [and all,
 Huisch ! up it comes, good heavens ! meat, drink,
 And flows in purple torrents round the hall ;
 Or a gilt ewer receives the foul contents,
 And poisons all the house with vinous scents.
 So, dropt into a vat, a snake is said
 To drink and spew :—the husband turns his head,
 Sick to the soul, from this disgusting scene,
 And struggles to suppress his rising spleen.

But she is more intolerable yet,
 Who plays the critick, when at table set ;
 Calls Virgil charming, and attempts to prove,
 Poor Dido right, in venturing all for love.
 From Maro, and Mæonides, she quotes
 The striking passages, and, while she notes
 Their beauties and defects, adjusts her scales,
 And accurately weighs, which bard prevails.
 The astonish'd guests sit mute : grammarians yield,
 Loud rhetoricians, baffled, quit the field ;

VER. 614. *Huisch ! up it comes, &c.*] Here again Juvenal is accused of exaggeration, but with how little reason will appear from the following passage of Seneca : “ *Non minus pervigilant, non minus potant ; et oleo et mero viros provocant : atque invitis ingesta visceribus per os reddunt, et vinum omne vomitu remetuntur !* ”
 Need I go further?

Even auctioneers and lawyers stand aghast,
 And not a woman speaks!—So thick, and fast,
 The wordy shower descends, that you would swear,
 A thousand bells were jangling in your ear,
 A thousand basins clattering. Vex no more,
 Your trumpets, and your timbrels, as of yore,
 To ease the labouring moon; her single yell
 Can drown their clangour, and dissolve the spell.

She lectures too in Ethicks, and declaims,
 On the CHIEF GOOD!—but, surely, she who aims

VER. 638. *To ease the labouring moon, &c.*] In Melchor's song at the court of Moab, is this couplet,

“He sung how earth blots the moon's gilded wain,
 “Whilst foolish men beat sounding brass in vain.”

On which Cowley has a note: it is clumsily drawn up, but as it contains an accurate account of the superstitious folly to which Juvenal alludes, I have subjoined it. “This custom took the original from an opinion that witches, by muttering some charms in verse, caused the eclipses of the moon, which they conceived to be when the moon (that is, the goddess of it,) was brought down from the sphere by the virtue of these enchantments; and therefore they made a great noise by the beating of brass, sounding of trumpets, whooping and hallowing, and the like, to drown the witches' murmurs, that the moon might not hear them, and so to render them ineffectual.” *Davedeis.*

VER. 641. *She lectures too in Ethicks, &c.*] *Imponit finem sapiens et rebus honestis.* Without entering into the disputes on this difficult line, which would lead too far, it may be sufficient to observe, that I have given what I conceive to be the sense of it, in conformity to the opinion of some of the most judicious commentators: *Non solum mulier de poetis judicat, sed etiam more*

To seem too learn'd, should take the male array ;
 A hog, due offering, to Sylvanus slay,
 And, with the Stoick's privilege, repair
 To farthing baths, and strip in publick there !

*philosophi præcepta dat de ratione recte vivendi, &c. Brit. And
 Lubin, Etiam philosophiam tractat !—et more sapientum de summo
 bono disputat.* Holyday translates it thus,

“ In just acts too new aime she gives.”

I do not pretend to understand his poetry, but in a long and learned note on it, he seems to explain his author as I do ; except that he supposes the lady ambitious to establish a sect of her own.

Doctor Jortin thinks the meaning is, “The wise person in all things honest, and commendable, observes the due medium, the *το μηδεν αγαν* : therefore a prudent woman, &c. &c.” This is very good sense ; but whether it be that of Juvenal may, I think, be doubted. In the poet's present humour, he appears little inclined to compliment the sex with the possibility of being right in any thing ; and if he had been questioned on the subject would, most likely, have disputed the existence of this “prudent woman who, in things honest and commendable, observed the due medium,” &c. Can it have escaped the criticks that Juvenal has no reliefs, no contrasts here ; that he says nothing of what women should do, and that his satire is all forthright and direct ?

I pass over the dreams of the criticks on the following lines—their obvious meaning is, that the woman who quits her proper pursuits to follow those of men, should also adopt their peculiar habits, privileges, &c. should wear a succinct coat, instead of a flowing stole, sacrifice to Sylvanus, (which none but men might do,) and frequent the common baths, with the rabble, among whom Juvenal humorously places the philosophers.

O, never may the partner of my bed,
 With subtleties of logick stuff her head ;
 Nor whirl her rapid syllogisms around,
 Nor with imperfect enthymemes confound !
 Enough for me, if common things she know,
 And boast the little learning schools be stow
 I hate the female pedagogue, who pores
 O'er her Palæmon hourly ; who explores
 All modes of speech, regardless of the sense,
 But tremblingly alive to mood and tense :
 Who puzzles me with many an uncouth phrase,
 From some old canticle of Numa's days ;

VER. 646. *O, never may the partner of my bed, &c.*] In the WIFE, by Sir Thomas Overbury, there is a stanza on this subject, which, whatever may be thought of its poetry, is not deficient in good sense:

“ Give me, next good, an understanding wife,

“ By nature wise, not learned by much art ;

“ Some knowledge on her side, will all my life

“ More scope of conversation impart ;

“ Besides, her inborn virtues fortify,

“ They are most firmly good, who best know why.”

How superiour is this (I do not mean in poetry, but in just and liberal thinking) to the following :

Σοφὴν δὲ μισῶ. Μὴ γὰρ ἐν γ' ἐμοὶς δομοῖς

Εἴη φρονύσσα πλεῖον, ἢ γυναικὰ χρεὴν.

Τὸ γὰρ πανουργὸν μᾶλλον ἐντίκτει Κυπρίς

Ἐν ταῖς σοφαῖσιν.

Eurip. Hip.

VER. 653. *O'er her Palæmon, &c.*] For Palæmon, see Sat. vii.

Corrects her country friends, and cannot hear
Her husband solecise, without a sneer !

A woman stops at nothing, when she wears
Rich emeralds round her neck, and, in her ears,
Pearls of enormous size ; these justify
Her faults, and make all lawful in her eye.
Sure, of all ills with which mankind are curst,
A wife who brings you money is the worst.
Behold ! her face a spectacle appears,
Bloated, and foul, and plaister'd to the ears,
With viscous paste :—the husband looks askew,
And sticks his lips in this detested glue.

VER. 662. *Pearls of enormous size ;*] *Magnos elenchos.* It is not easy to say what these were: the Scholiast calls them *uniones, margaritas oblongas*; the commentators, oval, oblong, and pear-shaped pearls. Holyday translates the word, eye-checking, because, as he says, *ελεγχω* sometimes signifies to check, or reprehend ! Perhaps, *elenchus* did not signify a single pearl for the ear, but a drop, formed of several ; for that such were worn and admired in Juvenal's time, may be readily proved. The following passage in Seneca, *De Beneficiis*, seems to the purpose : *Videō uniones non singulos singulis auribus comparatos ; (jam enim exercitatae aures oneri ferendo sunt ;) junguntur inter se, et insuper alii bini suppanguntur. Non satis muliebris insania viros subjecerat, nisi bina, ac terna patrimonia singulis auribus pependissent !* The thought in the next couplet is from Antiphanes :

Οὐκ εἰν οὐδὲν βαρυτερον των φορτιων
Οντως γυναικος προικα φερουσης.

She meets the adulterer bath'd, perfumed, and drest,
 But rots in filth at home, a very pest !
 For him she breathes of nard ; for him alone,
 She makes the sweets of Araby her own ;
 For him, at length, she ventures to uncase,
 Scales the first layer of roughcast from her face,
 And, while the maids to know her now begin,
 Clears, with that precious milk, her frowzy skin,

VER. 670. *She meets the adulterer, &c.*] Le Grange imagines that Juvenal had Lucilius in view :

“ Quom tecum est, quidvis satis est ; visuri alieni
 “ Sint homines, spiram, pallas, redimicula promit.”

Sat. xv.

This is not unlikely : but the more immediate subject of his imitation, seems to be the following passage of Tibullus, Lib. i. El. ix. 67.

“ Tune putas illam pro te disponere crines,
 “ Aut tenues denso pectere dente comas ?
 “ Ista hæc persuadet facies, auroque lacertos
 “ Vinciat, et Tyrio prodeat apta sinu ?
 “ Non tibi, sed juveni cuidam vult bella videri ;
 “ Devoveat pro quo remque, domumque tuam.”

VER. 677. *Clears, with that precious milk, &c.*] For this refinement in luxury, as well as for the “ viscous paste” mentioned above, the Roman ladies were indebted to the younger Poppæa, the mistress, and finally the wife, of Nero, who avenged the cause of two husbands, whom she had abandoned, by a kick which occasioned her death.

“ Poppæa,” Stapylton says, “ was so careful to preserve her beauty, that when she went into banishment,” (but was Poppæa banished ? the words of Juvenal do not necessarily imply so

For which, though exiled to the frozen main,
 She'd lead a drove of asses in her train !
 But tell me yet ; this thing, thus daub'd and oil'd,
 Thus poulticed, plaister'd, baked by turns and boil'd,
 Thus with pomatums, ointments, lacker'd o'er,
 Is it a FACE, Ursidius, or a SORE ?

'Tis worth a little labour, to survey [day.
 Our wives more near, and trace 'em through the

much :) “ she carried fifteen” (the Scholiast says fifty) “ she-
 asses along with her, for their milk to wash in.” I will not
 vouch for the truth of this anecdote ! but that Poppæa was
 profusely extravagant, in every thing which related to her
 person, is undoubted : Ἡ δὲ Σαβίνη αὐτὴ οὕτως ὑπερετρυφήσεν,
 ὥστε τὰς τε ἡμιονοὺς τὰς ἀγούσας αὐτὴν ἐπιχρῦσα σπαρτῖα
 ὑποδεδισθαι, καὶ οὐνοὺς πεντακοσίας ἀρτιτοκοὺς καὶ ἡμέραν
 ἀμελγεσθαι, ἢ ἐν τῷ γαλακτὶ αὐτῶν λουηταί. Xiph. Lib. LXII. 28.
 Here we find that she had not fifteen, as Stapylton, or fifty, as
 the Scholiast, says, but five hundred she-asses in her suite.

To return to Juvenal : he evidently had the following pas-
 sage of the Elder Pliny in his thoughts : *Lac crassissimum asinæ,
 quod conferre aliquid et candidiori in mulierum cute existimatur.
 Poppæa certe quingentas secum per omnia trahens fætas ; balneorum
 etiam solio totum corpus illo lacte macerabat, extendi quoque cutem
 credens.* Lib. XI. c. 41. § 96.

The Scholiast has furnished Reimarus with a notable oppor-
 tunity of displaying his critical sagacity : *Nugatur Scholiastes, aut
 certe misere corruptus est, quinquagintas asinas Poppæam secuta esse
 “ missam in exilium.” Scribe quingentas, cum Dione, et Plinio ; et
 missam in solium, quod est vas balneare.* To exchange an errour
 for an absurdity is too much. Certainly, the Scholiast was no
 great critick ; yet Reimarus must excuse me, if I still believe him
 incapable of saying that fifty asses followed Poppæa into the
 bathing-tub.

If, dreadful to relate ! the night foregone,
 The husband turn'd his back, or lay alone,
 All, all is lost ; the housekeeper is stripp'd,
 The tiremaid chidden, and the chairman whipp'd :
 Rods, cords, and thongs, avenge the master's sleep,
 And force the guiltless house to wake, and weep.

There are, who hire a beadle by the year,
 To lash their servants round ; who, pleased to hear
 The eternal thong, bid him lay on, while they,
 At perfect ease, the silkman's stores survey,
 Chat with their female gossips, or replace
 The crack'd enamel on their treacherous face.
 No respite yet :—they leisurely hum o'er
 The countless *items* of the day before,
 And bid him still lay on ; till, faint with toil,
 He drops the scourge ; when, with a rancorous
 smile,

“ Begone !” they thunder in a horrid tone,
 “ Now your accounts are settled, rogues, begone !”

But should she wish with nicer care to dress,
 And now the hour of assignation press,
 (Whether the adulterer, for her coming, wait
 In Isis' fane, to bawdry consecrate,
 Or in Lucullus' walks,) the house appears,
 A true Sicilian court, all gloom and tears.

VER. 709. *A true Sicilian court, &c.*] The tyranny of Phalaris

The wretched Psecas, for the whip prepared,
 With locks dishevell'd, and with shoulders bared,
 Attempts her hair: fire flashes from her eyes,
 And, "Strumpet! why this curl so high?" she cries.
 Instant the lash, without remorse, is plied,
 And the blood stains her bosom, back, and side.
 But why this fury?—Is the girl to blame,
 If your air shocks you, or your features shame?
 Another, trembling, on the left, prepares
 To open, and arrange the straggling hairs
 In ringlets trim: meanwhile, the council meet:
 And first the nurse, a personage discreet,
 Late from the toilet to the wheel removed,
 (The effect of time,) yet still of taste approved,
 Gives her opinion: then the rest, in course,
 As age, or practice, lends their judgment force.
 So warm they grow, and so much pains they take,
 You'd think her honour, or her life at stake!
 So high they build her head, such tiers on tiers,
 With wary hands, they pile, that she appears,
 Andromache, before:—and what, behind?
 A dwarf, a creature of a different kind:—

(the possessor of the brazen bull, and other engines of torture) had made this expression proverbial, for any excess of cruelty.

VER. 730. *Andromache, before;*] Tradition represents this lady (probably, because she was the wife of a hero) as very tall.

Meanwhile, engross'd by these important cares,
 She thinks not on her lord's distrest affairs,
 Scarce on himself; but leads a separate life,
 As if she were his neighbour, not his wife?
 Or, but in this,—that all control she braves;
 Hates where he loves, and squanders where he saves.

Dares Phrygius (*aut quisquis ille fuit*) calls her *longam*, Ovid, *longissimam*; he says also, "that though every body else thought her too burly a dame, *spatiosior æquo*, Hector himself was perfectly satisfied with her,"—which I am very glad to hear.

There follows;

" ————— cedo, si breve parvi
 " Sortita est lateris spatium, breviorque videtur
 " Virgine Pygmæa, nullis adjuta cothurnis:
 " Et levis erecta consurgit ad oscula planta?"

which I have thrown out of the text; not so much on account of its singular clumsiness, as of my utter inability to make any tolerable sense of it. Holyday satisfied himself with rendering it in this manner:

" ————— if she's short loin'd.
 " Then a girle-pygmye shee's more dwarf without
 " High-heels; and tiptoes for a kiss and flout."

The other translators have evaded the difficulty. If it be at all intelligible, it may be something in this way: though, even thus, the drift of the author is not very apparent.

Nay, if unbuskin'd, she scarce match in size
 A Pygmy virgin, and must lightly rise,
 On tiptoe, for a kiss; there's some excuse,
 If every art, to aid her height, she use.

Room for Bellona's frantick votaries ! room
 For Cybele's mad enthusiasts ! lo, they come !
 A lusty semivir, whose part obscene,
 A broken shell has sever'd smooth and clean,

VER. 738. *Room for Bellona's frantick votaries ! &c*] We come now to one of the grand divisions of this Satire, and, as it seems to me, the most curious. How a late translator could call it "dull and tedious," I cannot conceive ; since the very reason which he gives for his assertion—"that the practices here mentioned are now nowhere to be met with"—evidently tends to render it peculiarly interesting. Whatever may be thought of this, however, it must have appeared of no little importance to Juvenal, since he has laboured it with uncommon care : nor is there any part of his works in which his genius is more conspicuous.

Of Cybele and her frantick votaries I have already spoken : (Sat. II.) those of Bellona were not more sane. They ran up and down, lancing their arms with sharp knives, upon her festival, which was kept on the twenty-third, or twenty-fourth of March, and which, in allusion to those horrid rites, was sometimes called the DAY OF BLOOD.

VER. 740. *A lusty semivir, &c.*] Lusty (*ingens*) is not an idle epithet ; for these priests of Cybele seem to have been creatures of an extraordinary size. Their bulk might probably be increased by the operation which they underwent ; but I do not know that it was so. Persius calls them *grandes*—this, a late commentator says, must be applied to the mind, and rendered *stupid*. Must it so ? then both Juvenal and Persius have chosen the wrong word ; since, whatever these people might be, they were certainly not stupid. The truth is, that *grandis* like *ingens*, must be applied to the body, and in its customary sense ; as a very little acquaintance with the subject would suffice to show.

A raw-boned, mitred priest, whom the whole choir
 Of curtail'd priestlings, reverence and admire,
 Enters, with his wild rout; and bids the fair,
 Of autumn, and its sultry blasts, beware,
 Unless she lustrate, with an hundred eggs,
 Her household straight:—then, impudently begs
 Her cast-off clothes, that every plague they fear,
 May enter them, and expiate all the year!

But lo! another tribe! at whose command,
 See her, in winter, near the Tiber stand,

VER. 750. *But lo! another tribe: &c.*] These are the priests of Isis, whose absurd and contemptible ceremonies are described with admirable spirit and humour.

It is not easy to say by what criterion the Romans judged of the admissibility of foreign divinities into their temples. Cybele, with all her train of wild and furious enthusiasts, found an easy admittance; while Isis and Osiris, deities not more detestable, were long opposed, and still longer regarded with distrust and aversion.

Of a truth, however, this was confined to the men: the women seem to have found something peculiarly seducing in the worship of Isis, and to have been, from the first, her warmest devotees.

Whether the envy of the priests of Cybele, and other exotick divinities, was excited by this marked predilection, or whether the attendance on the rites of Isis was made (as it certainly was in aftertimes) a cloak for intrigue, I know not; but in the consulship of Piso and Gabinius, a furious persecution was raised against her; and she was banished, with all her ridiculous mumery, from the territories of the republick. Some years afterwards, however, her worship was re-established, when Tiberius

Break the thick ice, and, ere the sun appears,
Plunge in the crashing eddy to the ears ;

on account of an impious farce which was played in one of her temples (see the story in Joseph. Antiq. lib. xviii.) rased it to the ground, hanged or crucified the priests, and flung the statue of the goddess into the Tiber. Again the temple was rebuilt, again destroyed by a decree of the senate, and again, and again reconstructed, till the vigilance of the government was finally remitted, or its obstinacy overcome. It was then, that they rose on all sides, and became (what too many of the Roman temples were) the most favoured spots for forming assignations.

Whenever Juvenal has occasion to mention these Ægyptian divinities, he does it with a contemptuous sneer ; but in this he is not singular ; since almost every ancient writer on the subject does the same. Lucan conveys a bitter reproach to his countrymen for their partiality to them, in a pathetick and beautiful apostrophe to Ægypt, on the murder of Pompey, Lib. viii. 831.

“ Nos in templa tuam Romana accepimus Isin,
“ Semideosque canes, et sistra jubentia luctus,
“ Et quem tu plangens hominem testaris Osirin :
“ Tu nostros, Ægypte, tenes, in pulvere manes.
“ Tu quoque”—————

But I should never have done if I pretended to quote all the indignant ridicule that has been poured on these brutal superstitions.

With all this, however, they continued in full vigour from our author's time to that of Commodus, who, as Lampridius says, enrolled himself amongst the priests of Isis, and condescended to carry her son (the dog-headed Anubis) upon his shoulder. Constantine abolished them, with the other heathen rites : they were again revived, and for the last time, by that frivolous pendant Julian (so liberally dubbed a philosopher by our Christian

Then, shivering from the keen and eager breeze,
Crawl round the banks, on bare and bleeding knees.

historians,) who laboured to enforce the observance of them in some of his epistles.

But however severe the satirists may have been on these follies, they fall infinitely short of the Prophets. Isaiah, in particular, prosecutes them with a dignity of sarcasm, a bitterness of ridicule, altogether irresistible: “he planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it,—he burneth part thereof in the fire—yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire. And the residue thereof he maketh a God! he falleth down unto it, and saith, Deliver me, for thou art my God!” Chap. xlv. v. 14—17. And again, more tauntingly: “They lavish gold out of the bag, and weigh silver in the balance, and hire a goldsmith, and HE maketh it a God! They fall down, yea, they worship. They BEAR HIM UPON THE SHOULDER, THEY CARRY HIM, (αἰρουσιν ἐπὶ τοῦ ὤμου, καὶ πορεύονται) and set him in his place, and he standeth!” Chap. xlvi. v. 6, 7.

St. Jerome applies this passage of the sacred writer, to the circumstance in the text, i. e. to the “carrying” about of Anubis on the shoulders of the chief priest. It is singular that he should do so; since the Prophet is evidently speaking of the Babylonish divinities Bel and Nebo. The quotations, however, prove the great antiquity of these idolatrous and mendicant processions.

I must not conclude without observing, that they are sneered at by Menander with an arch and elegant simplicity, only to be found in the writers of his school:

Οὐδείς μ' ἀρεσκει περιπαίων ἐξω θεῶ

Μετα γράφ' οὐδ' εἰς οἰκίας παρειαίων

Ἐπὶ τοῦ σανιδίου· τὸν δίκαιον δεῖ θεόν

Οἶκοι μένειν σωζόντα τοὺς ἰδρυμένους. *Ex Aurig.*

I do not like a god that gads about,
With an old woman, tottering, on a plank,

Should milkwhite Iö bid, from Meroë's isle,
 She'd fetch the sunburnt waters of the Nile,
 To sprinkle in her fane ; for she, it seems,
 Has heavenly visitations, in her dreams—
 Mark the pure soul, with whom the gods delight,
 To hold high converse, at the noon of night !
 For this she cherishes above the rest,
 Her Iö's favourite priest, a knave profest,
 A holy hypocrite, who strolls abroad,
 With his Anubis, his dog-headed god !

And sneaking into every open door :

An honest god, that stands on reputation,

Will stay at home, and think of those who made him.

VER. 755. *Crawl round the banks, &c.*] There was something of superstition in this, for it is mentioned by Seneca in similar terms, where he ridicules the influence of the priests of Isis :—
 “*aut aliqua genibus per viam repens, ululat,*” &c.

VER. 764. *A holy hypocrite, who strolls abroad,*
With his Anubis, &c.] These gloomy and fantastick processions in quest of Osiris (see Sat. viii.) continued for several days : during which, the female votaries of Isis, in sympathy for her loss, abstained from all commerce with their husbands. Instead of *cadurcus* (here rendered “nuptial couch,” but which was, more probably, a kind of coverlet) some copies have *caduceus* ; put, the criticks say, by an allowable metonymy, for Mercury, the Osiris of Egypt. Of this, I believe nothing. Whatever sacrifices an interested set of vagabonds from that country might make to Roman vanity, a sensible Egyptian would have smiled at this pretended identity of beings so characteristically distinct as Osiris and Mercury : the latter, therefore,

Girt by a linen-clad, a bald-pate crew,
 Of howling vagrants, who their cries renew,
 In every street, as up and down they run,
 To find OSIRE, fit father to fit son !

He sues for pardon, when the liquorish dame
 Abstains not from the interdicted game,
 On high and solemn days ; for great the crime,
 To stain the nuptial couch at such a time,
 And great the atonement due ;—the silver snake,
 Abhorrent of the deed, was seen to quake !

must be sent packing with his *caduceus*, and the old reading recalled.

What then is the meaning of *argentea serpens*, the silver snake ? Holyday gives a long account from Macrobius, of a three-headed monster that stood in the temple of Osiris ; and seems mightily pleased with the “ exposition ;” though he confesses he can find nothing concerning the snake—the only material point.

But Macrobius speaks of Alexandria, where such allegorical groups might possibly exist : at Rome nothing of this kind was to be found. The snake was undoubtedly the asp, wreathed round the heads of Isis and Osiris, as the well known symbol of eternity : when I was in Italy, a bust of the former was found, thus incircled ; and was thought, by the *literati*, to give light to this very passage.

Holyday follows the commentators in supposing that the snake moved its head in sign of reconciliation. It is far more probable that the priests insinuated such a miracle had taken place, in sign of anger—and accordingly, we see them proceeding with prayers and tears to the work of propitiation.

It should be observed, that it is Osiris, and not Isis, who is offended. The bawd (as Juvenal irreverently calls the goddess

Yet he prevails :—Osiris hears his prayers,
And, soften'd by a goose, the culprit spares.

Without her badge, a Jewess now draws near,
And, trembling, begs a trifle in her ear.

a few lines above) understood her trade too well, to be seriously hurt at a peccadillo of this kind ; but then it was necessary that her husband should be represented as extremely delicate on the subject—*aliter non fit, Avite, liber* ; otherwise, no goose for the priest !

The goose is not mentioned at random : that bird was usually sacrificed to Isis, and in Egypt constituted the chief food of her priests. The Romans were at first a little scandalized at this treatment of the ancient guardian of their capitol ; but use soon reconciled them to it.

VER. 778. *Without her badge, &c.*] The Jews have here the same characteristick symbols which they had in the third Satire : their baskets and their hay. Domitian had laid a heavy poll-tax on these people, and that they might not evade it, they were enjoined not to appear abroad without these badges of their nation. To avoid being detected, and insulted by the rabble when they entered the city, these poor persecuted wretches secretly laid aside their degrading accompaniments. This accounts for the epithet *tremens*, which Juvenal applies to his female fortune teller, who, if she had been discovered, would, in spite of her lofty pretensions, have been severely punished for contempt of the imperial regulations. What is meant by *magna sacerdos arboris*, high-priestess of the tree, I cannot tell. Probably the Egerian grove, the degradation of which is so indignantly deplored in the third Satire, might, like the Norwood of our metropolis, be frequented by such of the vulgar as were anxious to inquire their fortunes. In that case, some favourite tree might be the place of rendezvous, and this Betty Squires its most infallible oracle.

The conjectures of some of the criticks, that Juvenal alludes

No common personage ! she knows full well
 The laws of Solyma, and she can tell
 The dark decrees of heaven ; a priestess she,
 An hierarch of the consecrated tree !
 Moved by these claims thus modestly set forth,
 She gives her a few coins of little worth ;
 For Jews are moderate, and, for farthing fees,
 Will sell what fortune, or what dreams you please.

The prophetess dismiss'd, a Syrian sage
 Now enters, and explores the future page,
 In a dove's entrails : there he sees exprest,
 A youthful lover ; there, a rich bequest,
 From some kind dotard : then a chick he takes,
 And in its breast, and in a puppy's, rakes,
 And sometimes in—an infant's : he will teach
 The art to others, and, when taught, impeach !

to the idolatrous propensity of the Jews for worshipping in woods ; and of others, that he hints at the “ grove of oaks by Dodona in Chaonia, which was consecrated to Jupiter,” are alike unfounded. Of the first he knew nothing ; (indeed, the Jews themselves had abandoned the practice for ages ;) and the second was much too far-fetched for his purpose. The reader must have noticed a great falling off in the character of the Jews, who seem to have resigned their high pretensions and their moderation together. They sell nothing “ cheap ” at present, I believe, but base money.

VER. 794. ————— *he will teach*

The art to others, and, when taught, impeach !] The Scholiast says that this really happened : *Ægnatium Philosophum*

But chiefly in Chaldeans she believes :
 Whate'er they say, with reverence she receives,
 As if from Hammon's secret fount it came ;
 Since Delphi now, if we may credit fame,
 Gives no responses, and a long dark night,
 Conceals the future hour, from mortal sight.
 Of these, the chief (such credit guilt obtains !)
 Is he, who, banish'd oft, and oft in chains,
 Stands forth the veriest knave ; he who foretold
 The death of Galba,—to his rival sold !

significat, qui filiam Bareæ Sorani quam, cum ipsius ad magicam descendisset hortatu, Neroni detulit. I do not know the authority for this application to the daughter of Bareas. Tacitus, who tells the story of her condemnation, (Ann. lib. xvi. 32,) and who speaks of the testimony of Ægnatius upon the occasion, with every mark of horror ; does not say that he instigated her to the practices for which she suffered : the anecdote may nevertheless be genuine. Vide p. 104.

VER. 799. *Since Delphi now, &c.*] When this was written, and indeed long before, oracles were rapidly falling into contempt. This accounts naturally enough for their silence, without having recourse to the pious fancies of the earlier Christians, which are evidently groundless. If the oracle of Jupiter Ammon survived the rest, it was probably because, as Voltaire says of El Dorado, few or none could go to seek it.

It may be just mentioned, that Delphi once broke silence after this period, and, if Claudian may be trusted, at the birth of Honorius :

“ Et dudum taciti rupere silentia Delphi.”

I am sorry, no less for the credit of the oracle than the poet, that it was not to a better purpose.

No juggler must for fame or profit hope,
 Who has not narrowly escaped the rope ;
 Begg'd hard for exile, and, by special grace,
 Obtain'd confinement in some desert place.—
 To him your Tanaquil applies, in doubt
 How long her jaundiced mother may hold out ;

VER. 804. ————— *he who foretold, &c.*] This was one Ptolemy, who accompanied Otho into Spain, and there predicted that he would survive Nero. “From his success in this instance,” says Tacitus, “he took courage, and ventured to predict his elevation to the empire. Otho believed it,” or rather affected to believe it, “and from that moment determined to work the destruction of Galba.” In the dreadful scenes which followed, Ptolemy was a principal actor.

This is not the place to give the history of astrology. Suffice it to say, that its professors were alternately banished and recalled, persecuted and cherished, as the events predicted by them were prosperous, or adverse, to the fortunate candidates for power. That they were the occasion of frequent commotions among this ambitious and credulous people, cannot be doubted ; and, indeed, Tacitus says of them with equal truth and spirit, *Genus hominum potentibus infidum, &c.* “They were a pestilent race of impostors, ever ready to poison the hearts of princes, and stimulate ambition to its ruin : a set of perfidious men proscribed by law, and yet in defiance of law, tolerated in the heart of the city.” Hist. i, 22.

VER. 810. *To him your Tanaquil, &c.*] So he calls the future spouse of Posthumus. Tanaquil was the wife of Tarquinius Priscus, “a notable housewife,” Holyday says—and (what was more to our author’s purpose) a marvellous adept in the art of divination : *Accepisse id augurium læta dicitur Tanaquil, perita, ut vulgo Etrusci, cœlestium prodigiorum mulier.* Liv. lib. i. c. 34. And so Claudian :

But first, how long her husband : next inquires,
When she shall follow, to their funeral pyres,
Her sisters, and her uncles ; last, if fate
Will kindly lengthen out the adulterer's date,
Beyond her own ;—content, if he but live,
And sure that heaven has nothing more to give !

Yet she may still be suffer'd ; for, what woes
The louring aspect of old Saturn shows ;
Or in what sign bright Venus ought to rise,
To shed her mildest influence from the skies ;
Or what fore-fated month to gain is given,
And what to loss, (the mysteries of heaven,)
She knows not, nor pretends to know : but flee
The dame, whose Manual of Astrology
Still dangles at her side, smooth as chafed gum,
And fretted by her everlasting thumb !—
Deep in the Science now, she leaves her mate
To go, or stay ; but will not share his fate,

“ ———— Latiis movet ora Camænis
“ Præscia fatorum Tanaquil,” &c.

VER. 828. ———— her mate

May go, or stay, &c.] This folly appears to have struck its roots inconceivably deep. Near three centuries after Juvenal's time, we find Amm. Marcellinus characterizing the Romans by it, and almost in the words of our author: *Multi apud eos negantes esse superas potestates in cælo, nec in publico prouident, nec prouident, nec lavari arbitrantur se cautius posse, antequam ephemeride scrupulose sciscitata didicerint ubi sit signum Mercurii,*

Withheld by trines and sextiles ; she will look,
 Before her chair be order'd, in the book,
 For the fit hour ; an itching eye endure,
 Nor, till her scheme be raised, attempt the cure ;
 Nay, languishing in bed, receive no meat,
 Till Petosyris bid her rise and eat.

The curse is universal : high and low,
 Are mad alike the future hour to know.
 The rich consult a Babylonian seer,
 Skill'd in the mysteries of either sphere ;
 Or a gray-headed priest, hired by the state,
 To watch the lightning, and to expiate.

&c. (Lib. xxviii. cap. 4.) Here we have Pope's—"godless regent trembling at a star." Such are the monstrous inconsistencies of atheism!

VER. 835. *Till Petosyris &c.*] Petosyris was a celebrated astrologer of Egypt, the hot-bed of imposture in Juvenal's time. He seems, like our learned Moore, to have allotted particular diseases, and particular stages of life, to the government of particular planets. "Taurus? that's sides and heart. No, sir; it's legs and thighs." See the profound disquisitions of Sir Toby Belch on the subject.

VER. 841. *To watch the lightning, &c.*] The Romans had many superstitious notions respecting lightning. It would be a waste of time to enter into them; but, by way of explaining the text, it may be necessary to observe, that whenever a place was struck, a priest was always called in to purify it. This was done by collecting every thing which had been scorched, and burying it on the spot, with due solemnity. A two-year old sheep was then sacrificed, and the ground slightly railed in—after which, all was supposed to be well.

The middle sort, a quack, at whose command
 They lift the forehead, and make bare the hand ;
 While the sly lecher in the table pries,
 And claps it wantonly, with gloating eyes.
 The poor apply to humbler cheats, still found
 Beside the Circus wall, or city mound ;
 While she, whose neck no golden trinket bears,
 To the dry ditch, or dolphin's tower, repairs,

VER. 849. *To the dry ditch, &c.*] i. e. to the haunts of the meanest order of fortune-tellers. This ditch, or moat, was for the reception of water, when the emperours thought fit to indulge the people with a *naumachia*, or sea-fight : it ran along a considerable part of the Circus wall. The towers, and dolphin's pillars mentioned in the original, were also a part of the Circus : the first were for the accommodation of the higher order of spectators during the chariot races ; the second, I believe, were purely ornamental ; they stood at the two extremities, and had their name from the dolphins which crowned their capitals. This is but a jejune account ; it is the fullest, however, that my limits will admit : those who wish for more detailed information, may consult such treatises as have been expressly written on the subject ; of which there is no want.

The line which precedes,—“ She whose neck no golden trinket bears,” *Quæ longis nullum ostendit cervicibus aurum*, is somewhat embarrassing. Perhaps (for I can think of no more probable meaning) the poet might intend to point out the general extravagance of the Roman women, in thus characterising the extremity of indigence amongst them, by the want of a gold ornament.

Ferrarius takes these inquisitive females for courtesans : he did not see that they came to consult the wizard about marrying. Vossius has a note on this passage, of such consummate

And anxiously inquires, which she shall choose,
The tapster, or old-clothes man? which refuse?

Yet these the pangs of childbirth undergo,
And all the yearnings of a mother know;
These, urged by want, assume the nurse's care,
And learn to breed the children which they bear.
Those shun both toil and danger; for, though sped,
The wealthy dame is seldom brought to bed:
Such the dire power of drugs; and such the skill,
They boast, to cause miscarriages at will!
Weep'st thou? O fool! the blest invention hail,
And give the potion, if the gossips fail;
For, should thy wife her nine months burthen bear,
An Æthiop's offspring might thy fortunes heir;
A sooty thing, fit only to affray,
And, seen at morn, to poison all the day!

arrogance and absurdity, that a short extract from it may not be unentertaining:

“ Quæ nudis longum ostendit cervicibus annum.”

Annum reposuimus pro aurum, uti vulgo inepte legitur, et ineptius etiamnum a viris doctis exponitur. Longum nempe annum vocat, quem longum, et tediosum faciat frigus; hanc emendationem nostram confirmant sequentia, ubi muliercula ista quærit num rectius factura sit, si caupone relicto, nubat negotiatori sagario, qui nempe frigus arceat. Not. ad Catull.

VER. 865. *And seen at morn, &c.*] Another absurd superstition of the Romans. *Vetus opinio* (says Dempster in his notes on Claudian) *non tantum vulgo approbata occursu Æthiopis, iter inceptum reddi infaustum.* If this happened in a morning, not only

Supposititious breeds, the hope, and joy
Of fond, believing, husbands, I pass by ;
The beggars' bantlings, spawn'd in open air,
And left by some pond side, to perish there.—
From hence your Flamens, hence your Salians come ;
Your Scauri, chiefs and magistrates of Rome !
Fortune stands tittering by, in playful mood,
And smiles, complacent, on the sprawling brood ;

the walk, but the whole business of the day, was superseded and ruined !

VER. 872. *Fortune, &c.*] Fortune, I think, is the only one of the old rabble of divinities that we have adopted. She still retains her ancient attributes, and is spoken of at this hour, much as she was two thousand years ago ; sometimes as a person, and sometimes as a quality ; something, in short, which every one can conceive, and no one define, Fortune is not altogether unlike Bottom's dream, " Man is but an ass if he go about to expound her,—man is but a patched fool if he will offer to say what she is : " *Ἀδυνατον*, as the old poet well observes, *Ἀδυνατον ὥς ἐστιν τι σῶμα τῆς Τυχῆς !* Yet Mr. Spence seems to have attempted it. Though his entertaining work shows no great reach of thought in general, yet I cannot but think him particularly inefficient in what he says of this deity.—On *stat fortuna improba noctu*, he observes, " that Juvenal alludes to a statue of Fortune, which represented her under a good character, as the patroness of poor infants." Juvenal alludes to no statue, but to the goddess in her own person, nor does he represent her under a good character.—But, continues Mr. Spence, " the distinction of the *bona* and *mala Fortuna* is very necessary for the explanation of the passage : the lady stands like Fortune in the streets, (not the good Fortune, but the very bad one,) and gets up all the children she can, to introduce them into the family, and boast

Takes them all naked to her fostering arms,
 Feeds from her mouth, and in her bosom warms :
 Then, to the mansions of the great, she bears
 The precious brats, and, for herself, prepares
 A secret farce ; adopts them for her own :
 And when her nurslings are to manhood grown,
 She brings them forth, rejoiced to see them sped,
 And wealth and honours dropping on their head !

Some purchase charms, some, more pernicious still,
 Thessalian philters, to subdue the will
 Of an uxorious spouse, and make him bear,
 Blows, insults, all a saucy wife can dare.
 Hence that swift lapse to second childhood ; hence,
 Those vapours which envelop every sense ;
 This strange forgetfulness from hour to hour ;
 And well, if this be all :—more fatal power,

of them as her own.” In this coarse manner does he mangle and confound one of the most amusing and animated pictures, which a keen and vigorous fancy ever drew.

But why must it be a lady, and not Fortune herself, who is engaged in *getting up children* ? For a very excellent reason, because “ *improba* is applied to her, and the action itself is a good one !” Not to reply that what is good for the one, could not be bad for the other, it seems very strange that Mr. Spence should be ignorant of the meaning of *improba* in this place. He renders it, bad ; but it signifies what we call, unlucky, *i. e.* delighting in sportive mischief. Some of the commentators explain it by *stolida*, stupid. Can the reader find any thing stupid in the business in which Fortune is so actively engaged ?

More terrible effects, the dose may have,
 And force you, like Caligula, to rave,
 When his Cæsonia squeezed into the bowl,
 The dire excrescence of a new-dropt foal.—
 Then Uproar rose; the universal chain
 Of Order snapp'd, and Anarchy's wild reign
 Came on apace, as if the queen of heaven
 Had fired the Thunderer, and to madness driven.

VER. 893. *The dire excrescence of a new-dropt foal.*] This excrescence, Holyday says, “is a tender piece of flesh, growing on the brow of a young foal.” Dryden calls it “mother’s love,” (anglicised, perhaps, from Virgil), which, I take for granted, is its true name; as he was very well acquainted with those trifles. The best account of it, which I know, is to be found in Wierius: *Caruncula haud parum famosa, caricæ magnitudine, specie orbiculata, latiuscula, colore nigro, quæ in fronte nascentis pulli equini apparet, quam, edito statim partu, mater lambendo, abstergendoque devorat: et si præripiatur, animum a fœtu penitus aversum habet, nec eum ad ubera admittit. De mag. infam.*

How the criticks, and Holyday among the rest, could suppose for a moment, that, in this fine passage, Juvenal alluded to the effect produced on Jupiter, by the borrowed cestus of Venus, I cannot imagine. I will not take upon myself to defend the taste of our author in every instance; indeed, I have disputed it in several:—but if we only allow him common sense, it is surely more than enough, to keep him from such an absurd application of one of the most beautiful allegories extant. I know but little mischief that was produced by Juno’s charming philter, more than procuring a few Trojans to be knocked on the head. What has this to do with the frantick and wide-spreading massacres of Caligula! massacres which appear to have made so powerful an impression on the poet, that he can

Thy mushroom, Agrippine! was innocent,
To this accursed draught; that only sent

think of nothing by which to illustrate them, but the universal destruction that must have ensued if Juno, like Cæsonia, had driven her husband mad.

There follows in the original—*quæ non faciet, quod principis uxor?*

And who will fear the selfsame part to play,
And follow, where an empress leads the way?

This is one of those ill-timed reflections, which too frequently break in upon the natural and majestick course of the author's narrations.

VER. 898. *Thy mushroom, Agrippine! &c.*] We have already seen (Sat. v.) that Claudius was poisoned by a mushroom, his favourite food. "It was prepared," Tacitus says, "by Locusta, and given to him when he was either half stupid, or half drunk"—most likely both—"so that he did not perceive it had any ill taste." For the rest, Juvenal's description of this moon-calf is confirmed, in every part, by Suetonius: *Risus indecens, ira turpior, spumante rictu, humentibus naribus, plectra linguæ titubantia, caputque cum semper, tum in quantulocumque actu vel maxime tremulum.* § 30. To make the poor creature some amends for poisoning him, they made a god of him, out of hand; and the facetious Nero, who profited by his apotheosis, used ever after, in allusion to the event, to call mushrooms, *ἑρμῆα θεῶν*, the food of the gods!

But there was no end to the pleasantries of the Romans on this descent of Claudius into heaven. Seneca's play upon the word *ἀποθανάτωσις* is well known. Gallio, his brother too, is celebrated for a joke on the subject; which seems to have pleased Dio, and is, indeed, far from a bad one. Alluding to the hooks with which criminals were dragged from the place of execution to the Tiber, and of which too many instances

One palsied, bedrid sot, with gummy eyes,
 And slaverling lips, heels foremost to the skies :
 This, to wild fury roused a bloody mind,
 And call'd for fire and sword ; this potion join'd,
 In one promiscuous slaughter, high and low,
 And levell'd half the nation at a blow.
 Such is the power of philters ! such the ill,
 One sorceress can effect by wicked skill !

They hate their husband's spurious issue :—this,
 If this were all, were not, perhaps, amiss :
 But they go further ; and 'tis now some time,
 Since poisoning sons-in-law scarce seem'd a crime.
 Mark then, ye fatherless ! what I advise,
 And trust, O, trust no dainties, if you're wise :
 Ye heirs to large estates ! touch not that fare,
 Your mother's fingers have been busy there ;
 See ! it looks livid, swell'n :—O check your haste,
 And let your wary fosterfather taste,
 Whate'er she sets before you : fear her meat,
 And be the first to look, the last to eat.

But this is fiction all ! I pass the bound
 Of Satire, and encroach on Tragick ground !
 Deserting truth, I choose a fabled theme,
 And, like the buskin'd bards of Greece, declaim,

occurred under Claudius, he observed that he was “ hooked to Heaven”—Κλαυδιον αγκιστρῳ ες τον ουρανον ανενεχθηναι !

In deep-mouth'd tones, in swelling strains, on crimes
As yet unknown to our Rutulian climes !

Would it were so ! but Pontia cries aloud,
“ No, I perform'd it.” See ! the fact's avow'd—

VER. 926. *Would it were so ! but Pontia cries aloud, &c.*] Here again the ancient objectors to the truth of our author's statements imagined, perhaps, like the modern, that they had taken him at a disadvantage ; but he was prepared for them. The story of Pontia, which he produces as his justification, was well known at Rome. Indeed, it so happens, that there were two monsters of this name, and that the history of either would have answered his purpose. The first was the wife of Vectius Bolanus, a man of high rank and estimation, who gave her twin-children poison, in the time of Nero. Parrhasius, Holyday says, seems to make it but an attempt in her. If he had read Statius with his wonted care, he would have seen that Parrhasius was right ; for the *Protrepicon* of that poet is addressed to one of these children, who, at the time he wrote, which was in the beginning of Domitian's reign, was still a mere youth.

The Scholiast tells us that the mother was put to death by Nero ; this is doubtful. Statius, whose authority is more to be relied on, seems to say it was by Domitian :—at least, those adulatory lines appear to be meant of him :

“ Exegit poenas, hominum cui cura suorum,

“ Quo pietas authore redit, terrasque revisit,

“ Quem timet omne nefas !”—— *Protrep. Syl. v.*

The other Pontia, to whom Juvenal more particularly alludes, was the wife of Drymo ; whose family took care to perpetuate her crime by the following inscription on her tomb : PONTIA TITI PONTII FILIA HEIC SITA SUM QUÆ DUOBUS NATIS A ME VENENO CONSUMPTIS AVARITIÆ OPUS MISERE MIHI MORTEM

“ I mingled poison for my children, I ;

“ ’Twas found upon me, wherefore then deny ?”

What, two at once, most barbarous viper ! two !

“ Nay, sev’n, had sev’n been mine : believe it true !”

Now let us credit what the tragick stage,

Displays of Progne, and Medea’s rage ;

Crimes of dire name, which, disbelieved of yore,

Become familiar, and revolt no more.

Those ancient dames, in scenes of blood were bold,

And wrought fell deeds, but not, as ours, for gold :—

In every age, we view, with less surprise,

Such horrors as from bursts of fury rise,

CONSEIVI. TU QUISQUIS ES QUI HAC TRANSIS SI PIUS ES
QUÆSO A ME OCULOS AVERTE. It is not unprofitable to remark,
that this wretched woman was driven to escape, by self-murder,
from the reproaches of her own conscience. To this Pontia, I
suppose, Martial addressed the following witty epigram—though
it would serve equally well for the other :

“ Cum mittis turdumve mihi, quadramve placentæ,

“ Sive femur leporis, sive quid his simile ;

“ Buccellas misisse tuas te, Pontia, dicis.

“ Has ego nec mittam, Pontia, sed nec edam.”

Lib. vi. 75.

“ Accept,” you write, whene’er you send a slice

Of kid or hare, or any thing that’s nice,

“ One of MY TID-BITS, and be sure to treat it,

“ As an especial favour.” ’Tis but right :

I will not, Pontia, trust it from my sight,

Oh, no ;——but neither, Pontia, will I eat it !

When stormy passions, scorning all control,
 Rend the mad bosom, and unseat the soul.
 As when impetuous winds, and driving rain,
 Mine some huge rock that overhangs the plain,
 The cumbrous mass descends with thundering force,
 And spreads resistless ruin in its course.

Curse on the woman, who reflects by fits,
 And in cold blood her cruelties commits!—
 They see, upon the stage, the Grecian wife
 Redeeming, with her own, her husband's life;
 Yet, in her place, would willingly deprive
 Their lords of breath, to keep their dogs alive!

Abroad, at home, the Belides you meet,
 And Clytemnestras swarm in every street;
 But here the difference lies:—those bungling wives,
 With a blunt axe, hack'd out their husbands' lives;

VER. 949. *They see, upon the stage, the Grecian wife, &c.*] The Grecian wife was Alcestis, who voluntarily submitted to die, to preserve the life of her husband Admetus, king of Thessaly. Euripides has a tragedy on the subject.

VER. 953. ————— *the Belides, &c.*] The Belides, as every one knows, were the daughters of Danaus; they were fifty in number, and were married on the same day, to the fifty sons of their uncle Ægyptus, all of whom, except one, they murdered at night. Clytemnestra had more patience; she waited several years before she dispatched Agamemnon, indeed, till the very evening of his return to her. There is another lady mentioned in the text, but I spare her, on account of her singular humanity—she only sent her husband to be killed, and that, too, for value received, viz. a very good necklace.

While now, the deed is done with dextrous art,
 And a drugg'd bowl performs the axe's part.
 Yet, if the husband, prescient of his fate,
 Have fortified his breast with mithridate,
 She baffles him e'en there, and has recourse
 To the old weapon, for a last resource.

SATIRE VII

Argument.

THIS Satire contains an animated account of the general discouragement under which Literature laboured at Rome. Beginning with Poetry, (of which several interesting circumstances are introduced,) it proceeds with great regularity through the various departments of History, Law, Oratory, Rhetorick, and Grammar: interspersing many curious anecdotes, and enlivening each different head with such satirical, humorous, and sentimental remarks, as naturally flow from the subject.

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SATIRE VII.

TO TELESINUS.

V. 1—2.

YES, all the hopes of learning, 'tis confest,
And all the patronage, on CÆSAR rest :

VER. 2. *And all the patronage, on CÆSAR rest:]* There have been many disputes among the learned concerning the Cæsar who is here styled the sole patron of the arts. Grangæus will have it to be Trajan, and warns his readers to be careful how they understand it of Domitian. Britannicus does the same; and quotes a very apposite passage from the Panegyricks of Pliny in support of his opinion. Some will have it to be Nerva; who, though a poet himself, was little disposed to patronise poetry in others; and others, again, Nero. Lubin, however, and Grævius, *et quorum melior sententia*, understand it of Domitian.

This dutiful prince, it appears, had once an idea of contesting the empire with his father: finding the armies, however, averse from his designs, he retired from all publick business, and, with a specious appearance of content, lived in a kind of solitude: pretending that poetry, and literary pursuits in general, were his only passion.* This mask he continued to wear during the

* The attachment of the Emperour to Minerva is frequently

For he alone the drooping Nine regards—
When, now, our best, and most illustrious bards,

reign of Titus; and whether habit had begot a kind of nature, or he thought it dangerous to lay aside the hypocrite too soon, I know not; but from one or other of these causes, he certainly patronised the arts at his accession: Quintilian, Statius, Valerius Flaccus, Martial, &c. tasted of his bounty, and sang his praises with more gratitude, perhaps, than truth.

This Satire must have been written in the early part of Domitian's reign. Like the fifth and sixth (both of which

noticed by Juvenal's contemporaries. Thus Martial, in that detestable medley of flattery and impiety, (lib. ix. 4,)

“Pallada prætereo; res agit illa tuas.”

Whether the goddess took as much pleasure in him, as he professed in her, I cannot say; but according to the custom of the Emperours in selecting some favourite deity for their especial worship, he made choice, as I have said, of Minerva. In Beger's Numismata a Pallas frequently accompanies Domitian on the reverse of his coins: and on one of them (Tab. xxxii. 4) he appears in the act of sacrificing to her, with his head veiled, in the usual manner. There is little doubt, I think, that these representations allude to some former attachment of his to the cause of literature: at all events, this strengthens the opinion hazarded above, that the poet meant to speak of the early part of Domitian's reign.

That he afterwards changed his sentiments, and fell suddenly upon men of letters, is certain: but this may readily be accounted for, from his disposition, which was at once crafty and violent. Thus he is represented by Xiphil. in the beginning of lib. LXVII.

Δομιτιανος δε ην μεν και θρασυς και οργιλος, ην δε και επιβουλος και κρυψινους· ωστε αφ' εκατερων των μεν το προπετες, των δε το δολιον εχων, πολλα μεν ως σκηπίος οξεως επιπλών τισιν, ελυμαινετο, πολλα δε και εκ παρασκευης εκακουργει.

In Massinger's Roman Actor, there are several ingenious and truly classical allusions to the reliance which Domitian fondly placed on the partiality of this deity.

Quit their ungrateful studies, and retire,
 Bagnios and bakehouses, for bread, to hire ;
 With humbled views, a life of toil embrace,
 And deem a crier's business no disgrace ;
 Since Clio, driven by hunger from the shade,
 Mixes in crowds, and bustles for a trade.

And truly, if (the bard's too frequent curse)
 No coin be found in your Pierian purse,
 'Twere not ill done to copy, for the nonce,
 Machæra, and turn auctioneer at once.

were somewhat posterior to it) it has few political allusions, and, with the exception of the short passage, for which the author is supposed to have suffered, might have been published under the most inquisitorial tyranny.

In giving "one honest line" of praise to Domitian, Juvenal probably meant to stimulate him to extend his patronage. I am persuaded that he did not think very ill of him at this time, while he augured happily for the future. Nor is it certain, but that the anguish he felt at finding his predictions falsified, and his "sole patron of literature" changed, in a few years, into a ferocious and bloody persecutor of all the arts, might have exasperated his resentment, and produced that superiour hatred, with which he pursues his memory.

VER. 6. *Bagnios, &c.*] This does not do full justice to the caustick expression of Juvenal. *Balneolum Gabiis*—The bagnio (bath) was not only a diminutive one, but was situated at Gabii, a town proverbial for its scanty population—Yet for this the poets contended—*tentarunt*. Bakehouses were regarded by the ancients with a considerable degree of contempt ; probably, because they were commonly in the hands of slaves. Of all the manual occupations of the ancients, making bread was the most laborious : and for this, too, the poets strove !

Hie, my poetick friend ; in accents loud,
 Commend your precious lumber to the crowd,
 Old tubs, stools, presses, wrecks of many a chest,
 Paccius' damn'd plays, Thebes, Tereus, and the
 And better so—than haunt the courts of law, [rest.—
 And swear, for hire, to what you never saw :
 Leave this resource to Cappadocian knights,
 To Gallogreeks, and such newfangled wights,

VER. 18. *Paccius, &c.*] For Paccius some copies have Bacchus. It signifies little which we read, for nothing is known of either. Their works luckily followed—it may be, preceded—them ; or, according to the happy expression of a lady, lamenting the premature fate of her offspring,

“ Their babes, which ne’er received the gift of breath,
 “ Did pass before them, through the gates of death !”

VER. 21, *Leave this resource to Cappadocian knights, &c.*] Who has not heard of the three kappas ?

————— τρια καππα κακιστα,
 Κρητες, Καππαδοκες, Κιλικες.

Of whom the Cappadocians, if not the worst, were certainly the most notorious. False and fraudulent they all were ; but the impudent knavery of the Cretans and Cilicians degenerated, amongst the others, into mischievous malignity. What ideas were entertained of them by the Greeks in general, may be gathered from the following epigram :

Καππαδοκην ποτ' εχιδνα κακη δακεν' αλλα και αυτη
 Κατθανε, γευσαμενη αιματος ιοβολου.

A viper, deadliest of the serpent brood,
 In wrath, to kill a Cappadocian tried ;

As want, or infamy, has chased from home,
And driven, in barefoot multitudes, to Rome.

Come, my brave youths!—the genuine sons of
rhyme,

Who, in sweet numbers, couch the true sublime,
Shall, from this hour, no more their fate accuse,
Or stoop to pains unworthy of the Muse.

Come, my brave youths! your tuneful labours ply,
Secure of favour; lo! the imperial eye

Looks round, attentive, on each rising bard,
For worth to praise, for genius to reward!

But if for other patronage you look,
And therefore write, and therefore swell your book,

But ere he well had tasted of his blood,
The wretched reptile sicken'd, swell'd, and died.

What became of the Cappadocian is not known.

There is a curious circumstance respecting the Cappadocians mentioned by the old Scholiast on Persius. It is nothing to the purpose for which it is there produced: but it serves well enough to illustrate the passage before us: *Hoc dicit, quia Cappadoces dicerentur habere studium naturale ad falsa testimonia proferenda; qui nutriti in tormentis a pueritia—cum in pœna perdurarent, ad perjurium se bene venundarent.* The same character, according to Cicero, might be justly given of all the people of Lesser Asia. It is singular, however, that with such numbers contending for the preference of selling their evidence, any of them should get rich.

VER. 34. ——— and therefore swell your book,] *Croceæ membrana tabellæ. i. e.* your skin of saffron-coloured parchment.
Dict.

Quick, call for wood, and let the flames devour
 The hapless produce of the studious hour ;
 Or lock it up, to moths and worms a prey,
 And break your pens, and fling your ink away :—
 Or pour it rather o'er your epick flights,
 Your battles, sieges, (fruit of sleepless nights,)
 Pour it, mistaken men, who rack your brains,
 In dungeons, cocklofts, for heroick strains ;
 Who toil and sweat to purchase mere renown,
 A meagre statue, and an ivy crown !

VER. 44. *A meagre statue, &c.*] I know not whether the meagre statue with which Juvenal threatens his poet, alludes to the custom of erecting statues to all such as distinguished themselves ; or to the busts of celebrated writers, which were sometimes placed, together with their works, in the temple of the Palatine Apollo : perhaps, to the latter.

The old Scholiast is pleased, but without suspecting it, to be witty at the poor poet's expense : *Imagine macra* he thus explains, *corpore exili propter vigilias : quia poetæ sic pinguntur quasi ad summam maciem nimio labore (et inedia, he should have added) confecti.* But Juvenal had no such "lenten stuff" in his thoughts ; he merely meant to say that his poet was in the condition of one described by Aristophanes,—

Στεφανον μεν εχων, διψη δ' απολωλως.

This passage (*Qui facis in parva, &c.*) gave Jonson a passing fit of enthusiasm ;

" I that spend half my nights, and all my days,

" Here in a cell, to get a dark pale face,

" To come forth worth the ivy or the bays,

" And in this age can hope no other grace—

Here bound your expectations : for the great,
Grown, wisely, covetous, have learn'd, of late,
To praise, and ONLY praise, the high-wrought strain,
As boys, the bird of Juno's glittering train.
Meanwhile those vigorous years, so fit to bear
The toils of agriculture, commerce, war,
Spent in this idle trade, decline apace,
And age, unthought of, stares you in the face :—
O then, appall'd to find your better days
Have earn'd you nought but poverty and praise,

“ Leave me ! there's something come into my thought,
“ That must and shall be sung high and aloof,
“ Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof !”

What an admirable display of pathos and beauty !

VER. 47. *To praise, and ONLY praise, &c.*] This is prettily imitated by Spenser in the Shepherd's Calendar :

“ So praysen babes the peacock's spotted traine,
“ And wondren at bright Argus' blazing eye :
“ But who rewards him ere the more forthy ?
“ Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine ?” *Ægl. x.*

And Randolph, who had Spenser as well as Juvenal in his mind.

“ The plowman is rewarded ; only we
“ That sing, are paid with our own melody :
“ Rich churles have learnt to praise us, and admire,
“ But have not learnt to think us worth the hire.—
“ [So] when great Juno's beauteous bird displaies
“ Her starry tail, the boyes do run and gaze
“ At her proud train,” &c. *Poems, p. 78.*

At all your barren glories you repine,
And curse, too late, the unavailing Nine!

Hear now, what sneaking ways your patrons find,
To save their darling gold :—they pay in kind !
Verses, composed in every Muse's spite,
To the starv'd bard they, in their turn, recite ;

VER. 55. *At all your barren glories, &c.]*

“ Passa la gioventude, e l' ore andate ;

“ La vecchiezza, mendica di sostanza,

“ Bestemmia poi della perduta etate.”

S. Rosa, Sat. II.

VER. 57. *Hear now, what sneaking ways, &c.]* The Bufo of Pope is shadowed out in part from this animated passage :

“ Till grown more frugal in his riper days,

“ He paid some bards with port, and some with praise ;

“ To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd.

“ And others, harder still ! he paid in kind.”

There is a story in Macrobius, which will not be much out of the way here. A Greek poet had presented Augustus with many little compliments, in hopes of some trifling remuneration. The Emperour, who found them worth nothing, took no notice of the poor man ; but, as he persisted in offering him his adulatory verses, composed himself an epigram in praise of the poet ; and when he next waited on him with his customary panegyrick, presented his own to him with amazing gravity. The man took and read it with apparent satisfaction ; then putting his hand into his pocket, he deliberately drew out two farthings, and gave them to the Emperour, saying, *Ου κατὰ τὴν τύχην, ὡς ἐβόατο· εἰ πλεονα εἶχον, πλεονα αὖ καὶ ἐδίδουν.* “ This is not equal to the demands of your situation, Sire ; but 'tis all I have : if I had more, I would give it to you.” Augustus, who was not

And, if they yield to Homer, let him know,
 'Tis—that He lived a thousand years ago !

But if, inspired with genuine love of fame,
 A dry rehearsal only, be your aim,
 The miser's breast with sudden warmth dilates,
 And lo ! he opes his triple-bolted gates ;
 Nay, sends his clients to support your cause,
 And rouse the tardy audience to applause :
 But will not spare one farthing, to defray
 The numerous charges of this glorious day,

an ill-natured man, could not resist this ; he burst into a fit of laughter, and, as Macrobius says, made the poet a handsome present.

In allusion to this passage, the Italians relate that Pius III. on being presented with a panegyrick in verse, by one who expected a pecuniary return, gave him the following distich :

“ Discite pro numeris numeros sperare, poetæ,
 “ Mutare est animus carmina, non emere.”

To which the other instantly replied :

“ Si tibi pro numeris numeros Fortuna dedisset,
 “ Non esset capiti tanta corona tuo.”

It must be confessed, that the Pope and his friend make but a sorry figure by the side of Augustus and his Greek poet ; who surpass them as much in genuine humour, as in urbanity and good breeding.

VER. 69. *But will not spare one farthing, &c.*] I have little doubt that if we were better acquainted with the literary history of Juvenal's time, we should find most of his allusions to be founded on fact. I could almost venture to affirm, that in

The desk, where throned in conscious pride, you sit,
The joists and beams, th' orchestra and the pit.

Still we persist; plough the light sand, and sow
Seed after seed, where none can ever grow:

Nay, should we, conscious of our fruitless pain,
Strive to escape, we strive, alas! in vain;

Long habit, and the thirst of praise beset,
And close us in the inextricable net.

The insatiate itch of scribbling, hateful pest
Creeps, like a tetter, through the human breast,
Nor knows, nor hopes a cure; since years, which
All other passions, but inflame the ill! [chill

But HE, the bard of every age and clime,
Of genius fruitful, ardent and sublime,
Who, from the glowing mint of fancy, pours
No spurious metal, fused from common ores,
But gold, to matchless purity refined,
And stamp'd with all the godhead in his mind;
He whom I feel, but want the power to paint,
Springs from a soul impatient of restraint,

the little narrative here produced, he had Saleius Bassus in view:—at least, many of the circumstances correspond with what Tacitus delivers of him in the *Dial. de Oratoribus*: *Versus Basso domi nascuntur pulchri quidem et jucundi, quorum tamen hic exitus est, ut cum toto anno, per omnes dies magna noctium parte, unum librum extudit, rogare ultro et ambire cogatur, ut sint qui dignentur audire: et ne id quidem gratis, nam et domum mutuatur, et auditorium extruit, et subsellia conducit, &c. §. 9.*

And free from every care ; a soul that loves
 The Muse's haunts, clear founts, and shady groves.
 Never, no never, did He wildly rave,
 And shake his thyrsus in the Aonian cave,
 Whom poverty kept sober, and the cries
 Of a lean stomach, clamorous for supplies :
 No ; the wine circled briskly through the veins,
 When Horace pour'd his dithyrambick strains !—
 What room for fancy, say, unless the mind,
 And all its thoughts, to poesy resign'd,
 Be hurried with resistless force along,
 By the two kindred Powers of Wine and Song !

VER. 99. *What room for fancy, say, &c.*] Spenser had this passage in his thoughts, when he wrote the following noble lines :

“ The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes ;
 “ Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell :
 “ Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.
 “ Who ever casts to compasse weightie prise,
 “ And thinkes to throwe out thundring words of threat,
 “ Let powre in lavish cups, and thriftie meate,
 “ For Bacchus fruite is friend to Phœbus wise ;
 “ And, when with wine the braine begins to sweat,
 “ The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth rise.
 “ Thou kenst not, Percie, how the rime should rage
 “ O if my temples were distain'd with wine,
 “ And girt in girlonds of wilde yvie twine,
 “ How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
 “ And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
 “ With queint Bellona in her equippage !” *Egl. x.*

O ! 'tis the exclusive business of a breast
 Impetuous, uncontroll'd,—not one distress
 With household cares, to view the bright abodes,
 The steeds, the chariots, and the forms of gods :
 And the fierce Fury, as her snakes she shook,
 And wither'd the Rutulian with a look !

VER. 105. ————— to view the bright abodes,

The steeds, the chariots, and the forms of gods:] In these and the following lines Juvenal alludes to various passages in Virgil, but chiefly to these two :

“ Jam summas arces Tritonia (respice) Pallas

“ Insedit, nimbo effulgens et Gorgone sæva.

“ Ipse pater Danaïs animos viresque secundas

“ Sufficit ; ipse deos in Dardana suscitât arma.—

“ Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ

“ Numina magna Deûm.”

“ Talibus Alecto dictis exarsit in iras.

“ At Juveni oranti subitus tremor occupat artus ;

“ Diriguère oculi : tot Erinnyes sibilat hydris,

“ Tantaque se facies aperit :” &c.

These are good specimens of the sublime, especially the first; yet I cannot but think our author might have found in the compass of Latin poetry something more to his purpose ; but he was evidently partial to Virgil : no great impeachment of his taste, by the way. Horace has a quotation from Ennius of much force and sublimity ; and Lucretius (who had also his Mæcenâs) would have supplied him, I think, with examples of greater fire and animation than those which he has selected ; but Lucretius was doomed to misfortune : his contemporaries neither saw his beauties nor his defects ; and succeeding writers, if they did not entirely neglect, plundered him, and were silent. His philosophy ruined his poetry in the eyes of Rome.

Those snakes, had Virgil no Mæcenas found,
Had dropt, in listless length, upon the ground ;
And the still slumbering trump, groan'd with no
mortal sound.

Yet we expect, from Lappa's tragick rage,
Such scenes as graced, of old, the Athenian stage :
Though he, poor man, from hand to mouth be fed,
And driven to pawn his furniture for bread !

When Numitor is ask'd to serve a friend,
“ He cannot ; he is poor.” Yet he can send
Rich presents to his mistress ! he can buy
Tame lions, and find means to keep them high !

VER. 111. *And the still slumbering trump, &c.*] *Surda nihil gemitat grave buccina.*—“ The silent trumpet (as Madan has it) groaned nothing disastrous.” This is a fine allusion to the fatal war kindled by the trump of Alecto. Virgil calls it *dira buccina*, and seems almost alarmed at the terrifick effects of his own description. Such is the magick of poetry !

“ Ardua tecta petit, stabuli et de culmine summo,

“ Pastorale canit signum, cornuque recurvo

“ Tartaream intendit vocem,” &c. *Æn. lib. vii. 512.*

The remainder is well given by Dryden :

“ ————— The rocks and woods around,

“ And mountains, tremble at the infernal sound :

“ The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,

“ The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,

“ Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war !

“ Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possest,

“ And strain their helpless infants to their breast.”

What then? the beasts are still the lightest charge;
For your starv'd bards have maws so devilish large!

Stretch'd in his marble palace, at his ease,
Lucan may write, and only ask to please;
But what is this, if this be all you give,
To Bassus and Serranus? They must live!

When Statius fix'd a morning, to recite
His Thebaid to the town, with what delight

VER. 125. *To Bassus and Serranus? &c.*] Bassus is spoken of in the *Dial. de Orat.* (see note on v. 69,) as a most excellent poet (*absolutissimum poetam*, §. 5) and a worthy man. I take him to be the person alluded to in v. 80; as Quintilian, after observing that he had a fervid genius, adds, that the warmth of it was not repressed by age. Tacitus, who was evidently attached to him, introduces him again, (§. 9,) to show that, notwithstanding his acknowledged merit, he was scandalously neglected. Once, indeed, as appears from the same authority, he received a present of five hundred sesterces from Vespasian, (a prodigious effort of generosity in that frugal prince,) and this was sufficient, perhaps, to make Domitian neglect him; for he was not over fond of imitating his father.

I can find nothing of Serranus, but that he was very much in debt to one Afer. Mart. iv. 37.

VER. 126. *When Statius, &c.*] "Juvenal," says Doctor War-ton, "in a well-known passage, laughs at Statius reciting his Thebaid!" This is (at best) hastily said; but something to the same effect, has been asserted by others. Gevartius observes, in his notes on Statius, that Martial and this poet were on ill terms: this, I am afraid, is too true: now, says Henninius, as Juvenal was extremely attached to Martial, it is probable that he took up the quarrel, and gave his enemy a stroke *in transitu*. I doubt this extreme attachment: that they were friends is

They flock'd to hear ! with what fond rapture hung
On the sweet strains, made sweeter by his tongue !

certain; but surely not sufficiently so, to induce either of them to embrace the unjust prejudices of the other. Afterwards, indeed, the gross flattery which Statius continued to heap upon Domitian might, and probably did, contribute to alienate our author from him; but at the time when this Satire was written, and when there is reason to suppose that Statius himself was no great favourite, he could have had no possible cause for displeasure. On the most careful perusal of the passage, I can see nothing like a tendency to laughter, but rather to pity. Publick recitation, if not highly honourable, was yet exceedingly common; and, if the short history of our author's life may be credited, frequently practised by himself,

If there be any thing which can be construed into a sneer in any part of this passage, (which yet I do not suspect,) it may be levelled at the singular fondness of Statius for reciting; joined, as it seems to me, with a certain degree of vanity at the respectability of his audiences, and the effect which his poetry usually had upon them. In the *Epicedion* on his father, he says very beautifully :

“ Qualis eras, LATIOS quoties ego carmine PATRES

“ Mulcerem, felixque tui spectator adesses

“ Muneris : heu quali confusus gaudia fletu

“ Vota, piosque metus inter, lætumque pudorem !

“ Quam tuus ille dies, qua non mihi gloria major.”

Syl. v. 215.

and in the *Protrepticon* to young Crispinus, where he laments that he shall not have him at his readings :

“ Hei mihi ! sed cœtus solitos si forte ciebo,

“ Et mea ROMULEI venient ad carmina PATRES,

Yet, while the seats rung with a general peal
 Of boisterous praise, the bard had lack'd a meal,
 Unless with Paris he had better sped,
 And truck'd a virgin tragedy for bread.
 Mirror of men ! he showers, with liberal hands,
 On needy poets, honours and commands :—

“ Tu deeris, Crispine, mihi, cuneosque per omnes

“ Te meus absentem circumspectabit Achilles.”

For *cætus* some copies have *quæstus* ; because, says Gronovius, *Papinius recitatione poematum victum quærebat*. He was, probably, encouraged to these frequent rehearsals by the sweetness of his voice ; which is noticed, as we see, by Juvenal, and again by the old Scholiast : *Est enim*, as he truly observes, *et poema (Thebais) ipsum delectabile, et ipse dicitur bonam vocem habuisse*.

VER. 132. *Unless with Paris he had better sped, &c.*] For Paris, see note p. 209. He here appears as the dispenser of the imperial favours ; but such is the capricious nature of tyranny, and so unsteady is the tenure of its attachment, that not long after the publication of this Satire, he was seized and put to death in a fit of jealousy, by the very man over whom his influence was at this moment unbounded !

It is probable that Domitian, with the usual versatility of tyrants, repented of the fact as soon as he had committed it ; for Martial has a very good epitaph on Paris, which he would not have ventured to write if the Emperour's displeasure had continued. It is in his eleventh book ; which, though published after Domitian's death, was principally composed, I believe, during his reign.

VER. 134. *Mirror of men ! &c.*] More literally :

He gives the poets high commands to hold,

And rounds their fingers with semestral gold.

In other words, makes them military tribunes for six months.

An actor's patronage a peer's outgoes,
And what the last withholds, the first bestows !

Kennet says, these tribunes had the honour of wearing a gold ring * in the same manner as the knights ; and because their office was extremely desired, to encourage as many as possible, their command lasted but half a year. Rom. Ant. p. 195.

What Kennet (or rather Lipsius, from whom he took it) means by the concluding part of the paragraph, I cannot tell. A permission to wear a gold ring for six months, seems to hold out no mighty "encouragement" either to poets or soldiers : indeed, if the thing were so "extremely desirable," much would not be necessary, for what was to become of them, on their descent from their temporary elevation ?

I wish there were any authority for supposing that the *aurum semestre* alluded to a division of quantity, and not of duration : the permission to wear it, might then confer an honorary, or brevet rank, (a real command, I am convinced, it never could,) which gave the possessor a claim to something like half-pay. Or, if this be not allowed, it might entitle him to certain privileges, and immunities, which, though less than those conferred by the *jus trium liberorum*, might yet be very advantageous : I have said *less*, because this favour could only be granted by the Emperours ; whereas the other was bestowed by generals, præfects, &c. Thus Pliny entreats Sossius (one of Trajan's lieutenants) to confer this honour on the nephew of his friend C. Nepos : *C. Calvisium rogo semestri tribunatu splendidiorum et sibi, et avunculo suo facias.* Lib. iv. 4. And in another place, he transfers a tribuneship, which he had obtained for Suetonius, at the historian's own request, to one of his relations. Lib. iii. 8. Lord Orrery observes on this, with some surprise, that Suetonius is "usually drawn as a philosopher rather than a soldier." He is

* That the military tribunes wore gold rings, is clear enough ; the only question is, whether, as Kennet says, these rings were what Juvenal calls the *aurum semestre*.

—And will you still on Camerinus wait,
 And Bareas? will you still frequent the great?
 Ah, rather to the Player your labours take,
 And, at one lucky stroke, your fortune make!

so—and this seems to confirm what I have just advanced, that the *aurum semestre*, though sufficiently lucrative perhaps, required no actual service.

VER. 137. ———— *and, what the last withholds, &c.*] This is rendered by some of the translators, as if they supposed the nobles to have withheld their patronage from motives of avarice. Juvenal seems rather to have indulged a sarcastick sneer at the little influence which they possessed at court, where Paris was all-powerful.

VER. 140. *Ah, rather to the Player, &c.*] *Præfectos Pelopea facit, Philomela tribunos: i. e.* Pelopea makes præfects, and Philomela tribunes: alluding unquestionably to some well-known occurrences. This is the line for which, according to the commentators, Juvenal was sent into banishment. Paris, it seems, who had no objection to be reminded of having preserved Statius from starving, was so mortified by the mention of his munificence to the authors of Pelopea and Philomel, that he procured a command for Juvenal also, and despatched him to Upper Egypt. Certainly,

“It stands on record that in Richard’s times,

“A man was hanged for very honest rhymes,”

and there is no physical impossibility in the way of a man’s being banished for a similar offence. But does there not appear something like a contradiction in those learned gentlemen? They agree that the author was exiled by Domitian; and yet differ about the Emperour under whom this Satire was written! What is equally strange, they must allow that if he was punished for the line in question, it could only be by Domitian; and yet this is the only work in which he is mentioned with kindness!

I am no advocate either for the gratitude, or the consistency

Yet envy not the man who earns hard bread,
 By tragedy : the Muses' friends are fled !—
 Mæcenas, Proculeius, Fabius, gone,
 And Lentulus, and Cotta,—every one !

of this prince ; and, indeed, have other reasons for disbelieving the popular tale : these are already given in the Life of the Author, and to these the reader is referred.

Doctor Warton, in his “ excellent edition of Pope,” (so, it seems, we must call it,) says that Juvenal was “ banished for commending the Agave of Statius.” For commending the Agave of Statius ! well——

VER. 142. *Yet envy not the man &c.*] The protection of Paris, and such as Paris, does not gratify the manly mind of Juvenal ; he feelingly regrets the want of those whose favourable opinion might be received with pride, and whose bounty might be accepted without dishonour.

The patrons whom he has enumerated were, indeed, “ the Muses' friends,” and such as they have seldom had to boast. The name of Mæcenas is but another word for generosity. Proculeius and Lentulus were little less celebrated for their unbounded liberality ; while Fabius and Cotta joined to this, the rarer quality of fidelity in distress : they were both the affectionate friends of Ovid, and that too, at a time when their friendship was as valuable to him, as dangerous to themselves ; when he was an exile, and in disgrace.

I have sometimes wondered why Juvenal never mentions Pliny. He had here an opportunity of doing it ; and Pliny was certainly a generous, and in some cases a munificent man. It may be, that he thought there was more of vanity than of genuine kindness in the favours he conferred ; and there is apparently some reason for such an opinion. In one of his letters he mentions his kindness to Martial, but in a way that shows he was thinking more of himself than of the poet. The whole

THEN worth was cherish'd, then the bard might toil,
 Secure of favour, o'er the midnight oil ;
 Then all December's revelries refuse,
 And give the festive moments to the Muse.

So fare the tuneful race : but ampler gains
 Await, no doubt the grave HISTORIANS' pains !
 More time, more study they require, and pile
 Page upon page, heedless of bulk the while,
 Till, fact conjoin'd to fact with thought intense,
 The work is closed, at many a ream's expense !
 Say now, what harvest was there ever found,
 What golden crop, from this long-labour'd ground ?
 'Tis barren all : and one poor plodding scribe,
 Gets more, by framing pleas, than all the tribe.

True :—'tis a slothful breed, that, nurst in ease,
 Soft beds, and whispering shades, alone can please.
 Say then, what gain the LAWYER's toil affords,
 His sacks of papers, and his war of words ?

account is degrading, and has always mortified me in the perusal. It was not so that Lentulus and Cotta showed their love of genius.

Spenser has an allusion to these lines in the Shepherd's Calendar :

“ But ah ! Mecænas is yclad in claye,
 “ And great Augustus long ygoe is dead,
 “ And all the Worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
 “ That matter made for poets on to playe :
 “ For ever, who in derring-doe were dread,
 “ The loftie verse of hem was loved aye.” *Ægl. x.*

Heavens ! how he bellows in our tortured ears ;
 But then, then chiefly, when the client hears,
 Or one prepared, with vouchers, to attest
 Some desperate debt, more anxious than the rest,
 Twitches his elbow : then, his passions rise !
 Then, forth he puffs the immeasurable lies
 From his swoll'n lungs ! then, the white foam
 appears,

And, drivelling down his beard, his vest besmears !

Ask you the profit of this painful race?
 'Tis quickly summ'd : Here, the joint fortunes place,
 Of five-score lawyers ; there, Lacerta's sole—
 And that one charioteer's, shall poise the whole !

The Generals take their seats in regal wise.
 You, my pale Ajax, watch the hour, and rise,
 In act to plead a trembling client's cause,
 Before Judge Jolthead—learned in the laws.
 Now stretch your throat, unhappy man ! now raise
 Your clamours, that, when hoarse, a bunch of bays,
 Stuck in your garret window, may declare,
 That some victorious pleader nestles there !

VER. 174. *Lacerta*,] This favourite of Fortune, was probably a driver of the imperial faction, which had, about this period, assumed the *russate* or red colour. See Sat. xi. The passage which immediately follows, is an humorous allusion to the opening of the contention of Ajax and Ulysses for the armour of Achilles, as described by Ovid :

“ Consedère duces,” &c.

O glorious hour ! but what your fee, the while ?
 A rope of shrivell'd onions from the Nile,
 A rusty ham, a jar of broken sprats,
 And wine, the refuse of our country vats ;
 Five flaggons for four causes ! if you hold,
 Though this indeed be rare, a piece of gold ;
 The brethren, *as per contract*, on you fall,
 And share the prize, solicitors and all !

Whate'er he asks, Æmilius may command,
 Though more of law be ours : but lo ! there stand,
 Before his gate, conspicuous from afar,
 Four stately steeds, yoked to a brazen car :
 And the great pleader, looking wary round,
 On a fierce charger that disdains the ground,

VER. 191. *And share the prize, solicitors, &c.*] It appears from the *Orator* of Cicero, (lib. i. 45, and 59,) that in his days these solicitors (*pragmatici*) were confined to Greece. The Roman *causidici*, or advocates, when they were ignorant of the law, used at that time to apply to the learned men of rank, such as the Scaevolæ, &c. But under the successors of Augustus, there was not the same encouragement (nor indeed security) for these great men to study that science: the orators were, therefore, obliged of course to adopt the Grecian method: *Neque ego*, says Quint. lib. xii. c. 3, *sum nostri moris ignarus, oblitusve eorum qui velut ad arculas sedent, et tela agentibus subministrant ; neque idem Græcos quoque nescio factitare, unde nomen his Pragmaticorum datum est.*

VER. 197. *On a fierce charger, &c.*] This vagary of Æmilius (choosing, though a man of peace, to be represented on a war-horse) seems to have taken mightily at Rome, most probably

Levels his threatening spear, in act to throw,
And seems to meditate no common blow.

Such arts as these, to beggary Matho brought,
And such, the ruin of Tongillus wrought,
Who, with his troop of slaves, a draggled train,
Annoy'd the baths, of his huge oil-horn vain ;

from its absurdity, and to have had a number of imitators. Martial, in an attack upon an unfortunate pedagogue for interrupting his sleep, can think of nothing to which the noise of his school may be so aptly compared as that of the sledges and anvils of smiths, forging war-horses for the lawyers :

“ Tam grave percussis incudibus æra resultant,
“ Causidicum medio cum faber aptat equo.”

We learn from the sequel, that it did not succeed much with his imitators ; and, indeed, it seldom happens that any but the author of a joke profits by it.

VER. 200. *Matho, &c.*] *Matho deficit.* This Dryden translates :

“ With arts like these *rich* Matho when he speaks
“ Attracts all fees, and little lawyers breaks.”

For this he was indebted to Lubin, who corrects himself, indeed, a few lines below ; this, however, Dryden did not read far enough to see. I should not have noticed the blunder, had it not materially interfered with the date of this Satire. It appears that Matho, disgusted with his ill success as a lawyer, gave it up entirely, and betook himself to the trade of an informer. In this, unfortunately, he succeeded but too well ; and when Juvenal wrote his first Satire, which was consequently many years after the present, he was become wealthy, arrogant, and luxurious. See Sat. i. v. 48.

Swept through the Forum, in a chair of state,
 To every auction,—villas, slaves, or plate;
 And, trading on the credit of his dress,
 Cheapen'd whate'er he saw, though penniless!

VRR. 207. *Cheapen'd whate'er he saw, though penniless!*] If this passage furnished Martial with a hint for his pleasantry on Mamurra, it is not one of the smallest favours which Juvenal has conferred upon us. I recollect no piece of equal length, that possesses so much genuine humour as the epigram on this beggarly pretender to unlimited wealth: some of the lines are irresistibly comick:

“Inde satur mensas et opertos exuit orbes,

“Expositumque alte pingue poposcit ebur:

“Et testudineum mensus quater hexaclinon,

“Ingemuit citro non satis esse suo!”

He next removes, with curious air,

The case of many a table rare;

Then gravely turns, and asks to see,

The largest piece—of ivory!

Measures the tortoise couches round;

And groans aloud, that none are found,

Of size sufficient, by a foot,

His citron orbs, at home to suit!

The conclusion is excellent. After running about all day from merchant to merchant, and cheapening none but articles of the most rare and costly kind:

“Undecima lassus cum jam discederet hora,

“Asse duos calices emit, et ipse tulit!” *Lib. ix. 60.*

Now tired, this man of boundless views,

At night's approach, lays out two sous,

And some, indeed, have thriven by tricks like
 Purple and violet swell a lawyer's fees ; [these :
 Bustle and show above his means, conduce
 To business, and profusion proves of use.
 The vice is universal : Rome confounds
 The wealthiest ;—prodigal beyond all bounds !

Could our old pleaders visit earth again,
 Tully himself would scarce a brief obtain,

On two coarse platters for his shelf,
 And shuffles with them, home, himself !

The *citron orbs* mentioned above, have been already noticed ; but as they frequently occur in Juvenal, it may not be amiss to add a few words on them, here. The wood of which they were made cannot be precisely ascertained ; but we may be confident that it was not that of the present citron tree. Cowley says that the citron is a tree somewhat resembling a wild cypress. The Romans appear to have considered it as peculiar to Africa ; and we may collect, from the names sometimes given to the wood, (*tigrina*, and *pantherina*,) that it was clouded or variegated with spots. The discovery of the New World has made tables of this kind no rarities ; but, when Juvenal wrote, they were held in higher estimation than gold :—

“ Accipe felices, Atlantica munera, mensas ;

“ Aurea qui dederit dona, minora dabit.” *Mart.*

The “ivory” which Mamurra asks to see, was to make feet for these tables, (see Sat. xi.) and the “*orbs*,” to which this pleasant coxcomb regrets that the tortoise couches would not answer, could not have been purchased for less than the revenues of a province.

Unless his robe were purple, and a stone,
 Diamond or ruby, on his finger shone.
 The wary plaintiff, ere a fee he gives,
 Inquires at what expense his counsel lives ;
 Has he eight slaves, ten followers ? chairs to wait,
 And clients to precede his march in state ?
 This Paulus knows full well, and, therefore, hires
 A ring to plead in ; therefore, too, acquires
 More briefs than Cossus :—preference not unsound,
 For how should eloquence in rags be found ?
 Who gives poor Basilus a cause of state ?
 When, to avert a trembling culprit's fate,

VER. 223. *A ring to plead in ; &c.*] This hired ring seems to have answered even better than the war-horse of Æmilius : for Paulus, in process of time, grew into great practice, and consequently great riches. Our author's friend, Martial, had the misfortune to be under his patronage, which, like that of many other *parvenus*, was so burthensome, that the poet, in a fit of spleen, threatens to shake it off intirely :

“ ————— te post mille labores

“ Paule, negat lasso janitor esse domi :

“ Exitus hic operis vani, togulæque madentis ;

“ Vix tanti Paulum mane videre fuit.

“ Semper inhumanos habet officiosus amicos :

“ Rex, nisi dormieris, non potes esse meus.”

Lib. v. 23.

This is one of the few occasions on which Martial speaks out ; but, I believe, he never carried his independent language into practice.

Shews he a weeping mother? or who heeds,
 How close he argues, and how well he pleads?
 Unhappy Basilus!—but he is wrong:
 Would he procure subsistence by his tongue,
 Let him renounce the forum, and withdraw,
 To Gaul, or Africk, the dry-nurse of law.

But Vectius, yet more desperate than the rest,
 Has open'd (O that adamantine breast!)
 A RHETORICK school; where striplings rave and storm
 At tyranny, through many a crowded form.—
 The exercises lately, sitting, read,
 Standing, distract his miserable head,

VER. 233. *To Gaul, or Africk, &c.*] “Gaul and Africa,” Madan says, “were remarkable at that time for encouraging eloquence: and had *great* lawyers who got *large* fees!” For this precious piece of information, he refers to Dryden’s notes, which are beneath the notice of a schoolboy. That Gaul and Africa were noted for litigiousness is certain, and to this Juvenal alludes; but he was far from imagining there were great lawyers, or great fees, I believe, to be found in either country.

VER. 238. *The exercises &c.*] Juvenal has omitted one evil which attended this unfortunate race: besides having their heads distracted with these everlasting declamations, they were sometimes liable to lose them altogether; and Domitian actually put one of them to death for a rhetorical flourish about tyranny, which was produced in his school. Dio tells the story, and says that the name of the poor wretch was Maternus. Our author, perhaps, did not consider this as an additional calamity in the lives of such men.

And every day, and every hour affords,
 'The selfsame subjects, in the selfsame words ;
 Till, like hash'd cabbage serv'd for each repast,
 The repetition—kills the wretch at last !

Where the main jet of every question lies,
 And whence, the chief objections may arise,
 All wish to know ; but none the price will pay.
 “ The price,” retorts the scholar, “ do you say !
 What have I learn'd ?” There go the master's pains,
 Because, forsooth, the Arcadian brute lacks brains !
 And yet this oaf, every sixth morn, prepares
 To split my head with Hannibal's affairs,
 While he debates at large, “ Whether 'twere right,
 “ To take advantage of the general fright,

VER. 249. ——— the Arcadian brute] *Arcadico juveni ; hoc est, tardo et asinino : NAM in Arcadia OPTIMI progengerantur !*
 Brit. Arcadian, i. e. dull and asinine ; for in Arcadia the FINEST ASSES are bred ! Though this seems an odd kind of deduction, the reader, I believe, must acquiesce in it : unless he chooses to subscribe to the opinion of Lubin, who says that the Arcadian brute is a mule : which, besides being as stupid as an ass, is, as he very gravely adds, an ungrateful animal, *nam ubi matris ubera ad satietatem usque suxit, in eam calcem rejicit, percutitque.*

“ And like Mac Quilca's horned brother,
 “ First sucks, and after kicks, his mother !”

But, indeed, the Arcadians themselves always passed among the Greeks, for a slow and stupid race. This is terrible news for the city poets, and will derange the plan of many a pastoral.

“ And march to Rome ; or, by the storm alarm’d,
 “ And all the elements against him arm’d,
 “ The dangerous expedition to delay,
 “ And lead his harass’d troops some other way.”

—Sick of the theme, which still returns, and still,
 The exhausted wretch exclaims, Ask what you will,
 I’ll give it, so you on his sire prevail,
 To hear, thus oft, the booby’s endless tale !

So Vectius speeds : his brethren, wiser far,
 Have shut up school, and hurried to the bar.
 Adieu the idle fooleries of Greece,
 The soporifick drug, the golden fleece,
 The faithless husband, and the abandon’d wife,
 And Æson, coddled to new light and life,
 A long adieu ! on more productive themes,
 On actual crimes, the sophist now declaims :
 Thou too, my friend, wouldst thou my counsel hear,
 Shouldst free thyself from this ungrateful care ;
 Lest all be lost, and thou reduced, poor sage,
 To want a tally in thy helpless age !

VER. 273. *To want a tally &c.*] This was a small tablet of lead or wood, with which the poorer citizens were furnished by the magistrates, and which, on being presented to the keepers of the publick granaries, entitled them to a certain quantity of corn, gratis. The tallies, as appears from the text, were transferable : those who were not in want of corn, probably disposed of them for a trifling sum :—which, alas ! the profits of a rhetorick-school would scarcely enable Vectius to raise.

Bread still the lawyer earns ; but tell me yet,
 What your Chrysogonus and Pollio get,
 (The chief of rhetoricians,) though they teach
 Our youth of quality, THE ART OF SPEECH ?

Oh, no ! the great pursue a nobler end :—
 Five thousand on a bath, they freely spend ;
 More on a portico, where, while it lours,
 They ride, and bid defiance to the showers.
 Shall they, for brighter skies, at home remain,
 Or dash their pamper'd mules through mud and
 rain ?

No : let them pace beneath the stately roof,
 For there no mire can soil the shining hoof.

See next, on proud Numidian columns rise
 An eating-room, that fronts the eastern skies,
 And drinks the cooler sun. Expensive these !
 But, (cost whate'er they may,) the times to please,
 Sew'rs for arrangement of the board admired,
 And cooks of taste and skill, must yet be hired.

VER. 277. ————— *the ART OF SPEECH?*] This Art of Speech was written by Theodorus Gadareus, a man of great eminence in rhetorick, who flourished in the reign of Tiberius. Britannicus and others will have Chrysogonus and Pollio, mentioned in the preceding line, to be musick-masters. True it is, that there were two professors of these names at Rome about this period ; but they were not likely to be much acquainted with the works of Theodorus. I have little doubt that the translation gives the true sense of the author.

Mid this extravagance, which knows no bounds,
 Quintilian gets, and hardly gets, ten pounds :—
 On education, all is grudged as lost,
 And sons are still a father's lightest cost.

Whence has Quintilian, then, his vast estate ?
 Urge not an instance of peculiar fate :
 Perhaps, by luck. The lucky, I admit,
 Have all advantages ; have beauty, wit,
 And wisdom, and high blood : the lucky, too,
 May take, at will, the senatorial shoe ;

VER. 296. *Whence has Quintilian, &c.*] For Quintilian, see Sat. vi. 111. Juvenal here considers him as a *rich* man, while Pliny, in a letter which does equal honour to himself and his master, (for such Quintilian was,) talks of his moderate fortune. The cause of this difference should probably be sought in the different circumstances of the two writers. What appeared immense to Juvenal, might be far from seeming so, to so wealthy a man as Pliny. It is pleasant, however, to know that this amiable and virtuous character experienced nothing of the neglect and poverty which overwhelmed so many of his brethren.

VER. 301. *May take, at will, the senatorial shoe ;*] The shoes of senators differed from those of the people, in various ways ; but chiefly in colour, shape, and ornament. The colour, Middleton says, in his *Treatise on the Rom. Sen.* was invariably black, while others wore them of any colour, according to their fancies ; the form was somewhat like a short boot, reaching nearly to the middle of the leg, as they are sometimes seen in statues, and bas-reliefs ; and the appropriate and peculiar ornament was a figure of a half-moon sewed upon the fore-part, near the instep. Plutarch, in his *Quest. Roman.* proposes several reasons for this emblem ; and more may be found in the commentators

Be first-rate speakers, pleaders, every thing ;
And, though they croak like frogs, be thought to
sing.

O, there's a difference, friend, beneath what sign
We spring to light, or kindly or malign !
FORTUNE IS ALL : She, as the fancy springs,
Makes kings of pedants, and of pedants kings.

on Juvenal. It is probable, after all, however, that it was merely intended to express the letter C, the numerical sign of a hundred, the original number of the senators.

Cicero tells a pleasant story of a man who, during the confusion that followed the death of Cæsar, got into the senate merely by changing his shoes : *Est etiam quidam senator voluntarius lectus ipse a se. Apertam curiam vidit post Cæsaris necem, mutavit calceos, pater conscriptus repente est factus !* Phillip. XIII. 13.

VER. 306. ————— *She, as the fancy springs,*
Makes kings of pedants, &c.] Though Juvenal could scarcely mean to be understood literally, yet something very like this, *fies de consule rhetor*, happened about the time he wrote. Valerius Licinianus, a most eloquent speaker, as Pliny tells, was expelled the senate on suspicion of an incestuous commerce with the vestal Cornelia, and driven into Sicily : where he set up a school for teaching rhetorick. His opening speech bears a wonderful similarity to the passage above : *Quos tibi, Fortuna, ludos facis ? Facis enim ex professoribus senatores, ex senatoribus professores !* A sentence, says Pliny, so full of bitterness and gall, that I am almost persuaded he turned rhetorick-master for the sole purpose of uttering it. The other hemistich, *fies de rhétore consul*, though originally, perhaps, pronounced at random, a succeeding age saw literally fulfilled in the person of Ausonius, who from a professor of rhetorick, was advanced by Gratian to the consulship, A. D. 379.

For, what were Tullius, and Ventidius, say,
 But great examples of the wondrous sway
 Of stars, whose mystick influence alone,
 Bestows, on captives triumphs, slaves, a throne?
 He, then, is lucky; and, amidst the clan,
 Ranks with the milk-white crow, or sable swan:
 While all his hapless brethren count their gains,
 And execrate, too late, their fruitless pains.
 Witness thy end, Thrasymachus! and thine,
 Unblest Charinas!—Thou beheld'st him pine,

VER. 308. — *Tullius, and Ventidius.*] He means Servius Tullius, who was born of a servant, and whom (Sat. viii.) he calls the last good king of Rome. Ventidius (Antony's lieutenant) ran through a greater variety of fortune. He was taken prisoner when an infant, together with his mother, by Pompeius Strabo; (father of Pompey the Great;) became an errand-boy, next a waggoner, then a muleteer, a soldier, centurion, general, tribune of the people, prætor, and, in the same year, pontiff and consul. He obtained, too, a splendid triumph over the Parthians, to which Juvenal more particularly alludes; and thus, says Staphylton, "he who formerly lay in prison as a captive, at last filled the Capitol with his trophies:" finally, he was honoured with a publick funeral.

The elevation of Ventidius to the consulate was considered as an extraordinary event at the time, and gave birth to many sarcastick effusions: One of them is come down to us,

"Concurrere omnes augures, aruspices!

"Portentum inusitatum conflatum est recens;

"Nam mulos qui fricabat consul factus est," &c.

Time, however, which does justice to merit, established his claims, and silenced, perhaps shamed, his enemies.

Thou, Athens! and would'st nought but bane be—
 The only charity—thou seem'st to know! [stow;
 Shades of our sires! O sacred be your rest,
 And lightly lie the turf upon your breast!
 Flowers round your urns breathe sweets beyond
 compare,
 And spring eternal shed its influence there!
 You honour'd tutors, now a slighted race,
 And gave them all a parent's power and place.
 Achilles, grown a man, the lyre essay'd
 On his paternal hills, and, while he play'd,

VER. 316. *Witness thy end, Thrasy-machus, and thine,
 Unblest Charinas!—*] Thrasy-machus taught rhetoric, the old commentators say, at Athens. Want of encouragement forced him to shut up his school, and want of every thing else, probably, drove him to suicide.

Charinas taught rhetoric in the same city, and with the same ill success: he left it, therefore, and came to Rome. It appears from Dio, that he might almost as well have followed the example of Thrasy-machus, and hanged himself where he was:—for he had scarcely opened his school, when he provoked the suspicion of Caligula by a declamation against tyranny, and was either sent into banishment immediately, or poisoned.

Madan, and others, refer the *hunc inopem* of our author to Socrates. The general allusion, indeed, in the bitter sarcasm on Athens, is to him; but the words apply immediately to Charinas.

VER. 326. *Achilles, grown a man, &c.*] Thus Ovid, very prettily:

“Phillyrides puerum cytharæ perfecit Achillem,
 “Atque animos placida contudit arte feros.

With trembling eyed the rod ;—and yet, the tail
Of the good Centaur, scarcely, then, could fail,
To force a smile : such reverence now is rare,
And boys with bibs strike Rufus on his chair,
Fastidious Rufus, who, with critick rage,
Arraign'd the purity of Tully's page !

Enough of these. Let the last wretched band,
The poor GRAMMARIANS, say, what liberal hand

“ Qui toties socios, toties exterruit hostes ;

“ Creditur annosum pertimuisse senem.

“ Quas Hector sensurus erat, poscente magistro,

“ Verberibus jussas præbuit ille mauus.”

De Art. Aman. lib. 1. 10.

VER. 330. ——— such reverence now is rare,

And boys with bibs strike Rufus on his chair,] This
was a complaint of long standing. Plautus has a remark on the
subject, which, if it has lost nothing in passing through my
hands, will be allowed to possess some force, as well as humour.

“ Nam olim populi prius honorem capiebat suffragio,

“ Quam magistri desinebat esse dicto obediens, &c.”

Bacchides, Act III. Sc. 3.

Of yore, a tutor was obey'd and fear'd,
Till youth grew fit for office : now, alas !
Let him but chide a brat of seven years old,
And the whelp flings his tablets at his head.
You hasten to his father, and complain :
And what redress ? “ Aha ! old bumbrusher !
You see my boy, here, can defend himself ;
“ So touch him, at your peril.” Thus avenged,
You hang your ears in silence, and sneak home,
With your crack'd pate beplaister'd, and bepatch'd,
Like an old paper lantern !

Rewards their toil : let learn'd Palæmon tell,
 Who proffers what his skill deserves so well,
 Yet from this pittance, whatsoe'er it be,
 (Less, surely, than the rhetorician's fee,)
 The usher snips off something for his pains,
 And the purveyor nibbles what remains:
 Courage, Palæmon ! be not over nice,
 But suffer some abatement in your price ;
 As those who deal in rugs, will ask you high,
 And sink by pence, and half-pence, till you buy.
 Yes, suffer this ; while something's left to pay
 Your rising, hours before the dawn of day,
 When e'en the labouring poor their slumbers take,
 And not a weaver, not a smith's awake :
 While something's left, to pay you for the stench
 Of smouldering lamps, thick spread o'er every
 bench,

VER. 336. ———— *let learn'd Palæmon tell, &c.*] “ Pa-
 læmon, a poor grammarian, but of great esteem.” Dryden. If
 he really was poor, it was in consequence of his extravagance,
 for he had a very handsome income. Suetonius represents him
 as an arrogant, luxurious, and profligate pedant, rendered in-
 famous by vice of every kind, and to whom no youth could with
 safety be trusted ; though he allows his grammatical knowledge
 to have been very extraordinary. He had been long dead, how-
 ever, when this Satire was written, being mentioned for the
 last time under Claudius. Juvenal merely gives his name to
 some excellent grammarian of his own time, in allusion to his
 celebrity in the art. See Sat. vi. 653.

Where ropy vapours Virgil's pages soil,
And Horace looks one blot, all soot and oil !

Even then, the stipend thus reduced, thus small,
Without a lawsuit, rarely comes at all.

Add yet, ye parents, add to the disgrace,
And heap new hardships on this wretched race.
Make it a point that all, and every part,
Of their own science, be possess'd by heart ;
That general history with our own they blend,
And have all authors at their finger's end :
Still ready to inform you, should you meet,
And ask them at the bath, or in the street,
Who nurs'd Anchises ; from what country came
The step-dame of Archemorus, what her name ;

VER. 364. *Who nurs'd Anchises ; &c.*] This absurd curiosity about things, which, as Seneca well observes, it is more profitable to be ignorant of than to know, was but too common among the ancients. A. Gellius, in one of his best chapters, (lib. xiv. 6,) gives us many pleasant instances of it, to which the learned translator has added more. Diogenes, as I have somewhere read, used to reprove the grammarians, because they were solicitous to know what evils Ulysses suffered, while they were negligent of their own : the censure of Juvenal, however, falls rather on those who exacted such miserable *minutiæ* of them ; in particular, he seems to allude to Tiberius, (Suet. § LXX.) who used to harass these poor men, by inquiring who was Hecuba's mother, what the Syrens sang, &c. &c.

It is impossible to suppress a smile at the perverse industry of modern criticks, in hunting out what Juvenal represents as puzzling those of his own time. The nurse of Anchises, and the step-dame of Archemorus, are now no longer secrets.

How long Acestes flourish'd, and what store
Of generous wine, the Phrygians from him bore—
Make it a point too, that, like ductile clay,
They mould the tender mind, and, day by day,
Bring out the form of Virtue ; that they prove,
A father to the youths, in care and love ;
And watch that no obscenities prevail—
And trust me, friend, even Argus' self might fail,
The busy hands of schoolboys to espy,
And the lewd fires which twinkle in their eye.
All this, and more, exact ; and, having found
The man you seek, say—When the year comes
round,
We'll give thee for thy twelvemonth's anxious pains,
As much—as, IN AN HOUR, A FENCER GAINS !

SATIRE VIII.

Argument

IN this Satire, in which Juvenal puts on a most serious and impressive air, he demonstrates that distinction is merely personal; that though we may derive rank, and titles from our ancestors, yet if we degenerate from the virtues by which they obtained them, we cannot be considered as truly noble. This is the great object of the Satire: it branches out, however, into many collateral topicks; the first of which is, the profligacy of the young nobility; from this, he passes, by an easy transition, to the miserable state of the provinces, which were usually placed under their management, and which they plundered and harassed without mercy. This part of his Satire is treated with a freedom of thought, and an elevation of language, worthy of the best times of the Republick; and from this, he returns once more to the main subject of the Satire, the state of debasement into which the descendants of the first families had voluntarily sunk: he severely lashes their meanness, cowardice, and base prostitution of every kind; vices which he sets in the strongest light, by contrasting them with the opposite virtues, to be found in persons of the lowest station, and the humblest descent.*

Considered as a whole, this is a very fine performance. If we are inclined to examine it with severity, we may perhaps discover a triteness in the instances produced towards the conclusion. Cicero and Marius are somewhat too hacknied, to give zest to a subject like this; but perhaps the poet was willing to sacrifice novelty to notoriety; and imagined that his examples would be more effectual, in proportion as they were more generally recognised and allowed.

* Pliny has a letter upon this subject, which is every way worthy of him. The reader who turns to it, must not expect to find the force and dignity of Juvenal, though he will meet with much of his good sense and humanity. It is that to his friend Maximus, *Lib. VIII. 24.*

An expression in the original (domitique Batavi) has been supposed to allude to Domitian. As it appears from Tacitus, Silius Italicus, and Suetonius, that he was really engaged in an expedition against those people in his youth, I am induced to embrace this opinion. In this case, I should fix on a very early period for the production of this Satire: and indeed the detailed history of Nero's enormities shows it to have been written while they were yet fresh in the author's mind; probably before the death of Vespasian.

SATIRE VIII.

TO PONTICUS.

V. 1—10.

“**Y**OUR ancient house !” No more.—I cannot see
The wondrous merits of a pedigree :
No, Ponticus ;—nor of a proud display
Of smoaky ancestors, in wax or clay ;
Æmilius, mounted on his car sublime,
Curius, half wasted by the teeth of time,
Corvinus, dwindled to a shapeless bust,
And high-born Galba, crumbling into dust.

What boots it, on the LINEAL TREE to trace,
Through many a branch, the founders of our race,

VER. 3. *No, Ponticus;—&c.*] Of the young nobleman to whom this Satire is addressed, nothing is known but the name : as Juvenal took an interest in his conduct, he had probably some sparks of worth. We do not find that he afterwards distinguished himself ; let us hope, then, that his virtues were greater than his talents, and that, if he did not add to his family honours, the poet’s admonitions prevented him, at least, from tarnishing or contemning them.

The illustrious names which follow, are familiar to every reader.

Time-honour'd chiefs ; if, in their sight, we give
 A loose to vice, and like low villains live ?
 Say, what avails it, that, on either hand,
 The stern Numantii, an illustrious band,
 Frown from the walls, if their degenerate race
 Waste the long night at dice, before their face ?
 If, staggering, to a drowsy bed they creep,
 At that prime hour when, starting from their sleep,
 Their sires the signal of the fight unfurl'd,
 And drew their legions forth, and won the world ?
 Say, why should Fabius, of the Herculean name,
 To the GREAT ALTAR, vaunt his lineal claim,

VER. 14. *The stern Numantii, &c.*] By the Numantii, he means Scipio Africanus, (the conqueror of Numantia,) and the immediate descendants and relatives of that great man.

VER. 21. *Say, why should Fabius, &c.*] The Fabian family pretended to derive their origin from Hercules ; and for this reason were intrusted with the service of the altar erected to that hero in the *Forum Boarium*, or ox-market. This altar, which Juvenal calls *magna*, but which was more commonly called *maxima*, seems to have been regarded with great veneration : and the Fabii were, probably, not a little vain of their exclusive right to minister at it. They were very far, however, from being as tenacious of the virtues as of the privileges of their family : one of them was interdicted, for his riotous excesses, from the use of the Fabian estate, by the father of Pompey the Great ; and his descendants, if we may trust our author's account of them, added to his extravagance every other vice.

If, softer than Euganean lambs, the youth,
 His wanton limbs, with Ætna's pumice, smooth,
 And shame his rough-hewn sires ? if greedy, vain,
 If, a vile trafficker in secret bane,
 He blast his wretched kindred with a bust,
 For publick vengeance to—reduce to dust !

VER. 23. *If, softer than Euganean lambs, &c.*] The lambs of this district, which lay in the neighbourhood of Verona, were highly valued for the fineness of their fleece. The pumice mentioned in the next line, came from Catana, a town at the foot of mount Ætna, and which, as Mrs. Quickly says, “lay under an ill name,” on account of the great use which the inhabitants were supposed to make of it. All the baths of Italy were supplied with pumice from this neighbourhood.

VER. 27. ————— a bust,

For publick vengeance to—reduce to dust !] The busts and statues of such as had been guilty of any notorious crime, were sometimes delivered up to the common executioner to be destroyed, that they might not disgrace the name, by being carried with the rest, in the funeral processions of the family. This might have operated as a very powerful preventive of vice, had it not, like many other salutary customs, been perverted by the emperours, and their favourites, to the purposes of private hatred and revenge. Motions were sometimes made in the senate, for breaking the busts of such as were obnoxious to the tyrant of the day : and even so early as the reign of Tiberius, we find that it was not considered safe, in the splendid funeral of Junia, the wife of Cassius, to bring out, amongst the numerous busts of her illustrious family, either that of her husband or her brother.

De Foe, in a poem which I yet remember with pleasure, has compressed this and the following idea into a few lines pregnant

Fond man ! though all the heroes of your line
 Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine,
 In proud display ; yet, take this truth from me,
 VIRTUE ALONE IS TRUE NOBILITY.

Set Cossus, Drusus, Paulus, then, in view,
 The bright example of their lives pursue ;
 Let these precede the statues of your race,
 And these, when Consul, of your rods take place.

O give me inborn worth ! Dare to be just,
 Firm to your word, and faithful to your trust :
 These praises hear, at least deserve to hear,
 I grant your claim, and recognise the peer.
 Hail ! from whatever stock you draw your birth,
 The son of Cossus, or the son of Earth,
 All hail ! in you, exulting Rome espies
 Her guardian Power, her great Palladium rise ;

with good sense. I quote from memory, for I have not seen the book since I was at school ;

“ Could but our fathers break the bonds of fate,
 “ And see their offspring thus degenerate ;
 “ How they contend for birth and names unknown,
 “ And build on others actions, not their own,
 “ They’d burn their titles, and their tombs deface,
 “ And disavow the vile, degenerate race :
 “ For fame of families is all a cheat,
 “ ’Tis personal virtue only, makes us great.”

And shouts like Ægypt, when her priests have
found,

A new Osiris, for the old one drown'd !

But shall we call those noble, who disgrace
Their lineage, proud of an illustrious race ?

VER. 45. *And shouts like Ægypt, &c.*] It will be sufficient, for the understanding of this passage, to remark, that Osiris was worshipped in that country, under the figure of a live ox, which he was supposed to animate. When the animal grew old, and consequently unfit for the residence of the divinity, he was thought to quit it, and migrate into a younger body of the same species ; just as the Tartars, with infinitely more good sense, are taught to believe that their Lama migrates from one human body to another. The deserted ox was drowned with much ceremonious sorrow ; when, those melancholy maniacs, his priests, attended by an immense concourse of people, dispersed themselves over the country, wailing and lamenting, in quest of the favoured individual which Osiris had selected to dwell in. This the priests were supposed to know by some sacred marks, and this they always took care to find in due time : the lamentations of the people were then changed into songs of joy : they conducted the sacrosanct beast with great pomp to the shrine of his predecessor, shouting and calling to the inhabitants as they passed, “ We have found him, we have found him ! come, and let us rejoice together.”

All the rites of the Egyptians were of a gloomy cast. I should be inclined to give this as one of the causes of the singular attachment of the women to them, wherever they were introduced : —this, however, by the way. We have seen, in the sixth Satire, in what manner the priests of Isis ran up and down the streets of Rome, howling and lamenting for Osiris : this was a paltry imitation of their native ceremonies ; to the clamorous termination of which Juvenal here alludes.

Vain thought!—but thus, with many a taunting
smile,

The dwarf an Atlas, Moor a swan, we style ;
The crookback'd wench, Europa ; and the hound,
With age enfeebled, toothless, and unsound,
That listless lies, and licks the lamps for food,
Lord of the chase, and tyrant of the wood !

You, too, beware, lest Satire's piercing eye
The slave of guilt through grandeur's blaze espy,
And, drawing from your crime some sounding
name,

Declare at once your greatness, and your shame.

Ask you for whom this picture I design ?

Plautus, thy birth and folly make it thine.

VER. 60. *Plautus, &c.*] The commentators will have this to be the Rubellius Plautus mentioned by Tacitus, in the life of Nero : but the account there given of him, (*ipse placita majorum colebat, habitu severo, casta et secreta domo, &c. Ann. XIV. 22,*) agrees but ill with the description of our author. If, however, he be the person intended, it must be confessed that he had some grounds for his pride ; for he was descended from Julia, the sister of Cæsar ; and thus as nearly related to the purple as Nero. Indeed, there was, more than once, a design on foot for removing that monster, and putting Rubellius in his place. After all, I am disposed to think, both from what is said above, and from the date of this Satire, that the person here meant was a son of this Plautus, for we learn from the account of his assassination by Nero, that he left several children.

Here is the maternal line of the family, as it is given by

Thou vaunt'st thy pedigree, on every side
 To noble, and imperial blood, allied ;
 As if thy honours by thyself were won,
 And thou hadst some illustrious action done,
 To make the world believe thee Julia's heir,
 And not the offspring of some easy fair,
 Who, shivering in the wind, near yon dead wall,
 Plies her vile labour, and is all to all.

“ Away, away ! ye slaves of humblest birth,
 “ Ye dregs of Rome, ye nothings of the earth,
 “ Whose fathers who shall tell ! my ancient line
 “ Descends from Cecrops.” Man of blood divine !
 Live, and enjoy the secret sweets which spring
 In breasts, affined to so remote a king !—
 Yet know, amid these “ dregs,” low grandeur's scorn,
 Will those be found whom arts and arms adorn :
 Some, skill'd to plead a noble blockhead's cause,
 And solve the dark enigmas of the laws ;
 Some, who the Tigris' hostile banks explore,
 And plant our eagles on Batavia's shore :
 While thou, in mean, inglorious pleasure lost,
 With “ Cecrops ! Cecrops ! ” all thou hast to boast,

Lipsius : Julia, (Cæsar's sister,) Atia, Octavia, Antonia, Julia, the mother of Rubellius Plautus, and, as I suppose, the grandmother of the vain and insolent young nobleman here introduced.

Art a full brother to the crossway stone,
 Which clowns have chipp'd the head of Hermes on :
 For 'tis no bar to kindred, that thy block,
 Is form'd of flesh and blood, and their's of rock.

Of beasts, great son of Troy, who vaunts the breed,
 Unless renown'd for courage, strength, or speed ?
 'Tis thus we praise the horse,, who mocks our eyes,
 While, to the goal, with lightning's speed, he flies !

VER. 83. *Art a full brother to the crossway stone, &c.*] The figures here described were termini, rough-hewn square stones set upright, and surmounted with a head of Hermes, or Mercury. They were anciently placed at the turning of streets, and in cross and intricate roads, for the direction of passengers: for which purpose they were furnished with an appendage, which, though those good old times saw nothing extraordinary in it, might, perhaps, be thought a little singular at present. The honour of serving as a direction-post was allotted to Hermes, as the old criticks say, on account of his name, *απο του ἐρμηνεύειν*, to show, or explain: it is much more probable, however, that it was in reference to some obscure idea of his being the same deity as Sol, or the sun.

VER. 87. *Of beasts, &c.*] Hall, who has imitated some parts of this Satire very closely, though not in his best manner, has been rather successful here :

“ Tell me, thou gentle Trojan, dost thou prize
 “ Thy brute beasts' worth by their dams' qualities ?
 “ Say'st thou this colt shall prove a swift-paced steed,
 “ Only because a Jennet did him breed ?—
 “ The whiles thou seest some of thy stallion race,
 “ Their eyes bor'd out, masking the miller's maze,
 “ Like to the Scythian slave sworne to the payle,
 “ Or dragging frothy barrels at their tayle ?”

Whom many a well-earn'd palm and trophy grace,
 And the Cirque hails, unrivall'd in the race !
 —Yes, he is noble, spring from whom he will,
 Whose footsteps, in the dust, are foremost still ;
 While Hirpine's stock are to the market led,
 If Victory perch but rarely on their head :
 For no respect to pedigree is paid,
 No honour to a sire's illustrious shade.
 Flung cheaply off, they drag the cumbrous wain,
 With shoulders bare and bleeding from the chain ;
 Or take, with some blind ass in concert found,
 At Nepo's mill, their everlasting round.

That Rome may, therefore, you, not yours, admire,
 By virtuous actions, first, to praise aspire ;

VER. 104. *By virtuous actions, &c.*] Hall again,

“ And were thy fathers gentle? that's their praise ;

“ No thank to thee, by whom their name decays ;

“ By virtue got they it, and valorous deed,

“ Do thou so, Pontice, and be honoured.”

These are good lines, but they are much surpassed by the following, from the same admirable writer :

“ Brag of thy father's faults, they are thine own,

“ Brag of his lands, if they are not forgone ;

“ Brag of thine own good deeds ; for they are thine,

“ More than his life, or lands, or golden line.”

Lib. iv. Sat. 3.

Seek not to shine by borrow'd light alone,
But, with your father's glories, blend your own.

THIS to the youth, whom Rumour brands as vain,
And swelling—full of his Neronian strain ;
Perhaps, with truth :—for rarely shall we find,
A sense of modesty, in that proud kind.

VER. 109. ———— *rarely shall we find,*
A sense of modesty, in that proud kind.]

“ Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
“ Fortuna.”———

Juvenal does not, as is commonly supposed, use *illa fortuna* as a general expression, for an illustrious, or exalted fortune: but sarcastically alludes, as Dr. Ireland well observes, to the unbounded and intolerable haughtiness by which this family (the Julian) was always distinguished, at Rome. In the preceding words, he seems to have had Phædrus in his thoughts, (lib. i. fab. 7.) but what is the meaning of them? Holyday turns the passage in this manner,

“ For, almost *common sense* is hardly found
“ In such great state,”———

which, though barbarously expressed, is clearly what Phædrus means by *sensus communis*: whether Juvenal does so too, may reasonably admit of a doubt.

Stepney, who translated this Satire, follows Holyday. Dryden probably revised the version published under his name; we may conclude, therefore, that he did not object to this interpretation: indeed, we are not left to probability in the matter, for in the preface to *All for Love*, he quotes the original, and evidently understands it of common sense.

The words had, however, another meaning, which is more likely to be that of Juvenal. *Communis hominum sensus* is used by

But were my Ponticus content to raise
 His honours thus, on a forefather's praise,
 Worthless the while,—'twould tinge my cheeks
 with shame—

'Tis dangerous building on another's fame,
 Lest the substructure fail, and, on the ground,
 Your baseless pile be hurl'd, in fragments, round.—

Cicero for a polite intercourse between man and man; by Horace for suavity of manners; by Seneca for a proper regard for the decencies of life; and by others for all these, which are but various modifications of the same thing, and which together constitute what we call courteousness, or good breeding. This too, I am persuaded, is the meaning of the phrase in Quintilian. *Sensum ipsum, qui communis dicitur, ubi discet, cum se a congressu, —segregarit?* Lib. i. c. ii. § 20. Spalding agrees with our translators; and approves Dusaulx' version, *Ils ont rarement le sens commun.* *Sensus ergo communis*, he adds, *hic est notitia eorum quæ nosse sentire homines solent, &c.* Quint. Vol. i. p. 45. But Quintilian is speaking of the advantages of a publick education for boys; of which one is that true civility, that *sensus communis* which society only can teach, by showing the necessity of condescension, and mutual forbearance.

The Emperour Marcus Aurelius seems to have found a good word for it: he calls it *κοινωνημοσύνη*; and we cannot wish for a better commentary on Juvenal, than that which is furnished by Salmasius, in his explanation of it: *Κοινωνημοσύνην eleganter vocat modestam illam, moderatam, usitatam, et ordinariam, ut ita dicam, hominis mentem quæ in commune quodammodo consulit, nec omnia ad commodum suum refert; respectumque etiam habet eorum cum quibus versatur, modeste modiceque de se sentiens. At contra, inflati et superbi omnes se sibi tantum suisque commodis natos arbitrantur, et præ se ceteros contemnunt et negligunt: et hi sunt qui sensum communem non habere recte dici possunt.* In Jul. Capitol.

Stretch'd on the plain, the vine's weak tendrils try,
To clasp the elm they drop from ; fail—and die !

Be brave, be just ; and, when your country's laws
Call you to witness in a dubious cause,

Though Phalaris plant his bull before your eye,
And, frowning, dictate to your lips the lie,

Think it a crime no tears can e'er efface,

To purchase safety, with compliance base,

At honour's cost, a feverish span extend,

AND SACRIFICE FOR LIFE, LIFE'S ONLY END !

LIFE ! 'tis not life—who merits death is dead ;

Though Gauran oysters for his feasts be spread,

Though his limbs drip with exquisite perfume,

And the late rose around his temples bloom !

O, when the Province, long desired, you gain,

Your boiling rage, your lust of wealth restrain,

And pity our allies : all Asia grieves—

Her blood, her marrow, drain'd by legal thieves.

Revere the laws, obey the parent state ;

Observe what rich rewards the good await,

What punishments, the bad : how Tutor sped,

While Rome's whole thunder rattled round his head !

And yet what boots it, that one spoiler bleed,

If still a worse, and still a worse succeed ;

If neither fear nor shame control their theft,

And Pansa seize the little Natta left ?

Haste then, Chærippus, ere thy rags be known,
 And sell the few thou yet canst call thine own,
 And O, conceal the price! 'tis honest craft;
 Thou couldst not keep the hatchet:—save the haft.

Not such the cries of old, nor such the stroke,
 When first the nations bow'd beneath our yoke.
 Wealth, then, was theirs, wealth without fear possest.
 Full every house, and bursting every chest—
 Crimson, in looms of Sparta taught to glow,
 And purple, deeply dyed in grain of Co;
 Busts, to which Myro's touch did motion give,
 And ivory, taught by Phidias' skill to live:

VER. 143. *Haste then, Chærippus, &c.*] This is well explained by the old Scholiast. Of what advantage is it to thee, Chærippus, (one of the poor Cilicians, who had been first robbed by Tutor, and then by Pansa and Natta,) to complain, since, when one rapacious ruler is removed, another still more so, is sent in his stead? Better to sell the few trifles thou hast, before a new governour comes to devour what the former spared. "Intending," as Holyday justly remarks, "that if thus he turn'd his small goods into money, he might happily the better conceal the remainder." His next idea, that by *furor est post omnia perdere naulum*, is meant, "never hire thy passage unto Rome, least thou spend the little thou hast, in vain upon thy waftage, and so be as destitute of mony as of remedy;" though he thinks it the best interpretation of the passage, is certainly wrong. It is merely a proverbial expression, and means, save what thou canst in the wreck of thy fortunes, or, as I have rendered it by a corresponding English proverb, do not throw the haft after the hatchet. Ruperti follows Holyday: but, indeed, he is wrong through the whole of this passage.

On every side a Polyclete you view'd,
 And scarce a board without a Mentor stood.
 These, these, the lust of rapine first inspired,
 These, Antony and Dolabella fired,
 And sacrilegious Verres :—so, for Rome [home,
 They shipp'd their secret plunder ; and brought
 More treasures from our friends, in peace obtain'd,
 Than from our foes, in war, were ever gain'd !

Now all is gone ! the stallion made a prey,
 The few brood-mares and oxen swept away,
 The Lares,—if the sacred hearth possess
 One little god, that pleased above the rest—
 Mean spoils, indeed ! but such were now their best. }

Perhaps, you scorn (and may securely scorn)
 The essenced Greek, whom arts, not arms, adorn :
 Soft limbs, and spirits by refinement broke,
 Would feebly struggle with the oppressive yoke.

VER. 159. *And sacrilegious Verres :—*] He calls Verres sacrilegious, in allusion to one of the charges brought against him by Cicero : *Siculos jam ne Deos quidem in suis urbibus, ad quos confugerent, habere ; quod eorum simulacra sanctissima C. Verres ex delubris religiosissimus sustulisset.* It is not unpleasing to reflect, that Verres fell a sacrifice at last to the detestable rapacity for which he is here stigmatized ; being proscribed by a greater plunderer, M. Antony, for the sake of his Sicilian rarities, which no persuasions could induce him to surrender.

The other two, C. Antony, governour of Achaia, and Dolabella, proconsul of Asia, were both prosecuted by the senate, and condemned for extortion.

But spare the Gaul, the fierce Illyrian spare,
 And the rough Spaniard, terrible in war ;
 Spare too the Africk hind, whose ceaseless pain
 Fills our wide granaries with autumnal grain,
 And pampers Rome, while weightier cares engage
 Her precious hours—the Circus and the Stage !
 For, should you rifle them, O think in time,
 What spoil would pay the execrable crime,
 When greedy Marius fleeced them all so late,
 And bare and bleeding left the hapless state !

VER. 180. *When greedy Marius, &c.*] For Marius, see Sat. i. 17. In his translation of Pliny's Letters, Lord Orrery has introduced a singular observation respecting the fate of this man.

He is speaking of the trial of Cæcilius Classicus, who escaped from the punishment that hung over him, by a voluntary death. He then adverts to the lenity exhibited in the case of Marius, and adds, "In these two trials we may perceive the different influence, which the two Emperours, Domitian and Trajan, had over the senate. Under the *tyranny* of the first, the laws were not put in execution against Marius ; under the *golden age* of the latter, Classicus and his abettors were punished in the amplest manner, and according to law." Vol. i. p. 207.

Well and wisely singeth that ancient bard of Warwickshire :

"Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
 "'Tis not the devil's crest !"

Certainly not : let us call the age of Trajan "golden," and all injustice shall be wiped away from it. Who would imagine after this, that the two trials took place in the same reign, and, probably, within a few months of each other ! Yet so it was ! the compliment to Trajan, therefore, is as unjust, as the attack

But chief the brave, and wretched—tremble there ;
 Nor tempt too far the madness of despair :
 For, should you all their little treasures drain,
 Helmets, and spears, and swords, would still remain ;
 THE PLUNDER'D NE'ER WANT ARMS. What I foretel,
 Is no trite apophthegm, but—mark me well—
 True as a Sibyl's leaf ! fix'd as an oracle !

If men of worth the posts beneath you hold,
 And no spruce favourite barter law for gold ;
 If no inherent stain your wife disgrace,
 Nor, harpy-like, she flit from place to place,

on Domitian ; who, heaven knows it, little needed to be saddled with the offences of his successors.

VER. 191. *If no inherent stain your wife disgrace, &c.]* The avarice and rapacity of the women who followed their husbands to their governments, had, long ere this, become a serious subject of complaint. Before the time of Augustus, the women rarely, if ever, went abroad : that uxorious Emperour took Livia with him in most of his expeditions, and his example seems to have had a pernicious effect ; for in the succeeding reign, the custom was grown so common, and so oppressive to the provinces, that Severus Cæcina made a motion in the senate, *ne quem magistratum, cui provincia obvenisset, uxor comitaretur*. Tacitus, who gives his speech at some length, contents himself with observing that the senate did not meet the question fairly ; out of compliment, perhaps, to Drusus, who opposed it : and who, instead of answering Cæcina's objections, had recourse to the *argumentum ad hominem*. “ *Se quoque in Illyricum profectum : et si ita conducat, alias ad gentes iturum, haud semper æquo animo, si ab uxore carissima divelleretur.* Ann. Lib. III. 34.

As the proconsuls could not be prevented from taking their

A fell Celæno, ever on the watch,
 And ever furious, all she sees to snatch ;
 Then choose what race you will : derive your birth
 From Picus, or those elder sons of earth,
 Who shook the throne of heaven ; call him your sire,
 Who first inform'd our clay with living fire ;
 Or single from the songs of ancient days,
 What tale may suit you, and what parent raise.

But—if rash pride, and lust, your bosom sway,
 If, with stern joy, you ply, from day to day,
 The ensanguined rods, and head on head demand,
 Till the tired axe drop from the lictor's hand ;
 Then, every honour, by your father won,
 Indignant to be borne by such a son,
 Will, to his blood, oppose your daring claim,
 And fire a torch, to blaze upon your shame !—

wives with them, it seemed but just that they should be answerable for their peculations, &c.; and this principle was recognised by the senate : *Proficisci autem proconsulem melius est sine uxore ; sed et cum uxore potest dummodo sciat, senatum, Cotta et Messala Coss. censuisse futurum, ut si quid uxores eorum, qui ad officia proficiscuntur, deliquerint, ab ipsis ratio et vindicta exigatur.*

In the letters of Cicero to his brother, are many wholesome rules for the conduct of a province ; and a great deal of light is thrown on the corrupt practices which had, even then, begun to prevail :—but admonitions were useless, when plunder was in view ; and, in Juvenal's time, robbery and power were little else than synonymous terms.

Vice glares more strongly in the publick eye,
As he who sins, in power or place is high.

SEE ! by his great progenitors' remains
Fat Damasippus sweeps, with loosen'd reins.
Good Consul ! he no pride of office feels,
But stoops, himself, to clog his headlong wheels.

VER. 209. *Vice glares, &c.*] This idea is finely exemplified by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ The sins the great do, people view through opticks
“ Which shew 'em ten times more than common vices,
“ And sometimes multiply them.” *Thiery and Theodoret.*

There is a passage in Sallust of uncommon force and beauty, to which, perhaps, Juvenal was indebted : *Oratione majores suos extollunt; eorum fortia facta memorando clariores sese putant: quod contra est: nam quanto vita illorum præclarior, tanto horum socordia flagitiosior: et profecto ita se res habet; majorum gloria posteris lumen est, neque bona neque mala eorum in occulto patitur. Bell. Jugurth.* There follow in the original, four lines which by some accident have been shuffled out of their place, and which I cannot reinstate to my satisfaction. Some have supposed they relate to Fabius, mentioned in the beginning of this Satire; in that case, they would come in after the thirtieth line; but I have not ventured to insert them. Here is the translation :

Say, what's your birth to me,—if you incline
Your daring lips to perjury in the shrine
Your pious fathers rear'd, and in the sight
Of their triumphal statues? If, by night,
You steal abroad disguised, that none may see
Your lewd amours; say, what's your birth to me?

“ But this is all by night,” the hero cries.
 Yet the MOON sees ! yet the STARS stretch their eyes,
 Full on your shame !—A few short moments wait,
 And Damasippus quits the pomp of state :
 Then, proud the experienced driver to display,
 He mounts his chariot in the face of day,
 Whirls, with bold front, his grave associate by,
 And jerks his whip, to catch the senior’s eye :
 Unyokes his weary steeds, and, to requite
 Their service, feeds and litters them, at night.

Meanwhile, ’tis all he can, what time he stands
 At Jove’s high altar, as the law commands,
 And offers sheep and oxen, he forswears
 The Eternal King, and gives his silent prayers
 To thee, Hippona, goddess of the stalls,
 And gods more vile, dawb’d on the reeking walls !

VER. 229. *To thee, Hippona, &c.*] —*jurat Hippónam* : so I presume it should be, and not Epona, who was probably a different personage, and (if a name may be trusted) had the distinguished honour of presiding over asses instead of horses. The reading of Epona has made the insertion of another word necessary, and I cannot think the copyists quite happy in (*sola*) that which they have chosen. This strange goddess, “ which,” as Holyday observes, “ the lamentable devotion of the heathen raised to itself,” is frequently mentioned by the ancient writers.

It is not known with what rites she was worshipped, but Apuleius says, he saw her image prettily adorned with fresh-gathered roses. Juvenal speaks of her with great contempt, in which he is followed by the early Christians, who rally the

At night, to his old haunts he scours, elate,
 (The tavern by the Idumean gate) [sweets,
 Where, while the host, bedrench'd with liquid
 With many a courteous phrase, his entrance greets,
 And many a smile; the hostess nimbly moves,
 And gets the flaggon ready, which he loves.

Here some, perhaps, my growing warmth may
 blame : [same."

"In youth's wild hours," they urge, "we did the
 'Tis granted, friends; but then we stopp'd in time,
 Nor hugg'd our darling faults, beyond our prime.
 Brief let our follies be! and youthful sin
 Fall, with the firstlings of the manly chin!—

heathens with equal spirit and success, on their devotion to so odious and contemptible an object. It should be mentioned, however, that though they placed her over their stinking cribs, as Juvenal calls them, they did not presume to introduce her into heaven; which, considering the liberty they sometimes took, is a notable instance of forbearance:

"Nemo Cloacinæ aut Eponæ super astra deabus,
 "Dat solium, quamvis olidam persolvat acerram."

Pruden. Apotheos. 265.

Upon which Fulgentius remarks, *Vertumnum, Priapum, et deam stabulorum (quam Apuleius Hiponem alii Hipponam nuncupant) inter semonas deos numerari, qui, tanquam cælo indigni, ob meriti paupertatem, cœlitum numero nunquam adscripti fuerunt.* Fulgentius might have learned from Ovid, that one of them at least was admitted amongst the gods, and that for no very extraordinary merit,—*sed de his satis.*

Boys we may pity, nay, perhaps, excuse :
 But Damasippus STILL frequents the stews,
 Though now mature in vigour, ripe in age,
 Of Cæsar's foes to check the headlong rage,
 On Tigris' banks, in burnish'd arms, to shine,
 And sternly guard the Danube, or the Rhine.

“ The East revolts.” Ho ! let the troops repair
 To Ostium, quick ! “ But where's the General ?”
 Where !

Go, search the taverns ; there the chief you'll find,
 With cut-throats, plund'ers, rogues of every kind,
 Bier-jobbers, bargemen, drench'd in fumes of wine,
 And Cybele's priests, mid their loose drums, supine !
 There none are less, none greater than the rest,
 There my lord gives, and takes the scurvy jest ;
 There all who can, round the same table sprawl,
 And there one greasy tankard serves for all.
 Blessings of birth !—but, Ponticus, a word :
 Own'd you a slave like this degenerate lord,
 What were his fate ? your Lucan farm to till,
 Or aid the mules, to turn your Tuscan mill.

VER. 253. *Bier-jobbers,*] The *fabri sandapilarum*, who figure in this worshipful society, were people employed in furnishing the biers, or rather hand-barrows, on which the bodies of such as were killed in the bloody sports of the amphitheatre were removed to the place of interment. The Scholiast has *sandaliorum*, but the common reading is right.

But 'Troy's great sons dispense with being good,
 And boldly sin, by courtesy of blood ;
 Wink at each other's crimes, and look for fame,
 In what would tinge a cobbler's cheek with shame.

And have I wreak'd on such foul deeds my rage,
 That worse should yet remain to blot my page !—
 See Damasippus, all his fortune lost,
 Compell'd, for hire, to play a squealing ghost !
 While Lentulus, his brother in renown,
 Performs, with so much art, the perjured clown,
 And suffers with such grace, that, for his pains,
 I hold him worthy of—the cross he feigns.

VER. 272. ——— *the perjured clown,*] The person, whose part was so well played by this degenerate nobleman, was a principal character in a ballet, or drama of action, composed by Nævius. For a dance, it must have been horrible enough in all conscience, since the clown (whose supposed crime was perjury) was not only crucified, but set upon by wild beasts while in that dreadful situation.

Juvenal might have taken the hint of recommending Lentulus to a real cross, from what happened at Rome in his own time ; for Martial tells us, that this ballet was truly, and *bona fide* performed in the amphitheatre, for the amusement of this detestable people. A malefactor (he does not seem to know for what crime) was actually nailed to a cross, while real bears, hungry Caledonian bears, were let loose to devour him !

“ Nuda Caledonio sic viscera præbuit urso,

“ Non falsa pendens in cruce Laureolus.

“ Vivebant laceri membris stillantibus artus,

“ Inque omni nusquam corpore corpus erat.”

De Spectac. Ep. 7.

Nor deem the heedless rabble void of blame:—
 Strangers alike to decency and shame,
 They sit with brazen front, and calmly see
 The hired patrician's low buffoonery;
 Laugh at the Fabii's tricks, and grin to hear
 The cuffs resound from the Mamerci's ear!
 Who cares how low their blood is sold, how high?—
 No Nero drives them, now, their fate to try:

VER. 279. *Laugh at the Fabii's tricks, &c.*] Juvenal calls them (the Fabii) *planipedes*; buffoons of the lowest order; barefooted Jack-puddings, who, smeared with soot and oil, and dressed in goat skins, capered about the stage, in the intervals of the play, for the entertainment of the rabble. And this was done by the descendants of Fabius and Mamercus! a dereliction of every honourable feeling, that more than justifies the indignation of our author. In his subsequent remark, too, on the conduct of the spectators, there is much good sense; since nothing is more certain, than that the people are degraded in the voluntary degradation of their superiours: a momentous truth which seems to have escaped the observation of many princes, and many people of modern as well as of ancient times.

VER. 282. *No Nero drives them now, &c.*] Nero compelled four hundred senators, and six hundred knights, some of them of fair fortune, and character, to enter the lists as gladiators, encounterers of wild beasts, &c. *ad varia arenæ ministeria*. (Suet. Nero, § 12.) To this circumstance Juvenal alludes. From the numbers here mentioned, a suspicion has arisen that the text is corrupt, and that for *quadringentos* should be read *quadraginta*; this is not improbable, as the amount would, even then, sufficiently tax our credulity.

To do all justice, however, to this worthy prince, it should be observed that he merely perfected the system which was entered

Freely they come, and freely they expose,
 Their lives for hire, to grace the publick shows !

But grant the worst: suppose the arena here,
 And there the stage; on which would you appear?
 The first: for who of death so much in dread,
 As not to tremble more, the stage to tread,
 Squat on his hams, in some blind nook to sit,
 And watch his mistress, in a jealous fit!—

But 'tis not strange, that, when the Emperour tunes
 A scurvy harp, the lords should turn buffoons;

upon by his predecessors. Cæsar seems to have had the honour of striking it out; as there is no earlier instance of this scandalous prostitution, than that which occurs in the account of his life by Suetonius: *Munere in foro depugnavit Furius Leptinus stirpe prætoris, et Q. Calpurnius senator. Ludis D. Laberius eques Romanus mimum suum egit, &c.* (Cæsar, 39.) The exquisitely dignified and pathetick remonstrance of the knight, at being compelled to appear upon the stage, is still extant: the noblemen probably submitted with a better grace, at least we hear of no complaints that they made.

Augustus, who was extravagantly fond of the amusement of the Circus and Amphitheatre, appears to have extended the shameful practice. *In Circo aurigas, cursoresque, et confectores ferarum, et nonnunquam ex nobilissima juventute produxit.* And again: *Ad scenicas quoque et gladiatorias operas, etiam equitibus Romanis aliquando usus est.* (Suet. Aug. 43.) This Emperour, however, who had many pretensions to decency, and some to humanity, put a temporary stop to the shameful practice; which was afterwards revived, and continued through the succeeding reigns, till it reached, as has been just observed, its highest point under Nero.

The wonder is, they turn not fencers too,
 Secutors, Retiarians.—AND THEY DO !
 Gracchus steps forth : No sword his thigh invests—
 No helmet, shield—such armour he detests,

VER. 295. *Gracchus steps forth : &c.*] Our author here takes up the scandalous adventure of Gracchus, on which he had briefly touched in the second Satire. The reader who recollects the lines, may appreciate the horror with which Juvenal regarded the transaction ; since he speaks of it as surpassing in infamy a crime at which universal nature revolts.

Dr. Ireland, who doubted whether the author was sincere in what he advanced, attributed (p. 73) his superiour indignation to that spirit of aggravation which led him to treat whatever vice he happened to be satirizing, as the most enormous in the catalogue. I believed then, as I still do, that the poet spoke as he thought, and really imagined this last action of Gracchus to be his worst.

Every sentence, every word which drops from Juvenal, proves him to be a sturdy republican, a genuine and unsophisticated patriot, who loved the honour and dignity of his country above his life ; and felt with the deepest anguish, every act which tended to debase her in the eyes of surrounding nations. I shall now produce one of the most striking passages in Dio ; indeed, I might say, without fear of contradiction, in any historian extant, to show that this debasement was more effectually brought about by the gladiatorial pursuits of the young nobility, than by any other enormity whatever. In his sixty-first book, that writer observes that, amidst all the scandalous festivities and excesses of Nero, nothing appeared so truly flagitious and abominable, as the prostitution of the male and female nobility, who exhibited themselves in the Orchestra, Circus, and Amphitheatre, on a footing with the vilest of the rabble. The old and honourable families of the state, the Furii, the Fabii, the Porci,

Detests and spurns ; and impudently stands,
With the poised net and trident in his hands.

and the Valerii, to whose ancestors temples and trophies had been erected by the publick, voluntarily (at least for the greatest part) submitted to this degradation, in the presence of all Rome, and of an immense concourse of people from every part of the empire ! These, probably, enjoyed, with the highest relish, a spectacle that amply revenged the conquest of their respective countries by the ancestors of those who now degraded themselves for their amusement.—*εδακτυλοδεικτουν γε αυτους αλληλοις,*

και ελεγον, Μακεδονες μεν, 'Ουτ' εστιν ο του Παυλου εκγον' 'Ελληνες δε, 'Ου' του Μομμιου' Σικελιωται, Ιδετε τον Κλαυδιον' Επειρωται, Ιδετε τον Αππιον' Ασιανοι, τον Λουκιον' Ιβηρες, τον Πουπλιον' Καρχηδονιοι, Αφρικανον' ΡΩΜΑΙΟΙ ΔΕ ΠΑΝΤΑΣ !

c. i. § 17. “As the sports and combats proceeded, the strangers pointed out to one another, with their fingers, the offspring of those great men: the Macedonians said, that is the descendant of Æmilius Paulus ! the Greeks—that of Lucius Mummius ! the Sicilians, Look ! there is Claudius Marcellus ! the Epirotæ,—there is Appius Claudius ! the Asiaticks,—there is Lucius Scipio ! the Iberians,—there is Publius Scipio ! the Carthaginians,—there is Scipio Africanus ! and the Romans,—heavens ! THERE ARE ALL !”

It is more than probable, that Juvenal himself was present at these most humiliating scenes. As a spectator, we may conceive him to have watched the significant looks of the strangers, as their fingers moved from object to object ; to have heard their whispers, to have noted their sneers !—Can it now be wondered at, that a man of his quick feelings, of his strong sensibility, should speak with indignation and horror, of actions which were sure to spread the disgrace and ridicule of his country, as far as the wanderings of the astonished visitants extended ? Or, that he should think them superiour in infamy to the most

The foe advances—lo ! a cast he tries,
But misses, and, in frantick terrou, flies.

hateful vices ; which, however they might implicate the character of individuals, brought no great degree of odium on the general reputation of Rome ? I do not think it can. However this may be, the praise of consistency must, in the present case at least, be fully allowed him. In this very Satire, when he enumerates the crimes of Nero, he insinuates that it was not so much his multiplied murders, as his publick exposure of himself on the stage, (where he repeated his Troicks,) that exhausted the patience of mankind, and excited the general insurrection, which swept him from the earth !

Of this enough. It now only remains to add a few words, for the sake of the English reader, on the weapons, manner of fighting, &c. of these heroes of the Amphitheatre.

Of the two combatants (who entered the lists) one was called Retiarius, and the other Mirmillo, or Secutor : the former was lightly drest in a tunick, and furnished with a trident, or three-forked spear, and a net, (*rete*,) whence his name. The latter was armed with a helmet, shield, and short scimitar. They approached each other, the Secutor with his weapon raised, and the Retiarius with his protruded trident in his right hand, and his net open, and ready for casting, in his left. His object was to throw it over the head of his antagonist, and entangle him in such a manner, as to render him an easy prey. If he failed in his attempt, he had no resource but flight, for which his dress was well adapted ; and during which, he endeavoured to collect and prepare his net for a second throw :—if the Secutor overtook him before this was done, his fate was inevitable, unless he were saved by the interposition of the spectators, which sometimes happened.

It is not easy, at this distance of time, to say whether one of these characters was looked upon as less respectable than the other, or not :—but Juvenal seems to direct some of his indig-

Round the throng'd Cirque; and, anxious to be
known,

Lifts his bare face, with many a piteous moan.

nation at Gracchus, for choosing the part of the Retiarius, instead of that of the Secutor: perhaps it was less dangerous; it was certainly more impudent, for it afforded no means of concealing the face; since we know, from Suetonius, that the drivelling Claudius took a cruel pleasure in putting the Retiarii to death upon particular occasions, that he might have the diabolical satisfaction of remarking the successive changes in their expiring countenances! Gracchus, however, seems to have been determined in his choice more by cowardice, than impudence; as he did not merely rely upon being recognised by his features, which, as he was of one of the most distinguished families in Rome, could not but be well known; but was even base enough to enter the lists in the magnificent hat and tunick of the Salii, or priests of Mars, of whom he was probably the chief.

With respect to the Mirmillo; "he was so called," says Madan, after some of the commentators, "from *μυρμῖς* (*myrmus*) an ant;" a derivation that pleases him wonderfully, for he gives it again in the sequel. He was called so, however, from *μορμύλη* (*mormylus*,) a spotted fish, *αἰολῖς ἰχθύς*, (Oppian Halieut. lib. i. 100,) a representation of which formed the crest of his helmet. Hence the chant of the Retiarius, mentioned by Festus: "I do not want to catch you, I only want to catch your fish; what are you afraid of?" This, as Stephano observes, "is but a scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral;" but it had, apparently, as much musick as wit in it.

Polyænus and Festus derive the origin of the Retiarius from Pittacus, one of the seven sages of Greece, who fought in this manner with Phryno: ὕπερον δὲ ἐκ μονομαχίας προσκαλεσάμενου τοῦ Φρυωνῖος ἀλιευτικὴν ἀναλαβὼν σκευὴν, ξυνεδράμε καὶ τῷ μὲν ἀμφιβληστρῷ περιέβαλε, τῇ τριαινῇ δὲ καὶ τῷ ξιφίδιῳ ἐπείρει καὶ

“ ’Tis he ! ’tis he !—I know the Salian vest,
 “ With golden fringes, pendent from the breast ;
 “ The Salian bonnet, from whose pointed crown,
 “ The glittering ribands float redundant down.
 “ O spare him, spare !”—The brave Secutor heard,
 And, blushing, stopp’d the chase ; for he preferr’d,
 Wounds, death itself, to the contemptuous smile,
 Of conquering one so noble, and—so vile !

Who, Nero, so depraved, if choice were free,
 To hesitate ’twixt Seneca and thee ?

αἰνέλαε. Lib. XIII. Here is sagacity with a witness ! but the practice was undoubtedly very ancient, for Herodotus speaks of it as existing among the Persians : “ there are some of them,” says he (the Sagartæ) “ who, when they come to engage, cast a rope with a kind of gin at the end of it, on the enemy, and thus endeavour to entangle and draw him into their power.” From these people, and their manner of fighting, came most probably the Greek word *Σαργάνη*, a sort of coarse basket.

VER. 311. *Who, Nero, so depraved, &c.* Every one knows that Seneca was put to death by Nero, on a charge of being concerned in Piso’s conspiracy, of which he was confessedly innocent. It was reported at Rome, Tacitus says, (Ann. xv. 65,) that the conspirators, after having made use of Piso to destroy Nero, intended to make away with Piso himself, (for what should we gain, said the chief of them, Subrius Flavius, by exchanging a harper for a tragedian ? alluding to Piso’s having appeared on the stage,) and raise Seneca to the vacant seat. It is to this circumstance, which seems to have escaped the commentators, that Juvenal alludes : I must, however, be permitted to add, that if the conspirators really entertained such an idea, they were the weakest of men ; for Seneca (to say nothing of

Whose crimes, so much have they all crimes outgone,
Deserve more serpents, apes, and sacks, than one.

his age and infirmities) was too unpopular to have held the undisturbed possession of the empire for a day.

With respect to Seneca, it is his fortune to have been "at the Fair of good names, and to have bought a reasonable commodity of them;" for, exclusive of our author, who evidently thought highly of him, and appears to have been a very diligent reader of his works, several ancient writers have been lavish in his praise: and I have somewhere read that St. Jerom put him into the catalogue of saints.* Yet we shall look in vain into the history of his life for any extraordinary number of virtuous or praiseworthy actions.

His first exploit was corrupting the daughter of Germanicus, for which he was driven into banishment; and I should conjecture, from the obtrusive and never-ending boasts of the magnanimity with which he endured it, that Ovid himself did not bear his exile much more impatiently than this impassible Stoick. He flattered Claudius, and still more grossly his favourite, Polybius, in order to obtain his recall; and as soon as he had succeeded, forgot the latter, and betrayed the former. He then

* "The writer to whom you refer (Dr. Ireland says) seems to have used the term (saint) without much consideration. In Jerom's time, it was applied to Christians at large, as a general distinction from the Pagans. Indeed it was given to those who had not yet received baptism, but who looked forward to it, and were therefore called candidates of the faith. It could be only a charitable extension of this term which led Jerom to place Seneca among the sancti; for he still calls him a Stoick philosopher. The case is, that in the time of Jerom certain letters were extant, which were said to have passed between Seneca and St. Paul. In one of these, the former had expressed a wish, that he were to the Romans what Paul was to the Christians. This Jerom seems to have interpreted as an Evangelical sentiment. He therefore placed Seneca among the ecclesiastical writers, and saints;—in other words, he presumptively styled him a Christian, though not born of Christian parents."

Not so, thou say'st ; there are, whom I could name,
As deep in guilt, and as accurs'd in fame ;

joined the virtuous Nero, whom he took care to supply with a mistress, in his persecution of Agrippina, his great patroness ; and when her son, not long afterwards, put her to death, he was more than suspected of drawing up the palliating account of it.

A better moralist than Seneca hath said, " He who maketh haste to be rich, shall not be innocent." This was notoriously our philosopher's case. Juvenal gives him the epithet of *prædives* in his tenth Satire. Dio attributes the insurrection of the Britons in a great measure to his avarice and rapacity ; and P. Suilius appears, from Tacitus, to have attacked him on this head, with a violence which no common arts of enriching himself could have provoked. " By what system of ethicks has this professor, in less than four years, amassed three hundred million sesterces ? His snares are spread through all the city ; last wills and testaments are his quarry, and the rich, who have no children, are his prey. Italy is overwhelmed, the provinces are exhausted ; and he is still unsatisfied !" Annal. XIII. 42.

His behaviour too, after he perceived the decline of Nero's favour, was pusillanimous ; and his affected resignation of his unbounded wealth, pitiful in the extreme. He did not, indeed, imitate the elder Brutus ; for what Juvenal calls the time of bearded kings, was past : but he feigned himself sick, and infirm, and lived on spring water, and bread baked under his own eye. In a word, I can discover little amiable in his life ; and in his boasted death, scarcely any thing more than a fond and over-weening anxiety to make an exhibition of it.

Our old dramatists have entered pretty successfully into the character of Seneca. Thus Marston :—*Biloso*. " Marry, I remember one Seneca—*Duke*. Out upon him ! he writ of temperance and fortitude ; yet lived like a voluptuous epicure, and died like an effeminate coward." *Malcontent*. None of them, however, have done it with more discrimination than Massinger, who was very conversant with his works, and who, in the Maid

Orestes slew his mother. True ; but know,
 The same effects from different causes flow :
 A father murder'd at the social board, [sword.
 And heaven's command, unsheath'd his righteous
 of Honour, describes him in these admirable lines : " Thus"—
 recapitulating some of his stoical paradoxes—

" Thus Seneca, when he wrote it, thought.—But then
 " Felicity courted him ; his wealth exceeding
 " A private man's ; happy in the embraces
 " Of his chaste wife Paulina ; his house full
 " Of children, clients, servants, flattering friends,
 " Soothing his lip-positions ;——then, no doubt,
 " He held, and did believe, this. But no sooner
 " The prince's frowns and jealousies had thrown him
 " Out of security's lap, and a centurion
 " Had offer'd him what choice of death he pleased,
 " But told him, die he must ; when straight the armour
 " Of his so boasted fortitude, fell off,
 " Complaining of his frailty."

His writings, even those which Massinger beautifully calls
 " his lip-positions," where they are not too free, are, to me at
 least, excellent : it is pleasant to see so poor a pedant as Aulus
 Gellius affect to treat them with contempt !

VER. 314. *Deserve more serpents, apes, and sacks, than one.*]
 Parricides, by the Roman law, were sewn up in a sack, with
 these and other unfortunate creatures, and thrown into the
 nearest river, or the sea, See Sat. XIII.

It is scarcely possibly to understand the next five and twenty
 lines, without a constant reference to the life of Nero, of whose
 more than bedlamite follies and crimes they contain an enu-
 meration.

VER. 320. *And heaven's command :—*] An allusion to this pas-
 sage of the Electra :

Besides, Orestes, in his wildest mood,
Poison'd no cousin, shed no consort's blood,

Ω πατρων δωμα· σου γαρ ερχομαι
Δικη καθαρτης πρὸ θεων ωρμημενῶ.

In the comparison here instituted between the insane Orestes, and the sane Nero, if, as one of the commentators well observes, such a wretch can be called sane, the advantage is infinitely on the side of the former. They both murdered their mothers; but what was in Orestes an act of divine retribution, (since antiquity represents Clytemnestra as forewarned by heaven of the fate that awaited her, if she imbrued her hands in her husband's blood,) was in Nero an act of gratuitous cruelty; for Agrippina had done him no injury, nay, had been guilty of the greatest crimes to pave his way to the empire. Waving this, however, says Juvenal, Orestes, mad as he was, did not poison his relations, (as Nero poisoned Domitia and Britannicus,) nor kill his sister, (as Nero killed Antonia,) nor murder his wife, (as Nero murdered Octavia,) nor appear upon the stage, (as Nero did in several places,) nor write verses on the burning of Troy. Here the poet suddenly breaks off the parallel for the sake of observing that, savage as the Emperour's conduct was, he could not go beyond this last act of baseness. The commentators, not entering into the feelings of Juvenal, cannot conceive how this could "top his crimes." Some of them, therefore, suppose that he alludes to Nero's recitation of his Troicks while Rome was burning; which Suetonius and Xiphilinus, though with some variation in the circumstances, concur in affirming that he did: *Hoc incendium e turri Mæcenatiana prospectans, lætusque flammæ, ut aiebat, pulchritudine, ἄλωσιν Ilii, in illo suo scenico habitu decantavit.* Nero 38. And Xiph: Νερων ες τε το ακρον του παλαίιου ανηλθῃ, και την σκευνη την κιθαρωδικην λαβων, ησεν ἄλωσιν, ὡς μεν αυτῷ ελεγεν, Ιλιου, ὡς δε ἑωρατο, Ρωμης. Lib. lxii. § 18.

Others again imagine that the author alludes to the report of

Buried no poniard in a sister's throat,
 Sung on no publick stage, NO TROICKS WROTE.—
 THIS topp'd his frantick crimes ! THIS roused man-
 kind !

For what could Galba, what Virginus, find,
 In the dire annals of that bloody reign,
 Which call'd for vengeance in a louder strain ?

Lo here, the arts, the studies that engage
 The world's great master ! on a foreign stage,
 To prostitute his voice for base renown,
 And ravish, from the Greeks, a parsley crown !

Come then, great prince, great poet ! while we
 throng

To greet thee, recent from triumphant song, [meet,
 Come, place the unfading wreath, with reverence
 On the Domitii's brows ! before their feet,

this profligate madman having set Rome on fire, (for the sake of illustrating his subject,) a circumstance which, whether true or not, was generally credited in our author's time : and with which, indeed, Nero was charged to his face by Subrius Flavius, who suffered with Seneca ; and whose dying words Tacitus seems inclined, and in my opinion, not without reason, to prefer to those of the philosopher. Ann. xv. 67. But I am persuaded, (see p. 351,) that the author meant to speak only of his reciting his poem in publick, which we know he did at the Pentaetericon, and other festivals.

VER. 335. *Come, place the unfading wreath, &c.*] "It were but an overplus," Holyday observes, "to fill the reader with the base and scenical behaviour of Nero, both in Italie and Greece ; the

The mask and pall of old Thyestes lay,
And Menalippé ; while, in proud display,

dishonour being as known, as the empire, he dishonour'd. Wherefore I leave him to the jeere of our satyrists." I cannot help saying a word, however, on his singular choice of characters ; the parts which he chiefly delighted to perform, would have suited Bottom to a miracle ; they were truly " parts to tear a cat in : " being, exclusive of those enumerated by Juvenal, Hercules raving mad, Œdipus murdering his father, Orestes stabbing his mother, &c. &c.

With respect to Menalippe, the only piece on the list, whose subject is not known to every schoolboy, Nero appears to have been directed to it solely by his love of natural history. Dionysius of Halicarnassus says, that Euripides wrote a play of the Wise Menalippe, *της σοφης Μεναλιππης*, of which this is the plot : The young lady, in spite of her wisdom, had an amour with Neptune, to whom she bore twins ; these she contrived to hide in her father's cow-house, where he soon after found them. In the simplicity of his heart, the good man took them for a monstrous production of one of his cows, and was about to commit them to the flames ; when his " wise daughter " stept in, and by a long series of reasoning equally vague and dull, convinced the poor old king that they were the natural produce of the animal, and thus fortunately saved them both !

It is probable, that what the poet here affects to recommend to the Emperour, is merely a recapitulation of what was actually done. There is no account, indeed, of his having laid his tragick properties at the feet of his fathers' and grandfathers' (the Domitii's) statues, though the circumstance is far from being unlikely ; but the suspension of his harp to the " colossal marble " is an historical fact : *εΙΘΗΡΑΜ autem*, says Suet. Nero 12,) *a judicibus ad se delatam, adoravit, ferrique ad Augusti statuam jussit.*

There is still some doubt among the commentators, whether

From the colossal marble of thy sire,
 Depends, the boast of Rome, thy conquering lyre !
 Cethegus ! Catiline ! whose ancestors,
 Were nobler born, were higher rank'd, than yours ?
 Yet ye conspired, with more than Gallick hate,
 To wrap in midnight flames this hapless state ;
 On men and gods your barbarous rage to pour,
 And deluge Rome with her own children's gore :
 Horrors, which call'd, indeed, for vengeance dire,
 For the pitch'd coat and stake, and smouldering fire !

Nero might not have graced his own statue with this immortal instrument. Both Pliny and Suetonius say that he erected one of prodigious height and magnitude : but as this seems to have been of brass, and that mentioned by Juvenal is expressly said to be of marble, I see no room for hesitation.

The fate of Nero's Colossus is worth noticing. After his death, the senate, in a fit of virtuous resentment, which generally seized them at the accession of a new family, whipt off that prince's head from it, and put on one of Apollo: this preserved its situation until the reign of Commodus, who removed it in its turn, to make way for a head of himself ! It must be confessed, that Apollo had, some how or other, got into a very worshipful line ; and it would, perhaps, have puzzled all his oracles to determine precisely whether he derived most honour from his immediate successour or predecessour.

VER. 348. — *the pitch'd coat and stake, &c.*] This was the punishment of incendiaries. I hope Juvenal meant this as a tacit kind of testimony to the innocence of the Christians (at that time universally acknowledged,) respecting the charge of setting fire to Rome ; of which they were accused by Nero. (p. 34.) He seems to say, You, Catiline and Cethegus, who

But Tully watch'd—your league in silence broke,
 And crush'd your impious arms, without a stroke.
 Yes he, poor Arpine, of no name at home,
 And scarcely rank'd among the knights, at Rome,
 Secured the trembling town, placed a firm guard
 In every street, and toil'd in every ward :—
 And thus, within the walls, the gown obtain'd,
 More fame, for Tully, than Octavius gain'd,
 At Actium and Philippi, from a sword,
 Drench'd in the eternal stream by patriots pour'd !
 For Rome, free Rome, hail'd him, with loud acclaim,
 THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY—glorious name !

actually conspired to burn the city, really merit that dreadful punishment which was so unjustly inflicted upon the Christians,
ausi quod liceat tunica punire molesta !

VER. 360. THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY—] *Parens et Pater Patriæ*. The founder and father of his country. This honourable title was conferred on Cicero, after his detection and defeat of Catiline's conspiracy. There is a strong and characteristick trait of the stern republican in the epithet *libera*, (free,) which is not applied to Rome, as the criticks, think, on account of her recent delivery from the machinations of the conspirators ; but rather to stigmatise her situation under the Emperours, where our author considered her, and justly, as in a state of slavery. The title of *Pater Patriæ* was given to Augustus, and afterwards, to several of his successors : but Cicero was the first, and indeed last, to whom it was given by FREE Rome ; the only circumstance, in the manly and independent spirit of Juvenal, that made it of any estimation.

LIBERA is used with the same feelings in v. 309 ;—"if choice were FREE : " It must have been those flashes of uncontrollable

Another Arpine, train'd the ground to till,
 Tired of the plough, forsook his native hill,
 And join'd the camp ; where, if his adze was slow,
 The vine-twigg whelk'd his back with many a blow :
 And yet, when the fierce Cimbri threaten'd Rome
 With swift, and scarcely evitable doom,
 This man, in the dread hour, to save her rose,
 And turn'd the impending ruin on her foes !

indignation at the fallen state of his country, and not a sarcastic compliment to a favourite dancer, that occasioned his removal from Rome.

The GOWN of Cicero and the SWORD of Augustus are strikingly contrasted. It must be admitted, that this Emperour was, at one period of his life, too lavish of human blood ; but his clemency was more fatal, perhaps, to our author's cause, than his cruelty. Juvenal, however, was no compromiser ; he hated Augustus, even worse than Sir William Jones did, and, indeed, with somewhat more reason.

VER. 361. *Another Arpine, &c.*] Arpinum was a little town of the Volsci, situated in the north of what is now called the Campagna Felice ; and still retaining [its ancient name. Valerius Maximus remarks, of this place, that it had the singular fortune of producing two of the greatest characters of the age, in a cultivator of literature, and a despiser of it ; in a Cicero and a Marius. — With respect to the latter, Juvenal represents him as a labouring hind, or ploughman, in which he agrees with Plutarch, and others ; Velleius, however, says that he was born *equestri loco* ; but this is contrary to his own declaration ; Lipsius, therefore, for *equestri* would read *agresti*, which is not amiss ; but the error probably lies deeper.

VER. 363. ——— *where, if his adze, &c.*] *Dolabra*, a tool for sharpening stakes. Juvenal points out the humble nature of Marius's first service, by this circumstance.

For which, while ravening birds devour'd the slain,
And their huge bones lay whitening on the plain,
His high-born colleague to his worth gave way,
And took, well pleased, the secondary bay.

The Decii were plebeians ! mean their name,
And mean the parent stock from which they came :
Yet they devoted, in the trying hour,
Their heads to Earth, and each infernal Power ;
And by that solemn act, redeem'd from fate,
Auxiliars, legions, all the Latian state ;
More prized than those they saved, in heaven's
just estimate !

VER. 371. *His high-born colleague*] This was Q. Catulus, a man of extraordinary merit, and one of the speakers in Cicero's *Dial. de Orat.* He does not appear to have gained much by his complacency to Marius ; being afterwards barbarously put to death by the ferocious old man.

Some acquaintance with the earlier part of the Roman history is necessary to the understanding of the remainder of this Satire ; of this the reader is presumed to be in possession. Were it otherwise, the illustration of every trivial event here mentioned, would be insufferably tedious, as I should be reduced to copy whole pages of what the commonest school-book will supply.

VER. 375. *Yet they devoted, &c.*] It was anciently supposed, that if the leader of an army would consent to DEVOTE, or sacrifice himself to Earth and the infernal deities, the misfortunes which might otherwise befall his party would, by that pious and patriotick act, be transferred to his enemies. The form of devotement, which is very solemn and awful, is to be found in

And him, who graced the purple which he wore,
(The last good king of Rome,) a bondmaid bore.

The Consul's sons, (while storms yet shook the
state,

And Tarquin thunder'd vengeance at the gate,)
Who should, to crown the labours of their sire,
Have dared what Cocles, Mutius, might admire,
And she, who mock'd the javelins whistling round,
And swam the Tiber, then the empire's bound;
Had, to the tyrant's rage, the town exposed,
But that a slave their dark designs disclosed.—

Livy; as is the story of the Decii, who, father, son, and grandson, all fell in this manner, glorious but mistaken sacrifices to the interests of their country.

VRR. 381. *The last good king of Rome a bondmaid bore.*] *Ancilla natus*; Juvenal is sufficiently complaisant to the good king: for it appears from the best authorities, that he was not only born of a servant, but of a servant born of a servant; the lowest degree of servitude. Livy pleasantly makes him descended from a captive maid; so does Dryden in the passage before us: undoubtedly a princess in disguise;

“Regium certe genus, et penates

“Mœret iniquos!”

VER. 386. *And she who mock'd, &c.*] This was Clelia, one of the hostages, who made her escape, in this manner, from Porsenna. Madan thinks that the slave, mentioned in the next lines, was bewailed by the matrons “as the sad cause of their sons' death.” He seems to have a very incompetent idea of the matrons of that early age: they bewailed him as one of their patrons; they bewailed him, in short, as they did Brutus, and the other assertors of their liberty.

For Him, when stretch'd upon his honour'd bier,
 The grateful matrons shed the pious tear,
 While, with stern eye, the patriot and the sire,
 Saw, by the axe, the high-born pair expire:
 They fell—just victims to the offended laws,
 And the first sacrifice to FREEDOM's cause!

For me, who nought but innate worth admire,
 I'd rather vile Thersites were thy sire,
 So thou wert like Achilles, and couldst wield
 Vulcanian arms, the terrour of the field,
 Than that Achilles should thy father be,
 And, in his offspring, vile Thersites see.

And yet, how high soe'er thy pride may trace
 The long-forgotten founders of thy race,
 Still must the search with that Asylum end,
 From whose polluted source we all descend.
 Haste then, the inquiry haste; secure to find
 Thy sire some vagrant slave, some bankrupt hind,
 Some—but I mark the kindling glow of shame,
 And will not shock thee with a baser name.

For him, when stretched upon his honour'd bier,
The grateful murmur reach'd the pious ear,
While, with stern eye, the patriot and the sage,
Saw, in the arc, the high-born pair expire:
They fell—just victims to the offended law,
And the first sacrifice to tyrannous power:
For we, who thought our rights were worth a crime,
I'd rather see the tyrant's sword than lay
So close to him, his Achilles, and couldst wield
Volcano's arm, the terror of the field,
Than that Achilles should thy father be,
And, in his offspring, the Thersites see.
And yet how high soe'er thy price may rise,
The long-forgotten founders of thy race,
Shall meet the wreck with that Asylum end,
From whose polluted source we all descend,
Haste then, the injured state; secure to find
Thy name some virtuous slave, some bankrupt mind,
Some—But I mark the kindling glow of shame,
And will not shock thee with a harsh name.

SATIRE IX.

Argument.

No part of Juvenal's works has given such offence as this Satire; in which he is accused of speaking too openly of that most execrable practice, in which the ancients, to their eternal shame, so universally indulged.

Vice, as Pope has well observed,

“Vice is a monster of so foul a mien,

“That to be hated, needs but to be seen;”

but we fear to strip her, and thus conceal half her enormity. Juvenal had no such apprehensions: he, therefore, exhibits her in all the deformity of nakedness, and the spectacle strikes us with disgust and horror. Far from him was the idea of corrupting the heart, of inflaming the passions, by a partial exposure of the profligacy which he censures: no, his aim was direct, and his immediate purpose, to impress the minds of others with the same loathing he himself felt for a crime, which to name is to execrate.

This is no place to enter into the disputes respecting the propriety of his object; granting it, however, to be legitimate, he will be universally allowed to have pursued it with no ordinary degree of dexterity and success.

The Satire consists of a dialogue between himself and one Nævolus, an enfranchised slave; a poor wretch, who, from a kind of jester or dabbler in small wit for a meal, had become what is called a man of pleasure; and thence by a regular gradation, a dependent of some wealthy debauchee, (here named Virro,) who made him subservient to his unnatural passions; and in return, starved, insulted, hated, despised, and discarded him! This miserable object Juvenal rallies with infinite spirit, on his disconsolate appearance; and, by an affected

ignorance of the cause, engages him to enter into a detailed account of his infamous life. The gravity with which this is done constitutes, in the opinion of Gibbon, the whole pleasantry of the Satire. Pleasantry is not the word. There is a loathsomeness in Nævolus's part of the dialogue, which, though admirably calculated for the end our author had in view, never yet excited one agreeable sensation; and, in that of Juvenal, a vein of keen and sarcastick ridicule, which may induce us to share his indignation, but cannot create mirth. This, however, is far from being the only merit of the piece; it has many beautiful and many moral passages, exclusive of the grand and important lesson, which, whether Juvenal meant it or not, it is our duty to gather from it; that a life of sin is a life of slavery, and that those who embrace it for the sake of Profit, are deluded in their expectations from day to day, till in age they sigh to be emancipated from that state of misery which they voluntarily adopted, and from which, while they view it with eyes of anguish and despair, they have no longer strength or resolution to fly: therefore, in the words of Divine Wisdom, "they shall eat of the fruits of their own way, and be filled with their own devices."

SATIRE IX.

JUVENAL, NÆVOLUS.

V. 1—8.

JUN. **S**TILL drooping, Nævolus! What, prithee, say,
Portends this show of grief from day to day,
This copy of flay'd Marsyas? what dost thou
With such a rueful face, and such a brow,
As Ravola wore, when caught—Not so cast down,
Look'd Pollio, when, of late, he scour'd the town,
And, proffering treble rate, from friend to friend,
Found none so foolish, none so mad, to lend!

VER. 3. *This copy of flay'd Marsyas?*] The story of Marsyas, who was overcome by Apollo in a musical contest, and afterwards flayed alive by him for his presumption, is known to every school-boy. Juvenal here alludes to a celebrated statue of this baffled champion, which stood in the Forum; so that the comparison must have been sufficiently striking.

VER. 6. *Pollio, &c.*] We find this liberal-hearted gentleman again in the eleventh Satire; but his circumstances do not seem to have improved in the interval, for he is there reduced to pawn his last article of value for a dinner.

But, seriously, for thine's a serious case,
 Whence came those sudden wrinkles in thy face?
 I knew thee once, a gay, light-hearted slave,
 Contented with the little fortune gave;
 A sprightly guest, of every table free,
 And famed for modish wit and repartee.
 Now all's revers'd: dejected is thy mien,
 Thy locks are like a tangled thicket seen;
 And every limb, once smooth'd with nicest care,
 Rank with neglect, a shrubbery of hair!

What dost thou with that dull, dead, wither'd look,
 Like some old debauchee, long ague-shook?
 All is not well within; for, still we find,
 The face the unerring index of the mind,
 And as THIS feels or fancies joys or woes,
 THAT pales with sorrow, or with rapture glows.

VER. 11. *I knew thee once, a gay, light-hearted slave, &c.*] In the original it is, *vernam equitem*, an expression which might be rendered a slave-born knight, but which even thus would convey but little meaning to the English reader. The Romans frequently gave the slaves born in their houses, (who were generally spoiled by indulgence,) out of petulant familiarity or fondness, the name of *equites*—just as our ancestors gave the title of *sir* to their domestick priests and chaplains. It is to this caprice of the Romans, that Milton alludes, in his dispute with Salmasius: he calls him in the *Defensio*, *mancipium equestre*, *equus ergastularius*, &c. I have not found this noticed by his editors.

What should I think? Too sure the scene is changed,
 And thou, from thy old course of life, estranged :
 For late, as I remember, at all haunts,
 Where dames of fashion flock to hire gallants,
 At Isis and at Ganymede's abodes,
 At Cybele's, dread mother of the gods,
 Nay, at chaste Ceres', (for at shame they spurn,
 And ev'n her temples now to brothels turn,)

VER. 29. *At Isis and at Ganymede's abodes,*

At Cybele's, &c.] This enumeration of temples prostituted to the purposes of debauchery, presents a frightful picture of the state of morals at Rome. It must be confessed, indeed, that the name of some of those deities does not suggest the idea of much purity in their votaries: we need not, therefore, be greatly surprised at the use which was made of the temple of Ganymede, or of Cybele, or of Isis, who, as Ovid says, had made many women what she herself was to Jupiter: but that Ceres, the patroness of chastity, whose hallowed fillets it was unlawful for any suspected person to bind, or even to touch, that her temple should be prostituted to the same shameful purposes, sufficiently proves that the city must now have been in the last stage of depravity.

This horrible desecration could not escape the notice of the first Christians, who speak of it with an indignant freedom not unworthy of Juvenal himself. *Ubi autem, says Minucius Felix, magis a sacerdotibus, quam inter aras et delubra conducuntur stupra, tractantur lenocinia, adulteria meditantur? frequentius denique in ædituorum cellulis, quam in ipsis lupanaribus flagrans libido defungitur!* And Tertullian, whom he seems to have had in view, *Cæterum si adjiciam, quæ non minus conscientia omnium recognoscet, in templis adulteria componi, inter aras lenocinia tractari, in ipsis plerumque ædituorum et sacerdotum tabernaculis, sub iisdem vittis, et apicibus, et purpuris, thure flagrante, libidinem expungi, &c.*

None was so famed : the favourites of the town,
 Baffled alike in business and renown,
 Murmuring retired ; wives, daughters, were thy own,
 And—if the truth MUST come—not THEY alone.

NÆV. Right: and to some this trade has answer'd
 But not to me : for what is all I get? [yet ;
 A drugget cloak, to save my gown from rain,
 Coarse in its texture, dingy in its grain,
 And a few pieces of the “ second vein !”

FATE GOVERNS ALL. Fate, with full sway, presides
 Even o'er those parts, which modest nature hides ;
 And little, if her genial influence fail,
 Will vigour stead, or boundless powers avail :
 Though Virro, gloating on your naked charms,
 Foam with desire, and woo you to his arms,
 With many a soothing, many a flattering phrase—
 For your curs'd pathicks have such winning ways !

VER. 41. ————— of the “ second vein !”] *Venæque secundæ, i. e.* says Grangæus, *quod nostri non amplius argentum vocant, sed billon.* Silver adulterated with brass below the standard ; base metal, in short.

VER. 42. FATE GOVERNS ALL.] *Etiam*, says Farnaby, pleasantly enough, *etiam στωικίζει cinædus iste scarabæus !* He does so ; and it is in character. I see no reason therefore, to give these reflections, as some do, to Juvenal.

VER. 49. *For your curs'd pathicks, &c.*] This verse in the original, is parodied from a line in the *Odyssey*—*αυτος γαρ εφελκεται*

Hear now this prodigy, this mass impure,
 Of lust and avarice! "Let us, friend, be sure:
 "I've given thee this, and this;—now count the
 sums:"
 (He counts, and woos the while,) "behold! it comes
 "To five sestertia, five!—now, look again,
 "And see how much it overpays thy pain:"
 What! "overpays?"—but you are form'd for love,
 And worthy of the cup and couch of Jove!
 —Will those relieve a client!—those, who grudge
 A wretched pittance to the painful drudge
 That toils in their disease?—O mark, my friend,
 The blooming youth, to whom we presents send,
 Or on the Female Calends, or the day
 Which gave him birth! in what a lady-way,

ανδρα σιδηρος; which had, before this, been imitated, as Rigaltius observes, in the following epigram:

Μαγνης 'Ηρακλειτος εμοι ποδος ουτι σιδηρον

Πετρῳ, πνευμα δ' εμον καλλει εφελχομενος.

VER. 62. — the Female Calends, &c.] He speaks of the Matronalia, a festival instituted in honour of the women, for their meritorious exertions in putting an end to the Sabine war. It fell upon the first of March, which, therefore, Juvenal elegantly calls the Female Calends. On this day, as well as on their birth-day, the ladies sat at home in great solemnity, and received from their husbands, admirers, and friends, such presents as were peculiarly adapted to their sex. The satire here is obvious.

He takes our favours as he sits in state,
And sees adoring crowds besiege his gate!

Insatiate sparrow! whom do your domains,
Your numerous hills await, your numerous plains?
Regions, which such a tract of land embrace,
That kites are tired within the unmeasured space!
For you, the purple vine luxuriant glows,
On Trifoline's plain, and on Misenus' brows;
And hollow Gaurus, from his fruitful hills,
Your spacious vaults with generous nectar fills:
What were it then, a few poor roods to grant,
To one so worn with lechery and want?
Sure yonder female, with the child she bred,
The dog their playmate, and their little shed,
Had, with more justice, been conferr'd on me,
Than on a cymbal-beating debauchee!
"I'm troublesome;" you say, when I apply,
"And give! give! give! is my eternal cry."—
But house-rent due, solicits to be sped,
And my sole slave, importunate for bread,
Follows me, clamouring in as loud a tone,
As Polyphemus, when his prey was flown.

VER. 84. ——— clamouring in as loud a tone,

As Polyphemus, &c.]

"——— appellat puer unicus, ut Polyphemi

"Lata acies, postquam solers evasit Ulysses."

Postquam is the reading of Grangæus for *per quam*, and, as I

Nor will this one suffice, the toil's so great !
 Another must be bought ; and both must eat.
 What shall I say, when cold December blows,
 And their bare limbs shrink at the driving snows,
 What shall I say, their drooping hearts to cheer ?
 " Be merry, boys, the spring will soon be here !"
 But though my other merits you deny,
 One yet must be allow'd—that had not I,
 I, your devoted client, lent my aid,
 Your wife had to this hour remain'd a maid.
 You know what motives urged me to the deed,
 And what was promised, could I but succeed :—

think, the true one. Those who are curious to see how strangely men can wander on a plain subject, may turn to Holyday, who has collected the opinions of the criticks on this passage. Rigaltius, the learned Rigaltius, as he truly calls him, supposes Nævolus to mean, that the eye of Polyphemus was so broad, that Ulysses escaped through it ! this they all allow to be very foolish ; but then they say, it is quite in character, and suitable to the stupidity of Nævolus. But Nævolus is not stupid : he appears to be a kind of rustick Touchstone ; with faculties, indeed, somewhat confused and enfeebled by a long course of execrable debauchery, but with a brain still " crammed with strange places of observation, the which he quotes."—

To return to the original. There is, surely, no great violence done to the Latin idiom, in rendering *lata acies Polyphemi*, the broad-eyed Polyphemus : the rest is clear enough. Juvenal, who frequently amuses himself with the hyperboles of Homer, has a little fling here, not much perhaps to the credit of his taste, at the bellowing of the Cyclops after his eye was put out : and this is the whole purport of the comparison.

Oft in my arms the flying fair I caught,
 And back to your cold bed, reluctant, brought,
 Ev'n when she'd cancell'd all her former vows,
 And now was signing to another spouse.
 What pains it cost to set these matters right,
 While you stood whimpering at the door all night,
 I spare to tell :—a friend, like me, has tied
 Full many a knot, when ready to divide.

Where will you turn you now, sir ? whither fly ?
 What, to my charges, first, or last, reply ?
 Is it no merit, speak, ungrateful ! none,
 To give you thus a daughter, or a son,
 Whom you may breed with credit at your board,
 And prove yourself a man upon record ?—
 Haste, with triumphal wreaths your gates adorn,
 You're now a father, now no theme for scorn ;
 My toils have ta'en the opprobrium from your name,
 And stopt the babbling of malicious fame.
 A parent's rights you now may proudly share,
 Now, thank my industry, be named an heir ;

VER. 111. *And prove yourself a man upon record?*] He alludes to the public registers, in which parents were obliged to set down the names of their children, a few days after their births. These registers were kept in the temple of Saturn, where they were open to all ; and as, besides births, they contained records of marriages, divorces, deaths, and other occurrences of the year, they were of singular use to the historian, antiquary, &c.

VER. 116. *A parent's rights, &c.*] This and the five following

Take now the whole bequest, with what beside,
 From lucky windfalls, may in time betide ;
 And other blessings, if I but repeat
 My pains, and make the number THREE complete.”

lines, can only be understood by a reference to the *Lex Papia Poppæa*, (already mentioned in the sixth Satire,) which was introduced at the desire of Augustus, for the sake of extending the provisions of the *Lex Julia de maritandis ordinibus*. By this law, it was provided, amongst other things ; First, that persons living in a state of celibacy should not succeed to an inheritance,* except in cases of very near relationship, unless they married in somewhat more than three months from the death of the testator. Secondly, that, if a married person had no child, a tenth part, and, in some cases, a much greater proportion of what was bequeathed him, should fall to the exchequer. Virro was no longer in this situation ; he had a child, and was, therefore, capable of the “whole bequest.” Thirdly, that those who at Rome had “three children” lawfully born in wedlock, in the other parts of Italy four, and in the provinces five, should be entitled to various privileges and immunities ; of which the principal were, an exemption from the trouble of wardship, a priority in bearing offices, and a treble proportion of grain on the customary distributions.

What Juvenal calls windfalls (*caducum*) were those unexpected legacies which were left to a person on certain conditions, such as those of being married, having children, &c. (which were

* Many of the Romans, says Plutarch, in a very striking passage, marry and beget children, not so much for the sake of having heirs, as to enable themselves to be the heirs of others !
 Ρωμαιων πολλοι γαμουσι και γεννωσιν, ουχ' ινα κληρονομους εχωσιν, αλλ' ινα κληρονομειν δυνωνται.

JUV. Nay, thou hast reason to complain, I feel :
But, what says Virro ?

NÆV. Not a syllable ;
But, while my wrongs and I unnoticed pass,
Hunts out some other drudge, some two-legg'd ass.
Enough ;—and never, on your life, unfold
The secret thus, to you, in friendship told ;
But let my injuries, undivulged, still rest
Within the closest chamber of your breast :
How the discovery might be borne, none knows—
And your smooth pathicks, are such fatal foes !
Virro, who trusts me yet, may soon repent,
And hate me for the confidence he lent ;
With fire and sword my wretched life pursue,
As if I'd blabb'd already all I knew.

all settled by the same law,) and in default of which the whole went to the prince.

The avowed purposes of these and similar clauses, was to promote population, at a time when Italy had been thinned by a long succession of civil wars ; and certainly they were well calculated to answer the end. They were, however, abused, like every other salutary regulation : and the most important of them, the *jus trium liberorum*, (or the privilege annexed to having three children,) was frequently granted not only to those who had no children, but even to those who were never married ! If the reader wishes for more, he may turn to the Excursus of Lipsius on the Ann. of Tacit. lib. III. c. 25 ; where he will find every thing that can be said on the subject.

VER. 134. *With fire, &c.*] As I would have the reader pass as

Sad situation mine ! for, in your ear,
The rich can never buy revenge too dear ;
And—but enough : be cautious, I entreat,
And secret as the Athenian judgment-seat.

JUV. And dost thou seriously believe, fond swain,
The actions of the great, unknown remain ?
Poor Corydon ! even beasts would silence break,
And stocks and stones, if servants did not, speak.
Bolt every door, stop every cranny tight,
Close every window, put out every light ;
Let not a whisper reach the listening ear,
No noise, no motion ; let no soul be near ;
Yet all that pass'd at the cock's second crow,
The neighbouring vintner shall, ere daybreak, know ;

lightly over this Satire as possible, I have studiously avoided detaining him by notes ; I cannot, however, resist the temptation of adducing one short specimen of the *perverse* pruriency of the old criticks. What I have translated fire, is, in the original, *candelam apponere valvis* ; a simple phrase, hardly possible to be misunderstood, for setting fire to a house : yet hear Calderinus : *apponere candelam valvis, i. e. produci, hoc supplicii genus notavit Catullus* :

“ Ah, tum te miserum malique fati,
“ Quem attractis pedibus, patente porta,
“ Percurrent raphanique, mugilesque !”

Patentem portam dixit Catullus, ut valvam Juvenalis. Upon which Britannicus remarks with surprising gravity : *Domum accendere adhibita candela ; hoc magis placet quam ut intelligas candelam per inferiora immissam : illud enim minime letale esset supplicium !*

With what besides the cook and carver's brain,
 Subtly malicious, can in vengeance feign !
 For thus they glory, with licentious tongue,
 To quit the harsh command and galling thong.
 Should these be mute, some drunkard in the streets,
 Will pour out all he knows, to all he meets,
 Force them, unwilling, the long tale to hear,
 And with his stories drench their hapless ear.
 Go now, and earnestly of those request,
 To lock, like me, the secret in their breast :
 Alas ! they hear thee not ; and will not sell
 The dear, dear privilege—to see and tell,

VER. 152. *For thus they glory, with licentious tongue, &c.]*

————— μαλα γ' ἐποπτεύειν δοκῶ

Ὅταν καταρασώμαι λαῖρα τῷ δεσπότη. *Ranæ, v. 747.*

And in allusion, I suppose, to this trick of the servants avenging themselves of their masters, with their licentious tongues, Menander calls them γλωσσασπίδας, *quod lingua se tanquam scuto defendant.*

VER. 160. *Alas ! they hear thee not, &c.]*

Οὐδὲν γὰρ οὕτως ἤδ' ἀνθρώποις ἐφύ,

Ὡς το λαλεῖν τ' ἀλλοτρία. *Phil. Frag.*

The Saufeia, who turned a religious institution into a drinking-bout, and intoxicated herself, while she was sacrificing to the Bona Dea for the “welfare of the people,” is undoubtedly the person introduced in the sixth Satire, v. 473. The poet does not forget her love of wine ; for there, too, she is prepared, by intoxication, for the infamous scene in which she appears.

It may not be improper to remark, that the propensity of the

For more stolen wine than late Saufeia boused,
When, for the people's welfare, she—caroused !

LIVE VIRTUOUSLY :—thus many a reason cries,
But chiefly this, that so thou mayst despise
Thy servant's tongue ; for, lay this truth to heart,
The tongue is the vile servant's vilest part :
Yet viler he, who lives in constant dread,
Of the domestick spies that—eat his bread.

NÆV. Well have you taught, how we may best
disdain

The envenom'd babbling of our household train ;

women for wine was so strong, that Cicero thought it necessary, in the regulation of his imaginary republick, to prevent their officiating at any of the sacred rites, (at which wine was always used, for the libation,) after night-fall, by an express law. The only exception of which he would admit, was this before us, to the Bona Dea ; and we see how even this was abused ! The words of the prohibition are ; *Nocturna mulierum sacrificia ne sunt, præter olla, quæ pro populo rite fiant.* But see Sat. XII.

VER. 165. *But chiefly this, &c.*] It is impossible to read these and similar passages without pitying the state of the heathen world. We have here a moral man, who can suggest no nobler motive for the practice of virtue, than the dread of reproach from the world. The sense of duty, the approbation of conscience, the hope of final reward, are not, and indeed could not, be urged with any rational prospect of success, for these would have been to Nævolus, no less than to Juvenal himself, “foolishness.” Meanwhile, the latter has already forgotten his great maxim :—

“ Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.”

But this is general, and to all applies :—
 What, in my proper case, would you advise ?
 After such flattering expectations crost,
 And so much time, in vain dependence lost ?
 For youth, too transient flower ! of life's short day
 The shortest part, but blossoms—to decay.

VER. 176. *For youth, too transient flower, &c.*]

———— μινυνθα δε γιγνεται ἡβης
 Καρπος, ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ γην κιδναται ηελιος.

Again,

Ανθεα της ἡβης γιγνεται ἀρπαλεα,
 Επει δ' οδυνηρον επελθη
 Γηρας ————— *Mimner.*

And in a beautiful passage of Pindar,

————— Εν δ' ολιγω
 Βροτων το τερπνον αυζεται· ούτω
 Δε και πιτνει χαμαι, αποτροπω
 Γνωμα σεσεισμενον
 Επαμεροι· τι δε τις ; τι δ' ου τις ;
 Σκιας οναρ, ανθρωποι. *Pyth. viii. 131.*

Thus too, Ausonius very prettily,

“ Collige, virgo, rosas dum flos novus et nova pubes,

“ Et memor esto ævum sic properare tuum !”

I believe that there was no translation of this Satire in Shakespeare's time ; yet he has given, with kindred genius, a copy of
obrepit non intellecta senectus :

“ ————— on our quick'st attempts,
 “ The noiseless and inaudible foot of time
 “ Steals ere we can effect them.”

Lo ! while we give the unregarded hour,
 To revelry and joy, in Pleasure's bower,
 While now, for rosy wreaths our brows to twine,
 And now for nymphs we call, and now for wine,
 The noiseless foot of Time steals swiftly by,
 And ere we dream of manhood, age is nigh !

JUV. Oh, fear not : thou canst never seek in vain,
 A pathick friend, while these seven hills remain.
 Hither in crowds the master-misses come,
 From every point, as to their proper home :
 One hope has fail'd, another may succeed ;
 Meanwhile do thou on hot eringo feed. [meant,

NÆV. Tell this to happier men ; the Fates ne'er
 Such luck for me ; my Clotho is content,
 When all my toil a bare subsistence gains,
 And fills my belly, by my back and reins.

O, my poor Lares ! dear, domestick Powers !
 To whom I come with incense, cakes, and flowers,
 When shall my prayers, so long preferr'd in vain,
 Acceptance find ? O, when shall I obtain
 Enough to free me from the constant dread
 Of life's worst ill, gray hairs and want of bread ?
 On mortgage, six-score pounds a year, or eight,
 A little sideboard, which, for overweight,

VER. 201. *A little sideboard, which for overweight, &c.] i. e.*

Fabricius would have censured ; a stout pair
 Of hireling Mæsiens, to support my chair,
 In the throng'd Circus : add to these, one slave,
 Well skill'd to paint, another, to engrave ;
 And I—but let me give these day-dreams o'er—
 Wish as I may, I ever shall be poor ;
 For when to Fortune I prefer my prayers,
 The obdurate goddess stops at once her ears ;
 Stops with that wax which saved Ulysses' crew,
 When by the Syrens' rocks and songs they flew,
 False songs and treacherous rocks, that all to
 ruin drew.

Not so small a quantity of plate but that it would attract the
 censure of Fabricius :

“ Et levis argenti lamina crimen erat !”

Livy tells us that C. Fabricius, when censor, removed Rufinus,
 who had been twice consul, and once dictator, from the senate,
 because he had in his possession more than ten pounds weight
 of plate : “ esteeming this,” as Holyday says, “ a notorious ex-
 ample of luxury.”

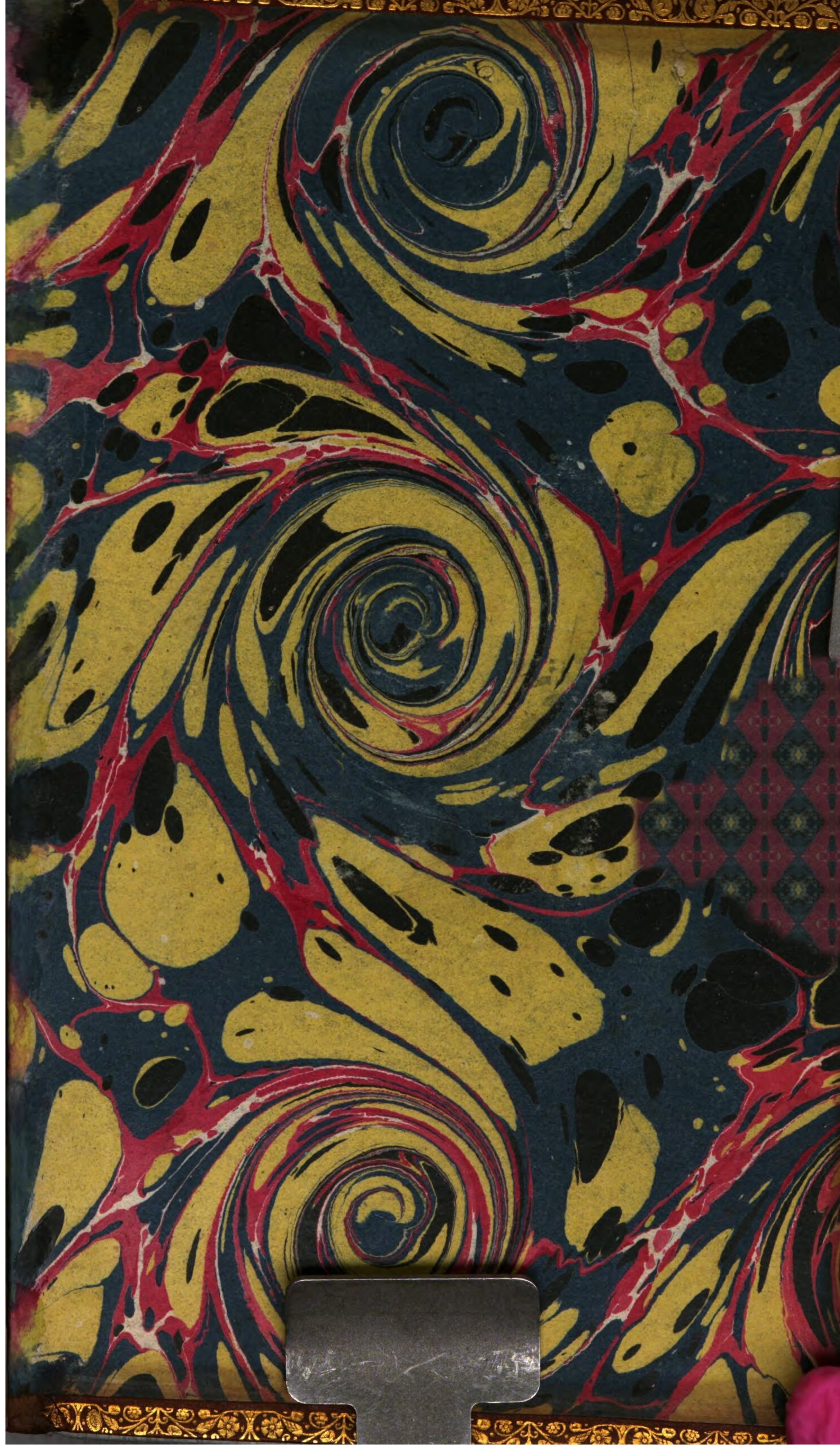
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London : Printed by W. Bulmer and Co.
 Cleveland-row, St. James's.

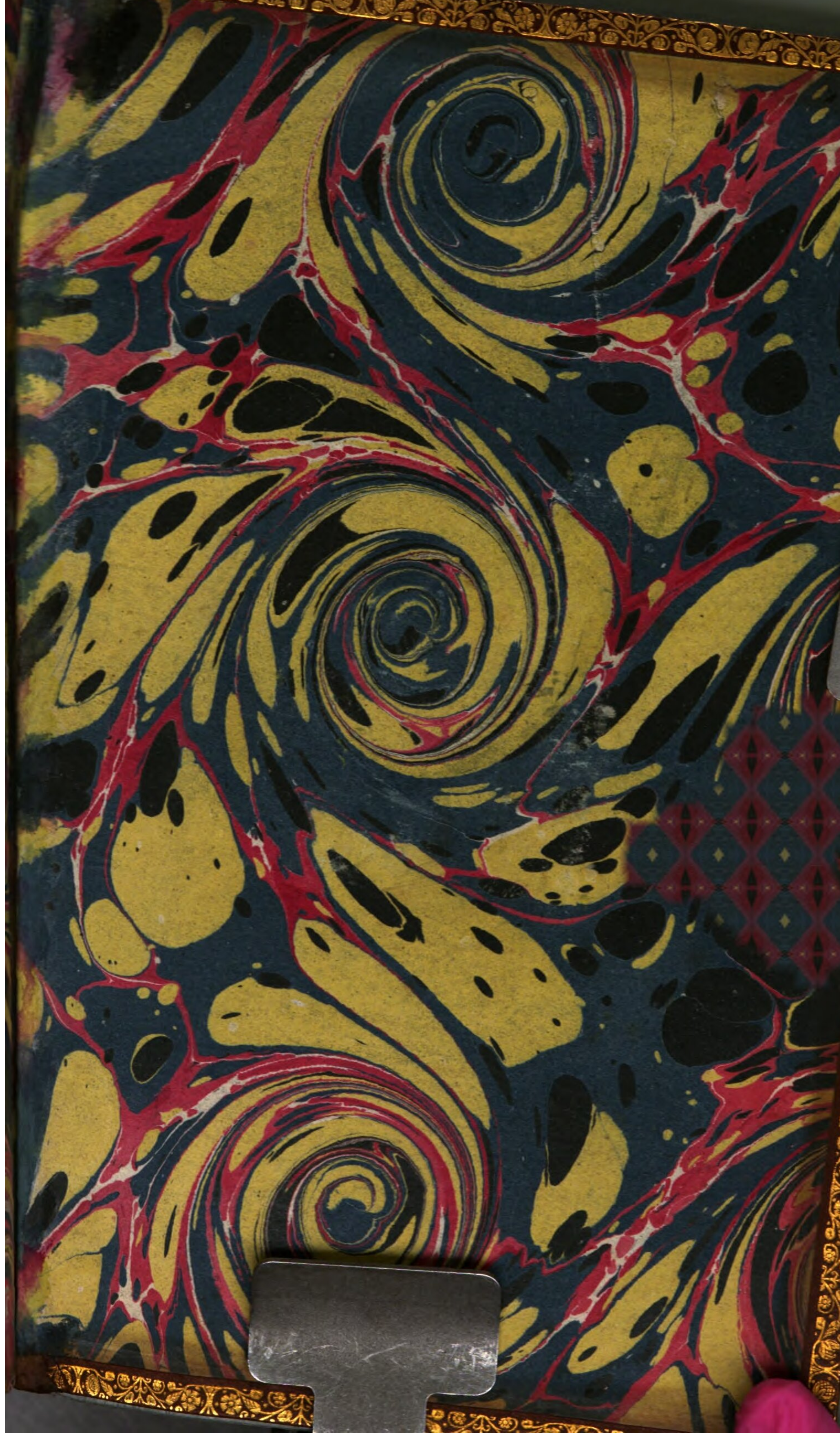












Persius Flaccus, Aulus, 34-62 / Iuvenalis, Decimus Iunius, / Persius
Flaccus, Aulus,

The Satires of Decimus I. Iuvenalis and of Aulus Persius Flaccus in two
volumes

Bd.: 1

London 1817

A.lat.a. 690-1

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10241757-3